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PAX VOBISCUM

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

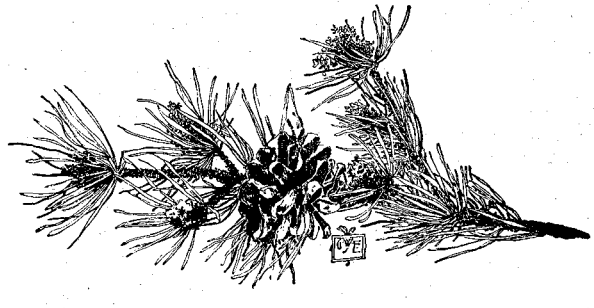
BLOW out the candles; set the camp door wide;
Climb to your bunk; good night; sweet dreams galore.
Now all the silver night floods like a tide
In through the low camp door.

Through miles and miles of forest, over dark,
Hoarse streams that fall to lakes the moonlight spills
Down broken glory roads; one human spark
Strikes from the endless mystery of the hills;

Where from the guides' camp voices, laughter low
Puncture small nicks in the silence's intensity,
And through dim window-panes one candle's glow
Stands as man's symbol in the night's immensity.

Each of us tiny moths may see above him
The glittering million suns of worlds unknown;
Lord, what is man that You are mindful of him,
Seeing the universes are Your throne?

Blow out the candles; set the camp door wide;
A sleepy pulse of waters throbs along the shore.
Now all the peace of God floods like a tide
In at the low camp door.



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OUR FARM

By William Henry Shelton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. B. FROST

TO begin with, my grandmother kept geese and my grandfather kept bees. The geese lived under the barn and the bees lived in forty wooden hives in the garden. My grandmother was very particular about her poultry; when the young turkeys were hatched each tottering fledgling had to swallow a peppercorn. She picked her geese in May in one end of the cow-stable, which was spread with clean wheat straw for the occasion. My grandmother sat in a straight-backed, splint-bottomed kitchen chair with a big brass kettle for the feathers. The light came in through three holes in the wall, used for cleaning the stables, and from a trap-door in front of the manger that was behind my grandmother's chair, and through the cracks between the boards.

It was a picturesque interior, with the waiting geese penned in one end of the stable and my tow-headed brother and myself standing hand in hand in the straw at a safe distance as privileged spectators—I in my very first pair of trousers, and my brother in a gingham frock and a pair of pantalets. Our grandmother, who was not more than fifty, seemed very old to us, because she wore a mob-cap over her front hair, which was false—like our other grandmother, who was her mother, and whom we knew to be old. My brother and I had a wholesome fear of the old white gander because he hissed at us in defense of his gray mate, and when my grandmother went into the flock to pick him out as the first victim of the plucking, we clambered over the low rail of the manger and hid in the hay. The rail was worn smooth by the necks of the cows, and the auger-holes, which the ropes from their horns passed through, were worn and enlarged by the tossing of the heads of several generations of cows. We had gone into hiding too soon to see the old gander's head and neck thrust into one of my grandmother's black stockings, and as soon as she was seated again, with the gander's webbed feet held firmly in her left hand and his neck thrust under her left arm, we peeped out of the hay to see what seemed to be a huge black snake writhing over the manger and hissing, although it was headless. Little Fred began to whimper and, with a courage born of my new trousers with pockets, I boosted him out of the manger, and pushed him back to our original position on the straw.

Before my grandmother had plucked three handfuls of feathers from the breast of the old white gander, there was a great buzzing over the stable. It was the first swarm of my grandfather's bees making for the woods to set up for themselves in a bee-tree. She was on her feet in an instant, and so was the gander, who charged on us in blind headless desperation. We fled in tears through a cloud of feathers and chaff.

My grandmother was always prepared for such an emergency, and as soon as she was out of the stable-door she picked up a milk-pan and a wheel-boy, and began a furious beating that so confused the queen bee that she promptly settled with her restless family on an apple-tree in the orchard. A hive, well washed on the inside with sweetened water, was set on a table-cloth under the tree, and my grandfather, with a veil tied over his head and a pair of gauntlets on his hands, sawed off the limb from a ladder, and gently shook off the young bees upon the cloth at the base of the hive. After supper in the cool of the evening the hive was moved into the bee-house.

The forty hives formed an L in an angle of the garden, and on each hive was a small box for honey, with a stone on top to hold it in place. The dooryard was shaded with locust-trees from whose yellow blossoms, that drugged the air with sweetness, the bees made their best honey, and then they winged their way to the basswood-trees in the woods, and then to

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We had gone into hiding too soon to see the old gander's head and neck thrust into one of my grandmother's black stockings.—Page 132.

the fields of white clover, and then they sampled all the flowers until they were driven at last to make buckwheat honey. I sometimes wondered if my grandfather's bees were intelligently handled, for we never seemed to sell any honey, and the entire product of forty hives was a good deal to be devoured by one family, even with the help of the boys that came home from school with my brother and me to eat bread-and-butter and honey.

My father's farm was a quarter-section of ninety acres, and geese and bees went but a short way toward stocking it. It was divided into fields of corn and wheat and oats and pastures and meadows, as the crops rotated, and the wood-lot, which never rotated at all. The years were so long to us children that the corn-field seemed always to have been the corn-field, and the meadow to have been always the meadow, just as the woods were always the woods.

And, oh! the woods! where the mandrakes grew and the squirrels lived; with its endless carpet of moss and leaves through which the snapdragons thrust their heads, with jack-in-the-pulpit, and the skunk's cabbage grew on the edge of the stagnant pool, and the violets, and the buttercups, and the tall phlox, and the puffballs, and the toadstools.

There was always something new to be discovered in this half-explored wilderness, where the acorns and the beechnuts and the walnuts sprouted under the

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

My grandmother was always prepared for such an emergency.—Page 132.

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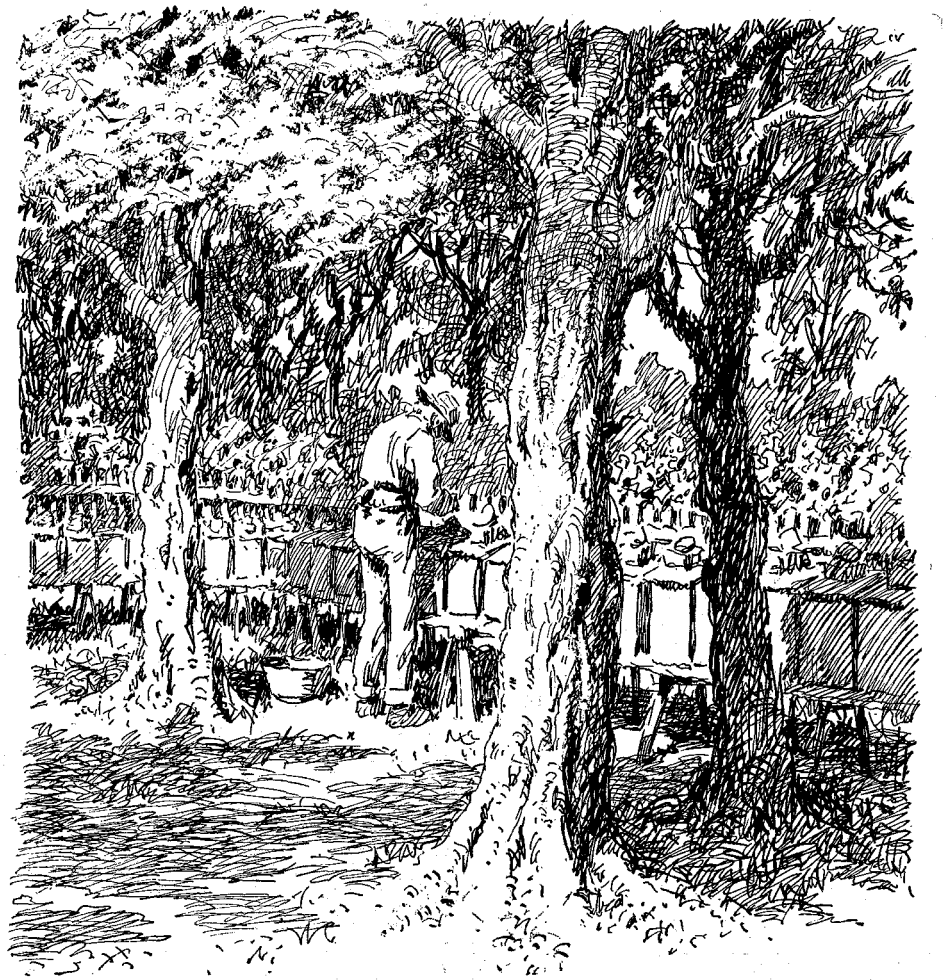

The forty hives formed an L in an angle of the garden.—Page 132.

leaves and grew up into tall trees, and where the squirrels hid their winter's store of hickory-nuts in pockets under the leaves, which was the grandest discovery of all. And there were so many trees we knew by their smell—the musky odor of the black walnut, and the smell of the slippery-elm when it was peeled, and the resinous smell of the pines, and the smell of the red-cedar chips, and the sour smell of the black-oak logs when they were split into fence-rails. Each tree when it was cut down and rent apart in its green life seemed to exhale its peculiar smell like a living thing dying.

Just at the corner of the woods was a deep gully in the slatestone, cut by many spring freshets, through which only a thread of water trickled in the dry summer days. It was easy to enter by coming up the bed of the stream, but not so easy to leave by reason of its cool, inviting shelter and the fascination of its slabs of slate and its shelving drift of slate-pencils, that formed the sides of the glen. It was an ideal place to play school in, with pools of clear water at hand to wash the slate and everything needed for cipher-ing except the sponge. For a little way into the neighboring field the soil was of pulverized slate, clear of weeds, cool and moist in the driest weather, and easy to hoe into great dark hills about the green shoots of the corn.

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May was a wonderful month for two boys on a farm. It was up before breakfast one morning to see a red calf, born the night before, looking out through his great liquid eyes at the strange world he had fallen into, and trying his clumsy legs on the straw and indulging in two freakish hops of satisfaction, and next day walking half a mile to the back pasture to see a new colt, all legs, with a white face and a curly tail. Finest of all were the ten pigs taking nourishment all in a row, mottled and white pigs curling their tails and grunting and pushing for more. The lambs, already a month old, were getting frisky, and it was time to wash the sheep in the pool below the sawmill dam, and then came the shearing. The big barn floor, between the bay for hay on one side and the granary and the stables under the loft on the other side, was swept clean and blankets were laid for the shearers, who went from one farm to another with a pair of sheep-shears and an apron, for ten shillings a day, and told broad stories which we did not understand. The sheep were crowded into an adjoining stable, where a brawny shearer could pick one out and tuck its head under his arm as easily as my grandmother handled a goose, and when the fleece was off, the naked sheep was haled over to the bucket of tar and stamped JCS and given a dab of tar on his nose for his health. It was before the time of merinos, and these were only Cotswolds, who sheared three or four pounds to the fleece.

My grandfather's house was built into a hillside, so that the lower story of stone looked out upon the lane bordered with currant-bushes and the bell pear-tree and the Jerusalem artichokes, while the second story on the opposite side was on a level with the lawn in front of the orchard and the well. It was built around a great chimney like the house he had left in Connecticut. There were four fireplaces in the chimney—one, the largest one, in the kitchen, one in the cellar on the same level, and above, one in the parlor, and one in my mother's bedroom. The fireplace in the kitchen took in a big back log and long sticks of wood, and burned with a great red flame on winter nights, and the coals were banked under the ashes, to be opened in the morning. The stairs from the kitchen, which were dark stairs, came up against the great bulk of the chimney, and midway of the flight was a mysterious square receptacle for newspapers and books. On the opposite side of the chimney was a long closet, which was a passageway between my mother's room and the parlor, where the tall loaf of white sugar, wrapped in blue paper, stood on a high shelf. The chimney was the core of the house, like the house in Connecticut, but there the similarity ended, for the old colony house was a salt-box house, with a square vestibule, carrying a light angular staircase (also against the chimney) opposite the entrance, and on the wall below the banisters was a crude picture of a village in black paint done by the colonial decorator, who finished the wall with a vine in the same medium, making dabs for leaves.

In my mother's room the fire blazed behind shining brass andirons, and there was a great bed and an alcove with a small bed, in which my brother and I slept, and I vaguely remember a little flax-wheel, which was not there for ornament, and which soon disappeared to join the spinning-jenny in the corn-house. When we boys were a little older the alcove was added to the hall and we slept up-stairs in a square room, whose floor was painted yellow, and the clothes-press (where I kept a silver half-dollar with a hole in it, strung on a string) made an L around the chimney.

On the parlor floor was another large clothes-press with two doors and a window, where it was a delight to rummage and peep into a little hair trunk filled with folded letters that had once been stamped with sealing-wax and were marked "10 cents" postage. There also were my father's and my uncle's training uniforms, and a bridle fringed with leather, and a cruel bit, and a holster of London-made pistols, and cocked hats, and beaver hats with plumes, and leghorn bonnets, and green-ribbed calashes, and sermon books. I am sure there was not a bedstead in the house that was not laced through the rails with ropes that had to be tightened up with a wooden peg and a key.

The great kitchen was my grand-

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Drawn by A. B. Frost.

Half a mile to the back pasture to see a new colt, all legs.—Page 136.

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mother's domain, where she allowed my grandfather to sit on the opposite ingle-side at night. In the daytime it was no place for idle grown-ups. Here she spun the yarn for our woollen stockings. My brother and I used to sit on a stool, open-mouthed like two robins, to see her card the Cotswold wool into fleecy rolls and pile them on the bed of the wheel. Then she made a roll fast to the end of the spindle, and whirled the wheel, walking backward and forward so as to draw out the yarn and twist it and pass it onto the spindle. When a finger's length of the roll hung from the spindle my grandmother attached another roll to it, and went through the same delightful circus of dancing and prancing and whirling the wheel.

There was another event that took place once a year in the big kitchen, so much more exciting than spinning that instead of being allowed to sit at liberty, with directions and cautions, we had to be tied to the table legs with a clothes-line, or we would have been covered with grease. It was a mysterious proceeding, which began with my grandmother spreading a space on the floor with Albany *Journals*, and Ontario County *Repositories*, and Waterbury *Americans*. Then she stirred the contents of a brass kettle that hung on the crane, and took up the Waterbury *Americans*, cherished souvenirs of her native town, and replaced them with ordinary *Repositories*. Next she brought four kitchen chairs and set them on the four corners of the rectangle of newspapers and connected them with two poles. Then she stirred the brass kettle again and looked at the clock. Then she proceeded to bring in a large number of rods, each of which was looped with six twisted wicks, and laid the ends of the rods neatly on the poles. It was then that we were tied up with a little free rope allowed for limited range, before the brass kettle was emptied into the copper boiler.

And now the fun began, when my grandmother dipped the first two rods of wicks into the boiler of melted tallow, and we danced as much as the table legs would permit. It was two rods at a time and then two more, over and over again until the full-grown candles hung in rows, slender at the top and enlarging to a thick pointed end at the bottom. It took some of the joy out of our young lives when the tin moulds came and put an end to candle-dipping.

When my grandfather gave up the farm he retired to the garden, the entrance to which was through a grape-arbor, with seats at the sides that might have encouraged idleness in a less-enthusiastic gardener than my grandfather. The vines bore luscious grapes, but they had long since outgrown the trellis of the little arbor and, year after year, had extended farther and farther over a row of plum-trees that grew along the garden-fence, and had so stunted and strangled the trees that, although they were not quite dead, they bore no fruit, except one might see on a moonlight night occasional bunches of half-grown chickens clinging to the bare limbs as if they had grown there. The fence beneath the trees was moss-grown under the influence of so much shade, and against it stood my grandmother's lye-leech, with a yellow egg floating on the contents of the iron kettle—indicating that the lye was of proper strength—but there was golden sunlight in the garden.

It was an old-fashioned garden with beds of sage for flavoring the sausages, and catnip for tea, and fennel for smelling-salts, and asparagus tops for the harness in fly-time. Midway of the path from the grape-arbor were two clumps of peonies in boxes, and borders of marigolds and asters and pinks and bachelor's-buttons and sweet-williams, tended by my grandmother in memory of a certain garden in Connecticut.

My grandfather kept Doctor Jaynes's *Almanac* hanging in the chimney-corner, and bought the best seeds and noted the time for planting. There were other gardens for roots and cabbage, but my grandfather's garden supplied the table with strawberries and raspberries and red currants and marrowfat peas and cucumbers and vegetable oysters.

My mother was the queen bee of a new family, and my grandmother's reign in the big kitchen came to an end when my father built a long addition to the house, that was half a snug apartment for the old people and half a wood-house. There was

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a rain-water cistern dug in connection with this building, and when the workmen struck some dirt that contained sparkling particles that were yellow we thought we had found a gold-mine.

The fun began when my grandmother dipped the first two rods of wicks into the boiler of melted tallow.—Page 138.

When the sills were laid for the addition, my brother and I brought mandrakes from the woods and left them to ripen in the sun until they were speckled and yellow and soft, like persimmons, and we never liked mandrakes any more.

Grandmother's room was a schoolroom at one period, when we recited our lessons to a cousin, who had wonderful lace ball-dresses, trimmed with blue ribbons, and it was always a convenient place to get good things to eat. When we were going a whole year without butter, for the sum of two dollars, we were allowed to eat butter when we went visiting. Grandmother was very indulgent, but she had settled opinions on several subjects besides turkeys and geese. She had no use for Freemasons or for a man with hair on his face, and there was but one Catholic church and that was not Romish. When I reminded her that Christ had a beard in the pictures in the Bible, she told me to go out and play.

A great transformation took place in the old kitchen when my mother took possession. The fireplace was closed up

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with a fireboard, which was papered like the rest of the room, and a sheet-iron stove, with an urn on the top, took its place on the hearth. The floor was covered with a new rag-carpet, the rags for which were cut and sewed and wound into balls in the house and sent out to be woven. With the formal instalment of my father's mahogany desk, and the eight-day clock, and the cherry-wood dining-table, and my mother's work-stand with the glass knobs, it became a room with a character. It was a long room with two windows on the end, having deep sills to read in or dream in, and the outside door was at the left-hand corner, and turning that angle the next window was on a level with the lawn, and so was the next one, but it was six feet above the floor and only two feet square.

It was a spacious and comfortable living-room, in which there was a state dinner on Christmas, when my other grandparents came to eat turkey (it was an Episcopal turkey in response to a Presbyterian chicken-pie on Thanksgiving), and there were teas to which certain neighbors were formally invited, as the congressman and the historian and the rector and the gentleman-farmer, and their ladies, when there were raised biscuits, and yellow butter, and chipped beef, and pickled peaches stuck with cloves, and honey in the comb, and cottage-cheese, and sponge-cake, and old Hyson tea from a silver urn (my grandmother, up-stairs, poured tea from a Staffordshire pot), and quiltings and sewing-circles to make aprons for the heathen.

It was from the corner door opening on the clam-shell walk that I used to start for school, crying because I had to wear a cloak, or sulking because I could not go barefooted. Sometimes I sat with my mother in one of the deep windows at twilight, and sometimes my father rolled on the floor with us and tossed us about like rubber balls.

When I was big enough to be of some use on the farm, I rode the horse to plough corn in the field between the barn and the woods, next to the slatestone gully. I had a sheepskin for a saddle, and turned the horse in two rows of potato hills that had been planted along the fence for that purpose. The corn-field was a delight from the time when the men dropped three kernels in a hill and flattened it with a hoe until the last load of fodder was drawn in. The scarecrow was rigged on a rude cross, with old clothes stuffed with straw and topped off with a beaver hat. The crows pulled the young shoots just the same, with a wary old sentinel crow on guard, perched on the top of a dead pine.

When husking-time came in the cool October days, my father and the hired man (at ten dollars a month and found) set up the stalks behind them for a wind-breaker, and threw the yellow ears into a pile in front. My brother and I, armed with husking-pegs on a leather loop, lent a hand, and built cosey nests in the soft shucks, and basked in the sun and laughed at the wind. Late in the fall, when the stalks were ready for housing, we built a little slaughter-house in the dooryard of clay bricks, dried in the sun, and equipped it with gambrels and poles, as we had seen a shed arranged for butchering sheep. Then we followed the wagon with the old shepherd-dog, whose name was Tinker, and captured the field-mice as each stook was turned over. Tinker delivered the mice dead, and we dressed them and hung them in rows in the slaughter-house, which was not more than a foot in height.

Western New York was a wheat-growing country when there were no big Western farms tilled by machinery. The farmer sowed the seed as he appears in the oldest New England almanac, a bushel and a half to the acre. Ten sacks, each containing that amount of wheat, were set at regular intervals along one side of a ten-acre field, and the farmer carried a bag hung from his right shoulder to his left side, which held enough seed to sow across the field and back, and the harrow followed the sower, as may also be seen in the almanac of Benjamin Franklin.

When the wheat was golden ripe in July, its harvesting was equally primitive. Then came the cradlers and the rakers and binders. The cradle was a broad scythe having four parallel fingers of hickory above it, curving like the scythe. When the cradler swung his cradle into the tall wheat, the stalks rested against the fingers, until by an-

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The crows pulled the young shoots just the same.—Page 140.

other motion he laid them in a swathe for the binder, and woe to the binder who, in spite of Canada thistles and brittle straw, could not keep up with the cradler until the dinner-horn blew. Our men drank great drafts of sweetened water flavored with ginger or raspberry shrub, and they had a deft way of swinging the jug onto the bend of the right arm and letting the contents flow into their throats with a gurgling sound which was the air escaping from the jug. The service of the small boy consisted in bringing the water, and setting the sheaves up in shocks, and turning the grindstone to sharpen the scythes.

When the harvest was over and the wheat was mowed in the great bay up to the rafters of the barn, and the oats and barley were on the opposite scaffolding,

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the thrashing-machine came. It arrived like the circus, with strange men and horses, and was set up the evening before the great day, the thrasher and separator on the barn floor in position to carry the straw to a stack in the barnyard, and in the opposite direction the horse-power was set in the ring of the year before. The proprietor of the show, with a sponge tied over his mouth and nose, fed the grain into the hopper, and the ringmaster drove the four teams on the sweeps from the platform at the centre, and it must have been the clown who oiled the wheels. The machine started with a rumble and clatter, and the barn began to smoke with a cloud of dust and thistle-down, and the man on the table who cut the bands for the feeder and the men on the mow who pitched down the bundles had to jump for their lives to supply food to the devouring monster. Some farmers reserved a stack of oats to be thrashed with a flail on the barn floor, but that was to keep the hired man busy in the winter.

All the flour and meal for the family and the bran and "shorts" and "middlings" for the stock were ground at the old mill in Gateses Hollow. The mill, which at some time had been red, was brown with age, and the windows, rising story above story into the peak of the roof, were gray with cobwebs and dust. There was a platform from the front door just high enough to receive the sacks or barrels from a wagon. Behind the mill was a great, dripping overshot wheel covered with moss, which was turned by water from the mill-pond flowing in a race past the miller's house around a bend in the hill. When the gate was raised at the pond the current was deep and swift, and the brave miller, going to and coming from his house, crossed the hungry torrent on a single board with a hand-rail, when a misstep would have carried him over the great wheel—it seemed to me.

Sometimes when the teams were busy I was sent to mill with a sack of wheat across the saddle to bring back the flour. The old miller, with the flour in his whiskers and the meal on his boots, emptied the sack into the hopper and dipped out his toll with a square measure. Then he shifted a lever and the great wheels began to turn and the windows to rattle, and I climbed the stairs to the highest loft and looked into the long bolt and came down and walked out on the flume and looked down on the great wheel in action.

In the spring the checked-apron boys fished off the bridge below the mill-dam with such rods as we could cut with our jack-knives, and with blue-and-red bobbers standing in the water. Whenever one of the boys, who had red hair and freckles to match, saw his bobber go under, he cried in great excitement, "I've got a cod-eel! I've got a cod-eel!" and it was always a pumpkin-seed. Each boy selected a pool among the stones to keep his catch of bullheads and shiners and horned dace fresh until he strung them on two willow-whips and started for home. In the creek below the dam, that wound its way through the meadows and under the bridges, the men used to come at night and spear great suckers by the light of a tin lantern.

The same fascination of uncertainty that made fishing a delight was equally applicable to the sport of hunting eggs. There were the great straw stack with wonderful holes in it made by the cattle, and the hay-lofts and the mangers and the corn-house and the forests of ragweed that grew in the fence corners and around the lumber piles. For a week before Easter we hid the eggs and brought them in on Poss day, when eggs were cooked in every style, and the hired man ate a dozen.

When we went for the cows we found birds' nests in the pasture, in which there were sometimes young birds and sometimes speckled eggs, and when the killdeer and the robins were away from home, picking up worms after the plough, we would set their nests across the furrow on the ploughed ground. There were long swales that ran across the south fields, where the thick June grass grew from a sod that had never been ploughed, and here the bumblebees made their homes in abandoned mouse-nests. When the mowers came upon one of these there was a great buzzing underground, and we all armed ourselves with clubs of twisted grass and killed the bumblebees and sucked the honey from the little brown sacks.

The geese shed their long wing-feathers as they waddled along and we hunted in

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The harrow followed the sower.—Page 140.

the lane and along the brook by the roadside for quills to be made into pens. We hunted for goose-quills with the eager expectancy of a miner hunting for nuggets of gold along the placer, and the eggs! they were diamonds rescued at great peril from the nests under the barn, when we crept farther and farther into the dark space under the great sills, and as it got narrower and narrower we shivered to think what would happen to us if the barn should suddenly settle.

The horses on a farm used to be largely the foals of a brood-mare owned by the farmer when he took possession of the farm. The first span I remember were "Old Brown" and "Major," her first-born. Major, who was no longer young, had a sprinkling of gray hairs at the roots of his tail. There were always several

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youngsters in the pasture who had about as much respect for a stake and rail fence as a deer might have, who wore pokes on their necks, and some of them had to be hobbled with fetters made by the blacksmith. My father occasionally traded horses with a tin-peddler or a clock-mender who had stopped overnight.

My earliest remembrance of an equestrian disaster was when I was set on the back of a big bay mare who had been ploughing all day. I looked out of the brush-heap to see the flash of her black tail as she swept into the stable-yard a quarter of a mile away. My pet ambition was to get a horse after school to ride around the square. Sometimes I was left on the roadside a mile from home with the bridle in my hand, and sometimes I stuck to my mount. I thought if I was up on a sheepskin with a snaffle-bit and a martingale I was an object for the other boys and girls—especially the girls—to envy and admire. This peculiar hallucination of cutting a heroic figure on an awkward and ill-mannered horse seems to possess a great many young people and some older ones.

MONTANA POEMS

By Frank B. Linderman

CABINS

THEY was dirt-roofed, an' homely, an' ramblin', an' squat—
Jest logs with mud-daubin'; but I loved 'em a lot.
Their latch-strings was out, an' their doors wouldn't lock:
Get down an' walk in ('twas politer to knock).
Mebby nobody home, but the grub was all there;
He'p yerse'f, leave a note, to show you was square;
Might be gone for a week; stay as long as you please,
You knowed you was welcome as a cool summer breeze;
Might be spring 'fore you'd see him, then he'd grin an' declare
He'd 'a' give a good hoss if he'd only been there.

But he's gone with his smile, an' the dear little shack
With his brand on its door won't never come back.
An' his latch-string is hid with the spirit an' ways
That gladdened our hearts in them good early days.
There wasn't a fence in the world that we knew,
For the West an' its people was honest an' new,
And the range spread away with the sky for a lid—
I'm old, but I'm glad that I lived when I did.

THE TROUT POOL

WATER swirls and eddies deep,
  Through the brush the pheasants peep
From the moss about the pool
  Into mirrors deep and cool.

Shimmering there in damaskeen,
  Traced exquisitely in green,
Leaves and stems that hide the sky
  On a sheen of silver lie.

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LUCK

Ol' man Ogletree is smart
  (Got a gizzard fer a heart),
Sez he don't believe in luck,
  Calls it sentimental truck.

Ol' man Ogletree, ye see,
  Owns the "S" an' "Circle-C."
Management, he sez, is what
  Makes the bet an' wins the pot.

Ol' man Ogletree, an' me,
  In the spring of eighty-three,
Rode the grub-line up the trail
  To the range on Beaver-tail.

Ol' man Ogletree was wild,
  An' a father's only child,
Couldn't ride a wagon-bed,
  Never had a hand ner head;

Wasn't worth a badger's hide
  Till his daddy up an' died,
Leavin' him, alone, ye see,
  With the "S" an' "Circle-C."

THE OLD CANOE

Ever shove her out an' let her drift
  Down the stream; an' never care
  How slow she went, ner where:
Jest snoopin' through the summer air, adrift?

'Round the bend, an' 'round another, let her drift,
  Watchin' swallers dip an' skim
  'Long the river's mossy rim;
Jest a-dreamin' of a whim, adrift.

Laziest thing on earth to do, let her drift,
  Like a buzzard, floatin' 'round
  'Mong the clouds, without a sound;
Let her strike, an' swing around, an' drift.

Under bushes, 'mong the leaves, let her drift;
  Now in sunshine, then in shade,
  Like the records we have made—
Last a minute, then they fade, an' drift.

Life is just an old canoe, let her drift
  Down the river, 'round the bend,
  Driftin' slowly toward the end;
On the currents all depend, an' drift.

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THE OLD FRONTIER

ADOWN the trail with the buffalo herds
And the tribes of the warlike Sioux,
Are the round-up ways of cowboy days
And the old chuck-wagon, too.

The trapper sleeps, and the packer's gone
With the coach and the bronco team,
And the bunch-grass range is growing strange
To the lonely camp-fire's gleam.

The trails are dimming among the hills;
Old wallows on the plain
Are levelled now by the nester's plough,
And there *is* no wagon-train.

The bull team by old Time's corralled
O'er Custom's sharp divide;
And shades galore of thrilling lore
In its deep'ning thickets hide.

The trooper and the half-breed scout,
In a history-making mass,
With the pioneer and the old frontier,
Have sifted through the pass.

But like echoes of the life we knew,
A love that's deep and strange
Is camping close to the fading host
As it crosses Mem'ry's range.

FOUR PAINTINGS BY THE MONTANA ARTIST, CHARLES M. RUSSELL

IN speaking of the early days, Mr. Russell says: "Whether white or red, men carried the law in their hands. Even in my time Montana was a lawless land but seldom dangerous. We had outlaws, but they were big like the country they lived in."

Though born in St. Louis, Mr. Russell went while still a boy to Montana to live at the time when it was cow-country and mining-camps. He worked on the cow-ranges with men who were old-timers, and to these old friends he owes much of his knowledge of the West before his time—the days of Hawkins muzzle-loading rifles and when the ranges swarmed with humped-back brown grass-eaters.

Mr. Russell loves the West and will keep alive through his canvases the stories of the old West and his own time. The four story-telling pictures are typical of his work to-day.

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Piegans.

The Blackfeet, at one time the strongest and most dangerous tribe in the Northwest, was composed of three bands, Blackfeet, Bloods, and Piegans. The picture shows a small party of the last, probably the advance-guard of a hunting-party.

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Where Shadows Hint Death.

Two plainsmen have suddenly been warned by the shadows of a war-party. The horse, whose ears, eyes, and nose are ever alert, misses few of nature's secrets. He is very apt to call to his passing friend. The plainsmen know this and have dismounted to hold the nostrils of their mounts.

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Where Tracks Spell Meat.

A mountain man has shot an elk. As often happens, the animal has carried the lead some distance, but the hunter has tracked him to where he fell.

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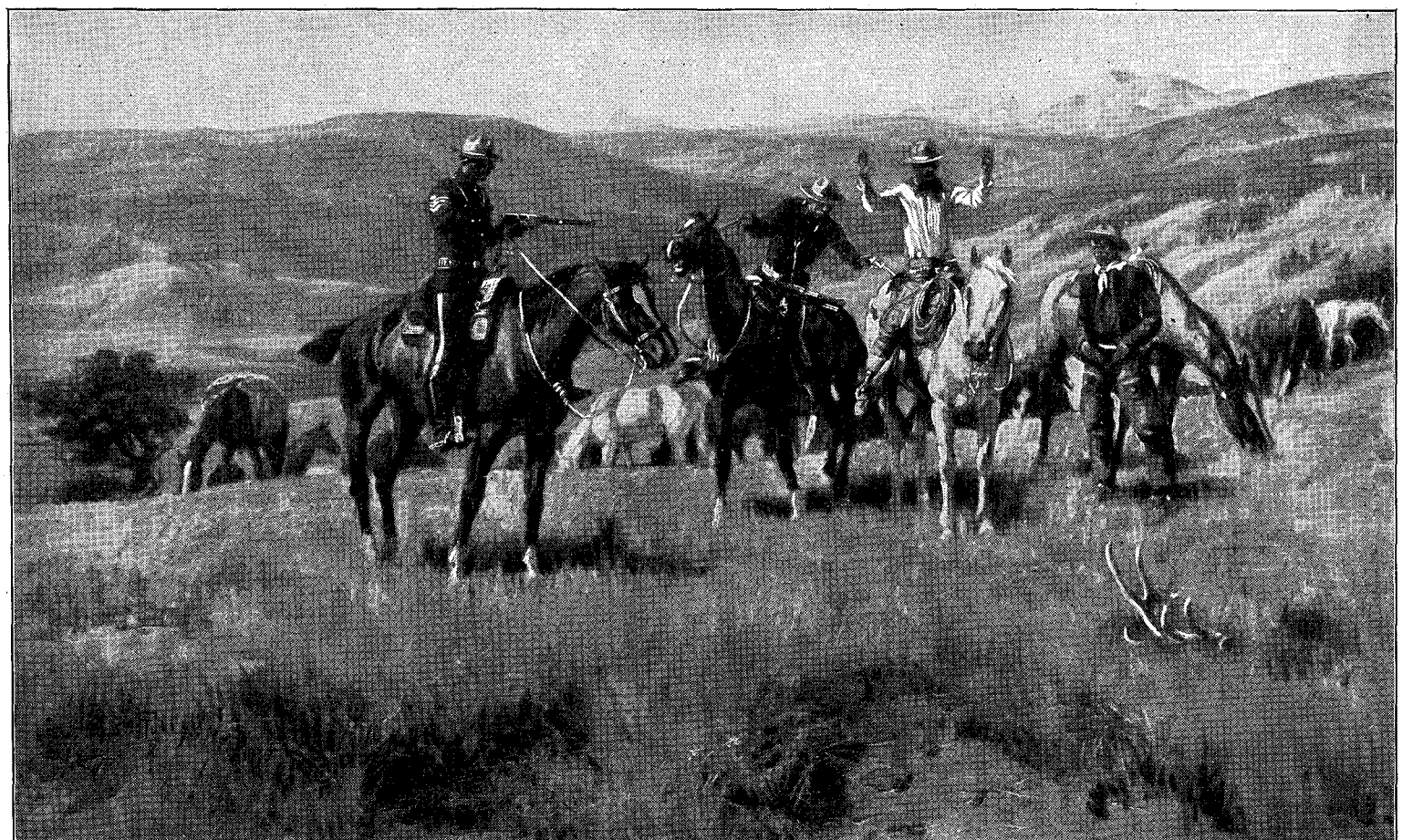

When Law Dulls the Edge of Chance.

Two Royal Northwest Mounted Police have arrested a pair of horse-thieves and are disarming them. No prisoner is considered safe while wearing a weapon.

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NANCY: HER LIFE AND DEATH

By Louis Dodge
Author of "Bonnie May," "Tawi Tawi," etc.

THERE is a shadow in the house; there is an unwonted silence. The caretaker avoids my glance. There is a matter which we do not speak of, though it is in both our minds. Nancy is dead.

It does not seem possible that the death of a little dog could alter things so. Yesterday she was alive and well. To-day she lies in her grave in the garden.

Yesterday was Sunday. Just before nightfall I was out in the garden planning how I should transplant a number of young fruit-trees which are in the wrong places. It was a cold, overcast evening in November. The garden, all its visible life gone for the year, was desolate.

The caretaker came in at the side-gate, Nancy following at his heels. It was our habit—the habit of men much alone—to talk to her as if she were a child. The caretaker said: "Nancy, I think you'd better go into the basement."

He wanted to release Si Slocomb from his chain under the porch. Si Slocomb is a larger, younger dog, still very boisterous, though he is two years old, and his antics often worried and even offended Nancy. I was glad to have her go into the basement, which is warm and dry. Indeed, she liked to be there. Yet I observed that when the caretaker opened the door for her she turned her head long enough to give me a swift, troubled glance. Then the eagerly obedient little creature disappeared.

I never saw her alive again.

A neighbor called a moment later and I went into the house. I sat talking for perhaps fifteen minutes. My conscience bothered me a little because it seemed necessary to leave Nancy in the basement; she liked so much to be present when there were visitors. But there seemed no help for this. Of late she had developed a habit of attacking Rags, the feeble little old dog who has the run of the house. It seemed that the sight of his infirmities enraged her.

The caretaker left the house while I was entertaining my visitor, but he soon returned. I thought he seemed worried. I heard him go down into the basement. I supposed he did this to look after the furnace. Presently he returned and stood in the doorway looking at me oddly. I could see that it was one of those occasions when he needed my countenance and support. "What is it, Jack?" I asked.

He could scarcely speak for a moment, and then he said in an incredulous tone: "Nancy is dead!"

I hurried down into the basement. She lay stretched out just at the foot of the steps on the granitoid floor. I touched her; she was warm and limp. I could not believe she was dead. I took her up into my hands. Her head hung, her eyes were unseeing. I held her a moment, almost praying that she might know me, that she might understand I was with her at the last. I think I spoke to her, for the caretaker, standing over me, said gently: "Nancy is dead."

Although she was so dear to me, I put her down in silence. It is not my way to make a fuss. I stood taking in the situation. It seemed to me that perhaps she had tried to come up the stairs, to let me know of her cross, of her dark hour. She had not called to me, I was certain. The floor separating the basement from the rooms above is thin; sounds carry from one place to the other easily. But it was always her way to bear her burdens alone. She was a creature of incredible courage. Still, I wished she could have let me know. It would have comforted me to be with her.

The caretaker said: "Come away. I'll bury her in the morning before you are up. You'll need not know where she is."

I stood looking down at her, still with a certain lack of comprehension. Then I said: "No, we'll not do it that way. I shall want to help bury her. I shall want to know where she is."

Together we buried her in the morning.

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It was another lowering day, misty, almost raw. Children were moving across the commons on their way to school, following the path which rises and falls. Their bodies were in huddled postures. I helped to dig the grave. We chose a spot rather near the house, in a little area of lawn. I can look from my window and see where she lies. We lined the grave with paper, and the caretaker found a nice piece of cloth to put over her before we filled the earth in. Last of all the caretaker drove a stake in to mark the exact place. I shall plant a flowering tree there in the spring.

The house is filled with memories of her by day and night. My mind and heart will not let her be. I am writing this in the dining-room because it is lighter than the library, the room which comes next. Between the two rooms there is a wide opening softened by a portière made of cords and tassels. Some of the tassels are mere stubs, their yarn strands all gone.

Those stubs tell a tale of Nancy's first days in the house. She ran into one of the cords and tassels almost in the first moment of her arrival. Then she began to be at home. She caught the tassel in her mouth and ran with it so impetuously that it swung her off her feet. It seemed to be a new experience. With a flying start she seized another tassel, swinging with it madly. Bits of tassel came off in her mouth.

I had to grapple with a problem in discipline. She mustn't spoil things! Yet what was I to do? I fear I recorded a failure in this matter. I could not bear to punish so little and eager a creature. What, after all, was a mere portière compared with the delight of having a sort of embodied sunbeam in the house?

In her wild misconduct some subtle quality of sex manifested itself. I am now referring not only to the matter of the portière but to the incorrigibility of her entire puppy period. She *would* have her own way—the last word, so to speak. You could not strike so tiny and exquisite a thing with any object heavy enough to hurt. It would have seemed monstrous.

Contemplating her on many an occasion during this period I have thought of an old sailor who once complained to me because he could not master his wife. "You can't argue with her," he said, "because she's bound to have the last word. You can't hit her, because she doesn't know how to hit you in return. And it's no use putting her out the front door, because she'll go right around and come in at the back."

I doubt if I ever really succeeded in teaching her not to do this thing or that. She simply gave over her irrepressible ways when she grew old enough to settle down.

During the period of her care-free misconduct Rags used to look at her with wonder, very much as a child will observe stranger children playing a game he cannot enter into.

She had one alarming adventure when she was two years old.

There were a few persons toward whom she was either mischievously or savagely disposed. Her mind was a closed book to me in so many ways that it was always a question whether she hated Nick, the mail-carrier, and Billy Tate, the boy in the house across the common, or merely entertained a humorous wish to terrorize them. She used to dash at the door like an enraged lioness when Nick came with the mail. She knew his step. He never put more than his nose inside the door when Nancy had her way. I do not believe she would have bitten him if he had presented an unprotected ankle. I *do* believe she would have nipped him vigorously—and then raced in triumphant circles all about him. I think she would have ceased to be interested in him if he had permitted her to nip him just once.

The matter between her and Billy Tate ran rather deeper. Indeed, her experiences with this neighbor-boy led me into unique experiences of my own, which I have related in a bit of fiction called "Say It With Flowers," published not very long ago. Billy Tate did things which tantalized Nancy. He scraped his feet on the sidewalk as he went by. He walked slowly and then with distracting abruptness made a mad dash for it. She viewed this from behind the screen door or from a window or through the palings of the garden fence. She bided her time. Months passed before she got her inning. Then one day the caretaker opened the

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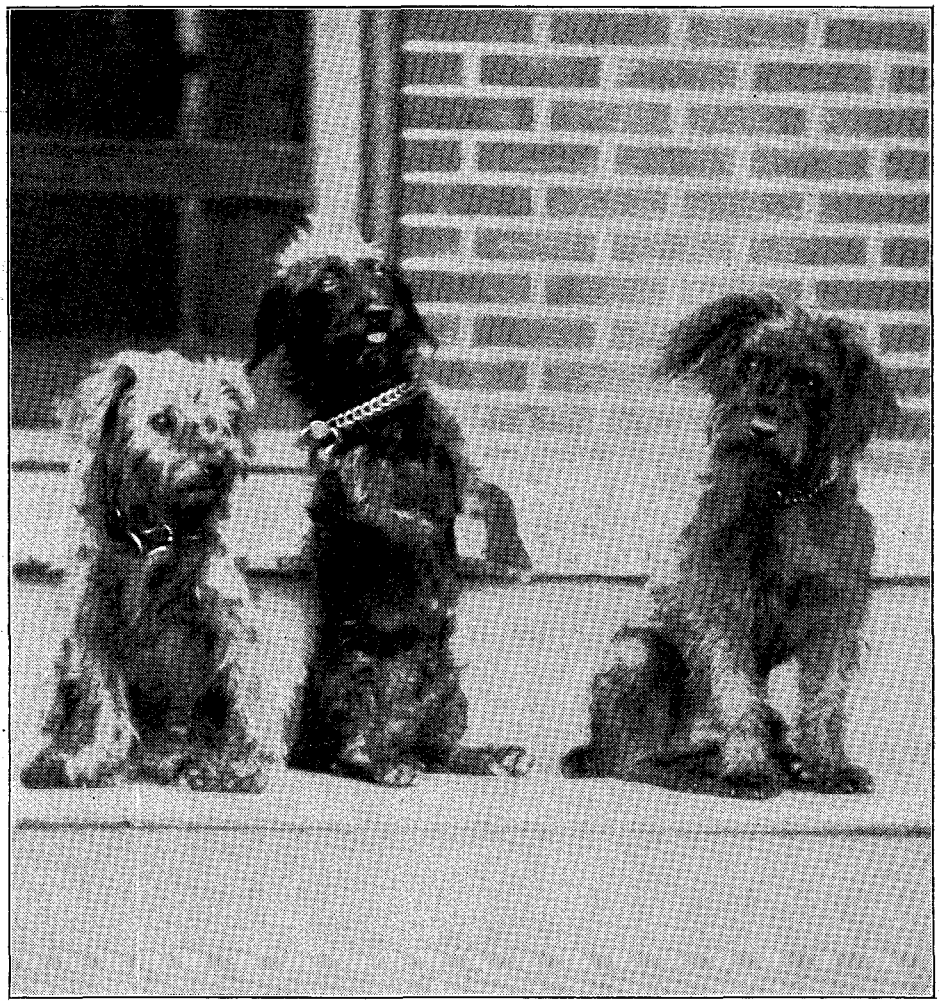

Nancy, Rags, and Si Slocomb.

front door to take her out for a walk. She dashed out of the door before he could follow, and then something happened. Billy Tate was just going by. She was at his heels like a flash. She nipped him. Then she raced about him vaingloriously, in an orgy of delight. She seemed to inquire of him: "Do you feel like dragging your feet now?" And "turn about is fair play!" Billy's injury was very slight. I took pains to ascertain that.

But the next day an enormous policeman appeared at my front door. I believe he was the largest policeman I have ever seen. He was making a report, he said, and he had called to notify me. Very well, I said. He produced a written report he had prepared (before ever conferring with me!). He read, while perspiration flowed from his red face: A vicious dog in my possession had attacked Billy Tate——

I interrupted him. "I have no vicious dog," I said.

The interruption did not affect him, save that he perspired more freely. "A vicious dog in your possession," he resumed, "has attacked Billy Tate—" and he read other items which I heard with great amazement. Then he went away, moving ponderously.

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My deepest interest was aroused. I went about swallowing with difficulty. I thought: If yesterday's hen has laid this egg, what egg may I expect of to-day's hen?

The next day a man came with an official order and a truck with cages and took Nancy away to be held eleven days for observation.

I went to see her, to the dog-pound, ten miles away. I wanted her to know that she was not abandoned, that I was mindful of her. I knew she would understand this. I was not sure I should be permitted to see her, but I hoped for the best. I had never seen the dog-pound, and I was prepared for shocking experiences. The institution was situated not far from the workhouse, on a dreary incline which stretched away to the river, the Mississippi.

I came to it: a very small office surrounded by a formless mass of large, mysterious-appearing buildings. I went into the office prepared to encounter an ogre. I found a man, a brother. I have thought better of all the world since that day. He was a mild, reasonable old man, the keeper. Yes, I might see my dog. He understood instantly why I wished to do this. (He had served at his thankless task many a year!) He conducted me into one of the large, mysterious-appearing buildings.

What a pandemonium let loose! It seemed to me that I heard the barking of a million dogs. I saw a dim vista of cages, tier upon tier, against the walls. The keeper leaned close to me, to make his voice heard. "I don't know your dog," he shouted. "You'll have to find her."

I hurried forward, my heart pounding. And presently I came upon her. She alone of all the dogs in that place was not barking. She was listening. She had heard my voice when I spoke in that outer office. She was in a cage on a level with my face. She had been thinking—I know—"Will he come?"

She was trembling piteously when I came upon her. Ah, Nancy, where was your dauntless spirit then? When I put my hand through the wires into her cage she licked it mutely. She arose to her hind feet, trying to find egress from the cage. She wished so to come to me! The keeper stood by, regarding me.

We had to return to the little office to talk: the loud barking had not subsided. I remember it was a Friday. The keeper's first words to me were: "If you'll come down Sunday you may take her away."

"But the sheriff's order—" I said dubiously. In his place there among the dogs the keeper had learned that there is the letter of the law and the spirit. "Come down Sunday," he repeated.

I did so. Again we went into the place of the wild noises. He deliberately unlocked the door to Nancy's cage. I took her into my hands, into my arms. Oh, the joy that was hers—and mine, too! We went back into the office, where I had left a small crate to put her in. There was a woman there now, to help with the feeding and cleaning. She was work-worn, old, bedraggled; but I wish you could have seen a kind of light of goodness on her brow under her faded gray hair. Life had treated her very ill, no doubt, but it had not made a hard woman of her. She was glad some one had come for Nancy. She would have been glad if some one had come for all those dogs. I put Nancy down. She ran eagerly to that broken old woman, lifting her bright face up. The woman put her hand on Nancy's head. Will any one tell me that they two did not recognize hidden things in each other? She went to the keeper too, eagerly, with confidence. The sun shone into the mean office, gilding the shabby furniture. All was silent. We talked together of common things, comrade-wise. We were a little community of friendly creatures together.

Many a time since that day I have prayed: "Lord, give me the eyes of a dog, when I would judge mankind."

Her home-coming was an event. I released her from her crate before we reached our street. We had to pass three houses before we reached home. I wish you might have seen her! The neighbors saw us coming home. They came out of their houses, happy, gratified. Nancy was a creature transformed with joy. She ran up to each porch. She was laughing; this is really true. Her mouth was open, her tongue was quivering, her eyes were bright. She greeted every one.

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She passed on from porch to porch. Then she made the final rush for home. The caretaker had come out and was waiting for her. That was a meeting, I tell you!

I find that in my next clear perception of her she has become a graver creature. I think it sobered her to know that there are human beings who will not play fair. I have in mind her adventure with Billy Tate. Besides, there were other profound experiences in her life soon afterward. There came a period when she liked to lie on the floor beside my chair and muse. And one day I perceived that an event of great significance was approaching for her.

I recall how, day by day, she found greater difficulty in coming up the basement stairs when I opened the door for her. More and more deliberately she came until she did not come up at all, but only stood with her head held high, gazing at me wistfully. She almost ceased to eat. She explored the basement with a new intention. She found new nests which she soon gave up for yet other new ones. I would miss her—when I went to call on her—only to find her curled up in a market basket under the steps, looking at me with a strange new demureness. She made a nest of old newspapers. She found boxes to climb into. However, at the end she went back to the old bed of gunnysacks the caretaker had made for her.

I think that life, even with its final tragedy, fully justified itself for her on that occasion when I first found her with her puppies about her.

The responsibilities of motherhood gradually wrought graver changes in her. By some inscrutable process she became nearer to me—yet farther away. I think there is no paradox here. I have known a man and his wife to have that experience: a man and his child too. I wonder if it is not the law of all companionship? We grow asunder by the inexorable perceptions of the mind; but where the intellect puts aside the task of knitting us together, the heart takes up the task quietly and carries it forward.

My devotion to her was no longer demonstrated in the old foolishly fond ways. For example, I gave over applying to her names other than her own. She had been to me The Guilty Wretch for a certain period—the epithet having been suggested by her delectable evasions and headstrong ways, and by a trick she had of looking at me out of the corner of her eye. She had been Nancy Prancy at a time when that name seemed to fit precisely. She had been Nancy-Gal when we first roamed the hills and vales together. She had been the Mother Pup once upon a time. But there came a time when she was just Nancy. Her dignity demanded this, and there was a mysterious development in her which made pet names inappropriate.

I began to perceive that however fond of her I was I was never to know her really. There came a time when she seemed mysteriously aloof, when she drew apart from me in the evenings if we were out in the garden and seemed really to commune with companions who were invisible to me. I have seen her in the dusk wearing an air of secrecy, of deep mystery. I often felt that if I called her I was not in truth her companion—that she had left her true companions there in the dusk.

Is not this in a measure true of all loving hearts that have formed a union?

She became furtive in a kind of wistful and driven way, and this quality grew upon her as she became older. Nothing was plainer than that she reserved something from me. She hid a secret. I never knew what it was. She carried it with her to her grave. I can only suggest what it might have been.

There is the fantastic and perhaps too-familiar theory of the transmigration of souls. One speculating over this theory might have suggested that Nancy was the re-embodiment of some splendid and regal personality of long ago, a militant priestess or princess, perhaps a powerful sorceress. She might have been one of the Cæsars.

Obviously any of these personages (in hidden guise) would have found my simple home very absurd. Among such surroundings as mine how could one of them have recalled without chagrin the old trappings: the togas, the chaplets, the swords and pikes, the diadems, the goblets of gold?

I shall try by the employment of less

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extravagant fancies to show what barriers were between us.

She was extraordinarily devoted to me, but in a kind of maternal way, a way which had nothing to do with respect. I think perhaps she did not really respect me. I was much too yielding and credulous. If she was once a Cæsar I must have been, at a somewhat later date, a poor chronicler trying to make faultless red letters at the beginnings of paragraphs on parchment. She was scornful of my weaknesses—yet with a feeling of pity which she thought it inadvisable to reveal to me. She conceived me to be dwelling in a realm of towering perils which I was too stupid to perceive.

She was my guardian against these perils, fuming because she received so little help from me. She was always on guard. If she could look out from table or chair or stairway she did so. If she could not look out she would lie and listen. If a neighbor or friend set foot anywhere near the house she was in ecstasy. She rushed to inform me. She said: "*We are saved!*" If a stranger approached by day or night she became a raging creature. "We are lost!" she seemed to say. She seemed to beg for the privilege of tearing this enemy limb from limb. If the stranger proved to be no stranger to me she went away to watch and listen again. She seemed to say: "Just the same, you can't tell who it may be next!"

Because of her sense of responsibility she led a lonely life. While Rags lay snoring at my feet, caring for nothing but to be there, Nancy was away by herself, watchful lest evil powers destroy our home. She was incredibly intense in this. She was tireless. Poor Rags knows that he is in a world where all is good. He is a perfect Christian Scientist. Nancy was shrewd with scepticism, she was wise with a knowledge of violence. Fierce centurions and gleaming battle-axes were always within her mental picture. When I called her she came obediently, loyally—but she was away quickly, impatiently, to take up her responsibilities again. She seemed to say: "You are a good creature, but you haven't the faintest conception of the world you live in."

If she saw a stranger coming down the hill her nose would twitch evilly, her body would stiffen. She seemed to say: "Stand behind me, where you will be safe." She fascinated me by her fierceness, she won my heart wholly by her fidelity. She possessed me altogether. She knew me perfectly.

Often I had the impression that she was reading me and perceiving that I was touched with some sort of soft folly. She held in contempt my patient industry, my small philanthropies. If I went quite away she would spring to my desk and disturb my written pages. I have occasionally found the imprint of her paws upon them. She would look at me with a kind of whimsical despair when I spoke a friendly word to the mendicants who came to my door. It was her idea that these persons ought to be sent about their business, that they were impostors.

I used to try to answer—in my own mind—that expression on her face. "Perhaps they can find no work to do," I would argue.

I could conceive her reply to be: "They don't want to work."

"Well, then," I would suggest, "perhaps they're not able to find their own work. We must not be too severe with them for not wanting to do the work of others."

I felt I had her there. Indeed, I think there were moments when I was really superior to her.

Yet if my heart was made lighter by the sight of some poor derelict moving away in the soft spring air or in the unfriendly wind of winter—some outcast whom I had not turned away unaided—I could read in her aloof attitude her condemnation, her scorn. She despaired of saving me. What can one do on a fool's behalf?

And yet she would forgive me these lapses—as a pagan will forgive the shrewd circumspection of a Christian—and serve me again vigilantly, even hopefully. I repeat, she knew me perfectly. That was why I felt, when I took her up dead, that it was not she who was dead, but I. Who was there to know me now? And what is death but to be unknown?

She knew my intentions were good and that I was measurably intelligent about some things. While she did not wish to be caressed, and would stand rigid, refusing to soften her back or incline her

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head when I petted her, she nevertheless revealed her approval of me during critical periods. This was specially true when her puppies were about her. She was quite willing that I should take them up and admire them. We became almost true companions during these moments. We had something wholly in common in our admiration of her puppies.

I was always sorry when the puppies grew to an independent age and she drew away from me again: when she set me to wondering, as she mused in dusky places, if she were in reality a re-embodied Cleopatra or Hypatia or Helen; when she suggested by her aloofness a world I did not know, for which I was unfitted: perhaps a world of throne-rooms, of barques with silken canopies, of incense-sweet bazaars, of housetops facing the desert.

Her adventures in life were nearly all drawn in minute figures. On average days she had to content herself with barking at the children who went to mass in the gray of early morning, or at other children who went to school on Sundays or week-days. "Ha—*human beings!*" she seemed to say. I wish you might have seen her nose twitch! I have never hoped to achieve a perfect sneer since first beholding Nancy at the fence, after her return from the dog-pound, when the Tate children went stringing across the commons in white cotton hose and absurd little hats. If she caught me regarding her she seemed momentarily discomfited. She seemed to say: "You don't appreciate a real sneer—though that's where you're wrong again. A sneer has its place just as much as a mile or frown. Of course one wouldn't sneer at old persons, because it isn't nice, and one wouldn't sneer at the preacher, because it isn't—well, customary. But look at those Tate children!"

Some of the moments of her life have left deep impressions on my mind.

There was the night she came home after running away for the first and last time. She had killed Bob, my little blue pigeon, first-born of my pair of homers. The caretaker, running out at my summons, saw and comprehended. He had been very fond of Bob. He seized a stick and whipped Nancy. Then we turned our attention to the dead bird. During that moment Nancy disappeared.

She was gone for hours. I searched the streets and the commons far and near. I could not come upon her; no one had seen her. Just at dusk she crept to me as I sat, disconsolate, on the front porch. It appeared that she had been hiding all afternoon under the porch of a neighbor. She came to me as to a refuge. She was bewildered. I took her up; she was trembling. She continued to tremble and to look over my shoulder. "How about that other fellow?" she seemed to inquire. I took her to the caretaker. He was disposed to renew his anger, but I prevailed upon him not to do this. "She has been punished," I explained. "Now we must forgive her. Take her and show her that she is to have another chance." He did so. Such rapture as she manifested I have rarely seen. That picture of her I shall always remember.

There were the numerous occasions when I used to take her out walking. How she loved those occasions, how she hungered for them when they were deferred! In the winter I made a rattling sound as I took my overcoat from the rack behind the door. She understood what that meant and her intensity was amazing. She could not contain herself. She dashed to the front door, every muscle tense, waiting for me to open.

I shall retain the picture of her as she used to look up from the foot of the basement stairs when I stood at the head, about to close the door between us. She yearned to come up to me, but I could not always permit this. Her eyes besought me, though with a kind of high resolve. She seemed to say: "I will bear it if I may not come!"

Many a time I closed the door with a pang, though I had only to open it again to see her still looking up at me. Now when I open that door she is not there.

As one whose craft is writing I have the wish to write a kind of panegyric on the life and character of Nancy. But I must not do this. She was too elusive for analysis. I can only refer to her mystery without unveiling it.

She placed herself beyond the reach of human speech by a degree of intensity which I have never seen equalled in any other living creature. There were those moments when I used to approach the door, to take her out into the open, to

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stroll across the commons and fields; she was quite astonishing then. She would stare, trembling and whimpering, at the door. But it was not the door she saw. She saw the fields with the sun on them and the wind scurrying across them. She saw again the rabbit she had started from its hiding-place once upon a time, and the crows which amazed her by their gift of flight. She would glance up at me. "Oh, do hurry!" she would say.

She would come back with me triumphantly. "We saw a field!" her bearing announced—as Columbus might have said to Isabella: "I discovered America." Don't you see how wholly justified she was, and that to see a field is to see everything?

Last night I took a walk along a country road near where I live. I turned off the road and found a path. The path wound away among sere grasses, over a knoll, down into a deep hollow where there are a stream, a few forlorn old willows, stretches of rustling cattails.

It was nearly dark. A group of boys had assembled far up the hollow and had built a camp-fire. For the moment they were Indians, or pioneers. I would not approach them too closely. Have you not the feeling that children at play—at least play of their own devising—ought not to be intruded upon? Grown folks have many crosses to bear, and the heaviest of them all is the knowledge that they must sometimes destroy illusions, just by their presence. We cannot share the happiness of children any more than we can share the goodness of angels. Yes, I believe in angels. Who is it but the angels that open the blue cornucopias of the larkspur in my garden of a summer night?

I stood apart, watching the boys in the distance, realizing that the chilly night was closing in rapidly. Far away on the distant hilltop there were street-lamps in a line, their lights glowing and waning in the wind. There were lesser, warmer lights in the windows of houses. Suddenly a weight was laid upon me, a memory stirred.

The last time I had stood in that place Nancy had been with me. It had been a spring morning. She had found a lark's nest in the grasses while I had been looking at a distant lark crying out in alarm. When she had found the lark's nest, with eggs in it, she glanced up at me, her nose twitching. "Little people live here," she seemed to say. "Queer folk. Maybe I ought to leave them alone?"

"Yes," I replied, and she pattered on without disturbing the nest.

After all, the nest was not more marvellous than everything else. She thought of something, seemingly. She began to race in a widening circle through the grass. She stopped suddenly and rolled in the grass. This was an enchanting sight. Her sensuous, ecstatic joy was boundless. She whined with delight. She was thankful for earth and sun. I thought to myself: "This is the best that humankind can achieve—to be truly in love with earth and sun. This is all the heaven we know—a perfect marriage of earth and sun. We recognize dull or unhappy persons by their unmindfulness of earth and sun."

She stopped rolling and got up as if she had heard something. She drew apart and mused, standing stock-still. She was thinking of something, but I was shut out from her thoughts. She would not confide in me. When we turned homeward her ears relaxed, her eyes became tranquil. She glanced at me, perfect contentment in her eyes. "We are going home," she said.

Her intensity—that is what comes back to me like a reproach. How incapable I was of sharing it! How blind I was—as she was not—to the fact that everything is a miracle, a stupendous miracle!

I think the angels in heaven must be intense, that heaven is a place where we may be intense without shame or fatigue. What is it to be intense but to be all alive? Children are sometimes intense and their elders chide them for this because—alas!—they are themselves a little dead. We who are no longer young sit with many spectres. The bright light of the living hurts our eyes, disturbs our rest.

Now that the one intensely living creature I knew is gone, I think—"Who hereafter shall show me the sun and the sky and the green grass? Who shall lead me to where the lark has built her nest?"

What has the human race done that it should have lost its birthright of being all

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alive, intense? If we had not lost our birthright every garden would be to us as Eden was to the first man and woman. We should always discover apples; we should always discover love.

I find myself judging my neighbors by the manner in which they refer to the loss I have sustained. I fared happily with the two ladies who keep the little notion-store on the other side of the Florissant bridge, not far from me. The children always say they are going to "the old maids'" when they go to this shop to spend their pennies. The Misses Morgan, they are.

Dropping into the shop for tobacco I confided to one of the Misses Morgan—the little, energetic one—that I had lost Nancy. I am informed that she is a bit cross-grained with some persons occasionally; but her gentle soul welled forth in her voice and eyes when she told me how sorry she was. I felt like one who thirsts and who finds a cup pressed to his lips.

One who lives simply and much alone remembers everything. Nancy's life passes before me detail by detail. Reminders of her present themselves to me constantly in ways which I cannot avoid, even if I wished to avoid them.

When I go into the kitchen there is the water-bowl beside the door. I can still see her drinking eagerly and gratefully, her head bobbing up and down, her ears flopping. Long ago I adopted the rule of never passing the water-bowl without changing the water, so that it would always be fresh. Nancy and Rags were quite willing to share the water-bowl; they often drank from it at the same time with perfect comity, though there was an intense jealousy in Nancy's heart in relation to the dish from which she ate her food. Rags might approach that dish only at his peril, though she might not care a straw for the food it contained.

She was very fastidious about her food, sometimes refusing to eat the best of bread-scraps and rich brown gravy. I retain a clear impression of the caretaker trying to induce her to eat. He would pretend to call a cat—though none knew better than Nancy that there was no cat about. He would call persuasively—"Puss! Puss!"—shaping his big voice down to little and putting a note of preference into it. I did not aprove of this: it savored of sharp-practice. Yet it warmed my heart, too, because of the simple comedy of it and it did no harm. Nancy used to look at him intently. "How transparent!" she seemed to say. "A cat, indeed! Show me a cat!" And she would leave her dinner on its dish.

At night when I go occasionally down to the basement to attend to the fire—when it is late and the house is still—I come upon the chair where she used to sleep. It is now abandoned and shrouded with a sort of mystery. It is very still. Looking at it in the dim light I feel as I might feel if I were benighted on a lonely road and saw in the distance a lighted window in an empty inn.

When Rags comes and sits up before me, making his wishes known, I am reminded of Nancy. She despised tricks. If she had been of humankind I think she would never have employed clever words—to appeal adroitly or to thank in a flattering degree. I am not sure she would have expressed gratitude at all in formal ways. To make little of a generous deed—isn't this, after all, the most tactful acceptance of a generous deed? Is not this to say, with Charles Reade's jester, who had just received a gift from his monarch: "Coming to me, this should be paste; but coming from your majesty it is naturally a diamond"?

I came to know that tricks were beneath her, and this pleased me. And yet on one occasion I was guilty of humiliating her by requesting her to perform something very like a trick. My neighbor, Mr. Woodward, had been in for a game of cards with me and the caretaker and Walter Reed, a friend who drops in often. I wanted to prove that Nancy could understand what I said to her, if I spoke simply. There were five unoccupied chairs in the room. I summoned Nancy and said: "Nancy, will you get up on a chair?" She did so with the utmost eagerness. I said: "another chair, Nancy." She leaped down and up to another chair. I repeated this until she had made the round of all the chairs. I did not look at any of the chairs; I spoke to her without special emphasis. When it was over she looked at me curiously. She seemed to say: "Have I meant so little to you that you must require me to

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jump upon chairs?" It was as if John Milton had been required to stand on his head to prove his worth. She went away purposefully to keep watch over me and mine. She was a dog, not a mountebank.

I am reminded of her in the mornings when I wake. That used to be the occasion for a fond little drama. After long troubled years I have come at fifty to a habit of life in which there is much tranquillity and happiness. I need not stir in the mornings until I like, and when I get up and go into the bathroom the sun is often shining brightly into the room, which looks to the east. The whole house is silent. Even in midwinter the upper corridor and the bathroom are cosily warm. The caretaker is an angel in disguise: an impervious disguise to many, though not to me.

Formerly when my footsteps had sounded in the corridor in the morning, coming and going, Rags and Nancy were permitted to come up-stairs. I could hear a door open below and a gust of sound; I could hear the caretaker's voice crying out briskly: "Go and get him!" And then they came! Nancy was up the stairs like a silver streak. I could see her bright head in the dim hallway. There was a flash, a leap, and she was on my knees. She would look back once to observe poor old Rags laboring up one step at a time; she would growl ominously to warn him that she had taken possession. It required a kind of diplomacy to welcome Rags, too, when he arrived.

Then she was off my knees with an impetuous leap. She was looking out at the larger world visible from the upper window, she was exploring the corridor, she was sniffing at closet-doors. This done she was back, importuning me, imploring me to hurry. "Oh, do make haste!" she seemed to say. "Another day has come. Everything is wonderful! Why do you linger in this room, which is like a prison? Do come down-stairs with me. *You know how to open the door!*"

Now silence prevails in the upper corridor in the mornings. When I open my bedroom door Rags lies in the corridor musing, waiting.

In my secluded way of living I fall into ways of thinking which I suppose are often naïve and even absurd. But let me confess that when I think of the lovely things of life I do not think of that which is rare or magnificent. I think of little, common things: of drops of rain and dew, of soft winds, of shady spots when the sun beats hot, of the grasses which fade in winter and are strangely and beautifully green almost the very moment the spring winds turn north again. I think of red apples and citrons, of bread and salt, of little cakes. I think of the garden in the summer nights when the elm-tree lifts its dark boughs against the moon and there is the odor of roses on the air. I think of the young pigeons out in the loft, sheltered from storm; I think of Si Slocomb's little red house out under the porch, which is cosey and warm when the winter winds blow cold. I think of the fealty of dogs.

My heart is a bed in which I hold, asleep, all I have loved and lost. When my heart ceases to beat there will be a strange stillness, and that stillness shall cause those who sleep to waken again, just as we waken when the night wind at the casement dies away. This is a vague saying. I can only add that it covers something steadfast, though unutterable.

I remember how Nancy used to slip away into the dusk of the garden. She was very still. She seemed to wish to listen. To what? I cannot say. I could see her dimly, perhaps. Perhaps I could not see her at all. But I was in no hurry for her to return. I thought she might have drawn apart because her soul demanded this of her. "The world is too much with us," said Wordsworth. But I knew she was not lost.

It is so with me now, though she has slipped away into a deeper dusk.

This is my farewell to Nancy; but it is more than that. It is Farewell and Hail. Having lost her in her prime, I shall keep her as she was in her prime. Having given her up, strong and beautiful, I shall keep her strong and beautiful while life lasts. I have tried to give her, in this memoir, to others, that I may keep her the more securely for my own.

The date of her death was November 7, 1920. It appeared that during her last walk with the caretaker she passed an open lawn where poison had been placed for gophers. She got some of this and returned home, where she died within half an hour.

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SOCIAL UNREST AND BOLSHEVISM IN THE ISLAMIC WORLD

By Lothrop Stoddard
Author of "The Rising Tide of Color," "The New World of Islam," etc.

UNREST is the natural concomitant of change—particularly sudden change. Every break with the past, however normal and inevitable, implies a necessity for readjustment to altered conditions which causes a temporary sense of restless disharmony until the required adjustment has been made. Unrest is not an exceptional phenomenon; it is always latent in every human society which has not fallen into complete stagnation, and a slight amount of unrest should be considered a sign of healthy growth rather than a symptom of disease. In fact, the minimum degrees of unrest are usually not called by that name, but are considered mere incidents of normal development. Under normal circumstances, indeed, the social organism functions like the human organism: it is being incessantly destroyed and as incessantly renewed in conformity with the changing conditions of life. These changes are sometimes very considerable, but they are so gradual that they are effected almost without being perceived. A healthy organism, well attuned to its environment, is always plastic. It instinctively senses environmental changes and adapts itself so rapidly that it escapes the injurious consequences of disharmony.

Far different is the character of unrest's acuter manifestations. These are infallible symptoms of sweeping changes, sudden breaks with the past, and profound maladjustments which are not being rapidly rectified. In other words, acute unrest denotes social ill-health and portends the possibility of one of those violent crises known as "revolution."

The history of the Moslem East well exemplifies the above generalizations. The formative period of Saracenic civilization was characterized by rapid change and an intense idealistic ferment. The great "Motazelite" movement embraced many shades of thought, its radical wing professing religious, political, and social doctrines of a violent, revolutionary nature. But this changeful period was superficial and brief. Arab vigor and the Islamic spirit proved unable permanently to leaven the vast inertia of the ancient East. Soon the old traditions reasserted themselves—somewhat modified, to be sure, yet basically the same. Saracenic civilization became stereotyped, ossified, and with this ossification changeful unrest died away. Here and there the radical tradition was preserved and secretly handed down by a few obscure sects like the Kharidjites of inner Arabia and the Bektashi dervishes; but these were mere cryptic episodes, of no general significance.

With the Mohammedan revival at the beginning of the nineteenth century, however, symptoms of social unrest appeared once more. Wahabism aimed not merely at a reform of religious abuses, but was also a general protest against the contemporary decadence of Moslem society. In many cases it took the form of a popular revolt against established governments. The same was true of the correlative Babbist movement in Persia, which occurred about the same time.

And of course these nascent stirrings were greatly stimulated by the flood of Western ideas and methods which, as the nineteenth century wore on, increasingly permeated the East. What, indeed, could be more provocative of unrest of every description than the resulting transformation of the Orient—a transformation so sudden, so intense, and necessitating so concentrated a process of adaptation that it was basically revolutionary rather than evolutionary in its nature? In considering this eminently transition period we must note, not merely material changes, but also the profound disturbance, bewilderment, and

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suffering affecting all social classes in greater or less degree.

The essentially revolutionary nature of this transition period, as exemplified by India, is well described by the British economist, Dodwell. What, he asks, could be more anachronistic than the contrast between rural and urban India? "Rural India is primitive or mediæval; city India is modern." In city India you will find every symbol of Western life, from banks and factories down to the very "sandwichmen that you left in the London gutters." Now all this co-exists beside rural India. "And it is surely a fact unique in economic history that they should thus exist side by side. The present condition of India does not correspond with any period of European economic history." Imagine the effect in Europe of setting down together modern and mediæval men with utterly disparate ideas. That has not happened in Europe because "European progress in the economic world has been evolutionary"; a process spread over centuries. In India, on the other hand, this economic transformation has been "revolutionary" in character.

How unevolutionary is India's economic transformation is seen by the condition of rural India. Continues Mr. Dodwell:

> Rural India, though chiefly characterized by primitive usage, has been invaded by ideas that are intensely hostile to the old state of things. It is primitive, *but not consistently primitive.* Competitive wages are paid side by side with customary wages. Prices are sometimes fixed by custom, but sometimes, too, by free economic causes. From the midst of a population deeply rooted in the soil, men are being carried away by the desire of better wages. In short, economic motives have suddenly and partially intruded themselves in the realm of primitive morality. And, if we turn to city India, we see a similar, though inverted, state of things. . . . In neither case has the mixture been harmonious or the fusion complete. Indeed, the two orders are too unrelated, too far apart, to coalesce with ease.
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> India, then, is in a state of economic revolution throughout all the classes of an enormous and complex society. The only period in which Europe offered even faint analogies to modern India was the industrial revolution, from which even now we have not settled down into comparative stability. We may reckon it as a fortunate circumstance for Europe that the intellectual movement which culminated in the French Revolution did not coincide with the industrial revolution. If it had, it is possible that European society might have been hopelessly wrecked. But, as it was, even when the French Revolution had spent its force in the conquests of Napoleon, the industrial revolution stirred up enough social and political discontent. When whole classes of people are obliged by economic revolution to change their mode of life, it is inevitable that many should suffer. Discontent is aroused. Political and destructive movements are certain to ensue. Not only the revolutions of '48, but also the birth of the Socialist party sprang from the industrial revolution.
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> But that revolution was not nearly so sweeping as that which is now in operation in India. The invention of machinery and steam-power was, in Europe, but the crowning event of a long series of years in which commerce and industry had been constantly expanding, in which capital had been largely accumulated, in which economic principles had been gradually spreading. No, the Indian economic revolution is vastly greater and more fundamental than our industrial revolution, great as that was. Railways have been built through districts where travel was almost impossible and even roads are unknown. Factories have been built, and filled by men unused to industrial labor. Capital has been poured into the country, which was unprepared for any such development. And what are the consequences? India's social organization is being dissolved. The Brahmins are no longer priests. The ryot is no longer bound to the soil. The banya is no longer the sole purveyor of capital. The handweaver is threatened with extinction, and the brass-worker can no longer ply his craft. Think of the dislocation which this sudden change has brought about, of the many who can no longer follow their ancestral vocations, of the commotion which a less profound change produced in Europe; and you will understand what is the chief motive-power of the political unrest. It is small wonder. The wonder is that the unrest has been no greater than it is. Had India not been an Asiatic country, she would have been in fierce revolution long ago.

The above lines were written in 1910, before the world had been shattered by Armageddon and aggressive social revolution had established itself in semi-Asiatic Russia. Even in the opening years of the twentieth century, however, other students of the Orient besides Mr. Dodwell were predicting social disturbances of increasing gravity. One of the symptoms of social unrest was the way in which the increased difficulty of living conditions, together with the adoption of Western ideas of comfort and kindred higher standards, was engendering friction between the different strata of Oriental populations. In 1911 a British sanitary expert assigned "wretchedness" as the root-cause of India's political unrest. After describing the deplorable

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living conditions of the Indian masses, he wrote: "It will of course be said at once that these conditions have existed in India from time immemorial, and are no more likely to cause unrest now than previously; but in my opinion unrest has always existed there in a subterranean form. Moreover, in the old days, the populace could make scarcely any comparison between their own condition and that of more fortunate people; now they can compare their own slums and terrible 'native quarters' with the much better ordered cantonments, stations, and houses of the British officials and even of their own wealthier brethren. So far as I can see, such misery is always the fundamental cause of all popular unrest. Seditious meetings, political chatter, and 'aspirations' of babus and demagogues are only the superficial manifestations of the deeper disturbance."

All this diffused social unrest was centring about two recently emerged elements: the Western-educated *intelligentsia*, and the industrial proletariat of the factory towns. The revolutionary tendencies of the Oriental *intelligentsia*, particularly of its half-educated failures, have played a leading part in all the revolutionary disturbances of the modern Orient, from North Africa to China. As for the industrial proletariat, it has not hitherto been a major revolutionary factor, owing to its traditionalism, ignorance, and apathy, and also because of the lack of organic connection between it and the *intelligentsia*, the other factor of social discontent. However, during the last few years, Oriental proletarians seem to have been acquiring something like "class consciousness." They certainly seem to have been influenced by the propaganda of Russian Bolshevism.

The Great War, of course, enormously aggravated Oriental unrest. In many parts of the Near East, especially, acute suffering, balked ambitions, and furious hates combined to reduce society to the verge of chaos. Into this ominous turmoil there now came the sinister influence of Russian Bolshevism, marshalling all this diffused unrest by systematic methods for definite ends. Bolshevism was frankly out for a world revolution and the destruction of Western civilization. To attain this objective the Bolshevist leaders not only launched direct assaults on the West, but also planned flank attacks in Asia and Africa. They believed that if the East could be set on fire, not only would Russian Bolshevism gain vast additional strength but also the economic repercussion on the West, already shaken by the war, would be so terrific that industrial collapse would ensue, thereby throwing Europe open to revolution.

Bolshevism's propagandist efforts were nothing short of universal, both in area and in scope. No part of the world was free from the plottings of its agents; no possible source of discontent was overlooked. Strictly "Red" doctrines like the Dictatorship of the Proletariat were very far from being the only weapons in Bolshevism's armory. Since what was first wanted was the overthrow of the existing world order, any kind of opposition to that order, no matter how remote doctrinally from Bolshevism, was grist to the Bolshevist mill. Accordingly, in every quarter of the globe, in Asia, Africa, Australia, and the Americas, as in Europe, Bolshevik agitators whispered in the ears of the discontented their gospel of hatred and revenge. Every Nationalist aspiration, every political grievance, every social injustice, every racial discrimination was fuel for Bolshevism's incitement to violence and war.

Particularly promising fields for Bolshevist activity were the Near and Middle East. Besides being a prey to profound disturbances of every description, those regions, as traditional objectives of the old Czarist imperialism, had long been carefully studied by Russian agents who had evolved a technic of "pacific penetration" that might easily be adjusted to Bolshevist ends. To stir up political, religious, and racial passions in Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, and India, especially against England, required no original planning by Trotzky or Lenine. Czarism had already done these things for generations, and full information lay both in the Petrograd archives and in the brains of surviving Czarist agents ready to turn their hands as easily to the new work as the old.

In all the elaborate network of Bolshe-

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vik propaganda which to-day enmeshes the East we must discriminate between Bolshevism's two objectives: one immediate—the destruction of Western political and economic supremacy; the other ultimate—the Bolshevizing of the Oriental masses and the consequent extirpation of the native upper—and middle—classes, precisely as has been done in Russia and as is planned for the countries of the West. In the first stage, Bolshevism is quite ready to respect Oriental faiths and customs and to back Oriental Nationalist movements. In the second stage, religions like Islam and Nationalists like Mustapha Kemal are to be branded as "bourgeois" and relentlessly destroyed. How Bolshevik diplomacy endeavors to work these two schemes in double harness, we shall presently see.

Russian Bolshevism's Oriental policy was formulated soon after its accession to power at the close of 1917. The year 1918 was a time of busy preparation. An elaborate propaganda organization was built up from various sources. A number of old Czarist agents and diplomats versed in Eastern affairs were cajoled or conscripted into the service. The Russian Mohammedan populations such as the Tartars of South Russia and the Turkomans of Central Asia furnished many recruits. Even more valuable were the exiles who flocked to Russia from Turkey, Persia, India, and elsewhere at the close of the Great War. Practically all the leaders of the Turkish war-government—Enver, Djemal, Talaat, and many more, fled to Moscow for refuge from the vengeance of the victorious Entente Powers. The same was true of the Hindu terrorist leaders who had been in German pay during the war and who now sought service under Lenine. By the end of 1918, Bolshevism's Oriental propaganda department was well organized, divided into three bureaus, for the Islamic countries, India, and the Far East respectively. With Bolshevism's Far Eastern activities this article is not concerned, though the reader should bear them in mind and should remember the important part played by the Chinese in recent Russian history. As for the Islamic and Indian bureaus, they displayed great zeal, translating tons of Bolshevik literature into the various Oriental languages, training numerous secret agents and propagandists for "field work," and getting in touch with all disaffected or revolutionary elements.

With the opening months of 1919, Bolshevist activity throughout the Near and Middle East became increasingly apparent. The wave of rage and despair caused by the Entente's denial of Near Eastern Nationalist aspirations played splendidly into the Bolshevists' hands, and Moscow vigorously supported Mustapha Kemal and other Nationalist leaders in Turkey, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere. In the Middle East, also, Bolshevism gained important successes. Not only was Moscow's hand visible in the epidemic of rioting and seditious violence which swept Northern India in the spring of 1919, but an even shrewder blow was struck at Britain in Afghanistan. This land of turbulent mountaineers, which lay like a perpetual thunder-cloud on India's northwest frontier, had kept quiet during the Great War, mainly owing to the Anglophile attitude of its ruler, the Ameer Habibullah Khan. But early in 1919 Habibullah was murdered. Whether the Bolsheviki had a hand in the matter is not known, but they certainly reaped the benefit, for power passed to one of Habibullah's sons, Amanullah Khan, who was an avowed enemy of England and who had had dealings with Turco-German agents during the late war. Amanullah at once got in touch with Moscow, and a little later, just when the Punjab was seething with unrest, he declared war on England, and his wild tribesmen, pouring across the border, set the northwest frontier on fire. After some hard fighting the British succeeded in repelling the Afghan invasion, and Amanullah was constrained to make peace. But Britain obviously dared not press Amanullah too hard, for in the peace treaty the ameer was released from his previous obligation not to maintain diplomatic relations with other nations than British India. Amanullah promptly aired his independence by maintaining ostentatious relations with Moscow. As a matter of fact, the Bolsheviki had by this time established an important propa-

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gandist subcentre in Russian Turkestan, not far from the Afghan border, and this bureau's activities, of course, envisaged not merely Afghanistan but the wider field of India as well.

During 1920, Bolshevik activities became still more pronounced throughout the Near and Middle East. We have already seen how powerfully Bolshevik Russia supported the Turkish and Persian Nationalist movements. In fact, the reckless short-sightedness of Entente policy was driving into Lenine's arms multitudes of Oriental Nationalists to whom the internationalist theories of Moscow were personally uncongenial. For example, the head of the Afghan mission to Moscow thus frankly expressed his reasons for friendship with Soviet Russia in an interview printed by the official Soviet organ, *Izvestia:* "I am neither Communist nor Socialist, but my political programme so far is the expulsion of the English from Asia. I am an irreconcilable enemy of European capitalism in Asia, the chief representatives of which are the English. On this point I coincide with the Communists, and in this respect we are your natural allies. Afghanistan, like India, does not represent a capitalist state, and it is very unlikely that even a parliamentary régime will take deep root in these countries. It is so far difficult to say how subsequent events will develop. I only know that the renowned address of the Soviet Government to all nations, with its appeal to them to combat capitalists (and for us a capitalist is synonymous with the word foreigner, or, to be more exact, an Englishman), had an enormous effect on us. A still greater effect was produced by Russia's annulment of all the secret treaties enforced by the imperialistic governments, and by the proclaiming of the right of all nations, no matter how small, to determine their own destiny. This act rallied around Soviet Russia all the exploited nationalities of Asia, and all parties, even those very remote from Socialism."

Of course, knowing what we do of Bolshevik propagandist tactics, we cannot be sure that the Afghan diplomat ever said the things which the *Izvestia* relates. But, even if the interview be a fake, the words put into his mouth express the feelings of vast numbers of Orientals and explain a prime cause of Bolshevik propagandist successes in Eastern lands.

So successful, indeed, had been the progress of Bolshevik propaganda that the Soviet leaders now began to work openly for their ultimate ends. At first Moscow had posed as the champion of Oriental "peoples" against Western "imperialism"; its appeals had been to "peoples," irrespective of class; and it had promised "self-determination," with full respect for native ideas and institutions. For instance: a Bolshevist manifesto to the Turks signed by Lenine and issued toward the close of 1919, read:

> *Mussulmans of the world, victims of the capitalists, awake!* Russia has abandoned the Czar's pernicious policy toward you and offers to help you overthrow English tyranny. She will allow you freedom of religion and self-government. The frontiers existing before the war will be respected, no Turkish territory will be given to Armenia, the Dardanelles Straits will remain yours, and Constantinople will remain the capital of the Mussulman world. The Mussulmans in Russia will be given self-government. All we ask in exchange is that you fight the reckless capitalists, who would exploit your country and make it a colony.

Even when addressing its own people, the Soviet Government was careful to maintain the same general tone. An "Order of the Day" to the Russian troops stationed on the borders of India stated:

> Comrades of the Pamir division, you have been given a responsible task. The Soviet Republic sends you to garrison the posts on the Pamir, on the frontiers of the friendly countries of Afghanistan and India. The Pamir tableland divides revolutionary Russia from India, which, with its 300,000,000 inhabitants, is enslaved by a handful of Englishmen. On this table-land the signallers of revolution must hoist the red flag of the army of liberation. May the peoples of India, who fight against their English oppressors, soon know that friendly help is not far off. Make yourselves at home with the liberty-loving tribes of northern India, promote by word and deed their revolutionary progress, refute the mass of calumnies spread about Soviet Russia by agents of the British princes, lords, and bankers. Long live the alliance of the revolutionary peoples of Europe and Asia!

Such was the nature of first-stage Bolshevik propaganda. Presently, however, propaganda of quite a different sort began to appear. This second-stage propaganda, of course, continued to assail

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Western "capitalist imperialism." But alongside, or rather intermingled with, these anti-Western fulminations, there now appeared special appeals to the Oriental masses, inciting them against all "capitalists" and "bourgeois," native as well as foreign, and promising the "proletarians" remedies for all their ills. Here is a Bolshevist manifesto to the Turkish masses, published in the summer of 1920. It is very different from the manifestoes of a year before. "The men of toil," says this interesting document, "are now struggling everywhere against the rich people. These people, with the assistance of the aristocracy and their hirelings, are now trying to hold Turkish toilers in their chains. It is the rich people of Europe who have brought suffering to Turkey. Comrades, let us make common cause with the world's toilers. If we do not do so we shall never rise again. Let the heroes of Turkey's revolution join Bolshevism. Long live the Third International! Praise be to Allah!"

And in these new efforts Moscow was not content with words; it was passing to deeds as well. The first practical application of Bolshevism to an Eastern people was in Russian Turkestan. When the Bolsheviki first come to power at the end of 1917, they had granted Turkestan full "self-determination," and the inhabitants had acclaimed their native princes and re-established their old State units, subject to a loose federative tie with Russia. Early in 1920, however, the Soviet Government considered Turkestan ripe for the "social revolution." Accordingly, the native princes were deposed, all political power was transferred to local Soviets (controlled by Russians), the native upper—and middle—classes were despoiled of their property, and sporadic resistance was crushed by mass executions, torture, and other familiar forms of Bolshevist terrorism.

In the Caucasus, also, the social revolution had begun with the Sovietization of Azerbaijan. The Tartar Republic of Azerbaijan was one of the fragments of the former Russian province of Transcaucasia which had declared its independence on the collapse of the Czarist Empire in 1917. Located in eastern Transcaucasia, about the Caspian Sea, Azerbaijan's capital was the city of Baku, famous for its oil-fields. Oil had transformed Baku into an industrial centre on Western lines, with a large working population of mixed Asiatic and Russian origin. Playing upon the nascent class consciousness of this urban proletariat, the Bolshevik agents made a *coup d'état* in the spring of 1920, overthrew the Nationalist government, and, with prompt Russian military backing, made Azerbaijan a "Soviet Republic." The usual accompaniments of the social revolution followed: despoiling and massacring of the upper and middle classes, confiscation of property in favor of the town proletarians and agricultural laborers, and ruthless terrorism. With the opening months of 1920, Bolshevism was thus in actual operation in both the Near and Middle East.

Having thus acquired strong footholds in the Orient, Bolshevism now felt strong enough to throw off the mask. In the autumn of 1920, the Soviet Government of Russia held a "Congress of Eastern Peoples" at Baku, the aim of which was not merely liberation of the Orient from Western control, but its Bolshevizing as well. No attempt at concealment of this larger objective was made, and so striking was the language employed that it may well merit our close attention.

In the first place, the call for the Congress, issued by the Third (Moscow) International, was addressed to the "peasants and workers" of the East. The summons read:

> *Peasants and workers of Persia!* The Teheran Government of the Khadjars and its retinue of provincial khans have plundered and exploited you through many centuries. The land, which, according to the laws of the sheriat, was your common property, has been taken possession of more and more by the lackeys of the Teheran Government; they trade it away at their pleasure; they lay what taxes please them upon you; and when, through their mismanagement, they got the country into such a condition that they were unable to squeeze enough juice out of it themselves, they sold Persia last year to English capitalists for 2,000,000 pounds, so that the latter will organize an army in Persia that will oppress you still more than formerly, and so the latter can collect taxes for the khans and the Teheran Government. They have sold the oil-wells in South Persia and thus helped plunder the country.

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Peasants of Mesopotamia! The English have declared your country to be independent; but 80,000 English soldiers are stationed in your country, are robbing and plundering, are killing you and are violating your women.

Peasants of Anatolia! The English, French, and Italian Governments hold Constantinople under the mouths of their cannon. They have made the Sultan their prisoner, they are obliging him to consent to the dismemberment of what is purely Turkish territory, they are forcing him to turn the country's finances over to foreign capitalists in order to make it possible for them better to exploit the Turkish people, already reduced to a beggary by the six-year war. They have occupied the coal-mines of Heraclea, they are holding your ports, they are sending their troops into your country and are trampling down your fields.

Peasants and workers of Armenia! Decades ago you became the victims of the intrigues of foreign capital, which launched heavy verbal attacks against the massacres of the Armenians by the Kurds and incited you to fight against the Sultan in order to obtain through your blood new concessions and fresh profits daily from the bloody Sultan. During the war they not only promised you independence, but they incited your merchants, your teachers, and your priests to demand the land of the Turkish peasants in order to keep up an eternal conflict between the Armenian and Turkish peoples, so that they could eternally derive profits out of this conflict; for so long as strife prevails between you and the Turks, just so long will the English, French, and American capitalists be able to hold Turkey in check through the menace of an Armenian uprising and to use the Armenians as cannon-fodder through the menace of a pogrom by Kurds.

Peasants of Syria and Arabia! Independence was promised you by the English and the French, and now they hold your country occupied by their armies, now the English and the French dictate your laws, and you, who have freed yourselves from the Turkish Sultan, from the Constantinople Government, are now slaves of the Paris and London Governments, which differ from the Sultan's Government merely in being stronger and better able to exploit you.

You all understand this yourselves. The Persian peasants and workers have risen against their traitorous Teheran Government. The peasants in Mesopotamia are in revolt against the English troops. You peasants in Anatolia have rushed to the banner of Kemal Pasha in order to fight against the foreign invasion, but at the same time we hear that you are trying to organize your own party, a genuine peasant's party that will be willing to fight even if the pashas are to make their peace with the Entente exploiters. Syria has no peace, and you, Armenian peasants, whom the Entente, despite its promises, allows to die from hunger in order to keep you under better control, you are understanding more and more that it is silly to hope for salvation by the Entente capitalists. Even your bourgeois government of the Dashnakists, the lackeys of the Entente, is compelled to turn to the Workers' and Peasants' Government of Russia with an appeal for peace and help.

Peasants and workers of the Near East! If you organize yourselves, if you form your own Workers' and Peasants' Government, if you arm yourselves, if you unite with the Red Russian Workers' and Peasants' Army, then you will be able to defy the English, French, and American capitalists, then you will settle accounts with your own native exploiters, then you will find it possible, in a free alliance with the workers' republics of the world, to look after your own interests; then you will know how to exploit the resources of your country in your own interest and in the interest of the working people of the whole world, that will honestly exchange the products of their labor and mutually help each other.

We want to talk over all these questions with you at the congress in Baku. Spare no effort to appear in Baku on September 1, in as large numbers as possible. You march, year in and year out, through the deserts to the holy places where you show your respect for your past and for your God—now march through deserts, over mountains, and across rivers in order to come together to discuss how you can escape from the bonds of slavery, how you can unite as brothers so as to live as men, free and equal.

From the above summons, the nature of the Baku congress can be imagined. It was, in fact, a social revolutionist far more than a Nationalist assembly. Of its 1900 delegates, nearly 1300 were professed Communists. Turkey, Persia, Armenia, and the Caucasus countries sent the largest delegations, though there were also delegations from Arabia, India, and even the Far East. The Russian Soviet Government was, of course, in control and kept a tight hand on the proceedings. The character of these proceedings was well summarized by the address of the noted Bolshevik leader Zinoviev, President of the Executive Committee of the Third International, who presided. Zinoviev said:

We believe this congress to be one of the greatest events in history, for it proves not only that the progressive workers and working peasants of Europe and America are awakened, but that we have at last seen the day of the awakening, not of a few, but of tens of thousands, of hundreds of thousands, of millions of the laboring class of the peoples of the East. These peoples form the majority of the world's whole population, and they alone, therefore, are able to bring the war between capital and labor to a conclusive decision.

The Communist International said from the very first day of its existence: "There are four times as many people living in Asia as live in Europe. We will free all peoples, all who labor." . . . We know that the laboring masses of the East are in part retrograde, though not by their own fault; they cannot read or write, are igno-

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rant, are bound in superstition, believe in the evil spirit, are unable to read any newspapers, do not know what is happening in the world, have not the slightest idea of the most elementary laws of hygiene. Comrades, our Moscow International discussed the question whether a socialist revolution could take place in the countries of the East before those countries had passed through the capitalist stage. You know that the view which long prevailed was that every country must first go through the period of capitalism before socialism could become a live question. We now believe that this is no longer true. Russia has done this, and from that moment we are able to say that China, India, Turkey, Persia, Armenia, also can and must make a direct fight to get the Soviet system. These countries can and must prepare themselves to be Soviet Republics.

I say that we give patient aid to groups of persons who do not believe in our ideas, who are even opposed to us on some points. In this way, the Soviet Government supports Kemal in Turkey. Never for one moment do we forget that the movement headed by Kemal is not a Communist movement. We know it. I have here extracts from the verbatim reports of the first session of the Turkish people's government at Angora. Kemal himself says that "the caliph's person is sacred and inviolable." The movement headed by Kemal wants to rescue the caliph's "sacred" person from the hands of the foe. That is the Turkish Nationalists' point of view. But is it the Communist point of view? No. We respect the religious convictions of the masses; we know how to re-educate the masses. It will be the work of years.

We use great caution in approaching the religious convictions of the laboring masses of the East and elsewhere. But at this congress we are bound to tell you that you must not do what the Kemal Government is doing in Turkey; you must not support the power of the Sultan, not even if religious considerations urge you to do so. You must press on, and must not allow yourselves to be pulled back. We believe the Sultan's hour has struck. You must not allow any form of autocratic power to continue; you must destroy, you must annihilate, faith in the Sultan; you must struggle to obtain real Soviet organizations. The Russian peasants also were strong believers in the Czar; but when a true people's revolution broke out there was practically nothing left of his faith in the Czar. The same thing will happen in Turkey and all over the East as soon as a true peasants' revolution shall burst forth over the surface of the black earth. The people will very soon lose faith in their Sultan and in their masters. We say once more, the policy pursued by the present people's government in Turkey is not the policy of the Communist International; it is not our policy; nevertheless, we declare that we are prepared to support any revolutionary fight against the English Government.

Yes, we array ourselves against the English bourgeoisie; we seize the English imperialist by the throat and tread him under foot. It is against English capitalism that the worst, the most fatal blow must be dealt. That is so. But at the same time we must educate the laboring masses of the East to hatred, to the will to fight the whole of the rich classes indifferently, whoever they be. The great significance of the revolution now starting in the East does not consist in begging the English imperialist to take his feet off the table, for the purpose of then permitting the wealthy Turk to place his feet on it all the more comfortably; no, we will very politely ask all the rich to remove their dirty feet from the table, so that there may be no luxuriousness among us, no boasting, no contempt of the people, no idleness, but that the world may be ruled by the worker's horny hand.

The Baku Congress was the opening gun in Bolshevism's avowed campaign for the immediate Bolshevizing of the East. It was followed by increased Soviet activity and by substantial Soviet successes, especially in the Caucasus, where both Georgia and Armenia were Bolshevized in the spring of 1921.

These very successes, however, awakened growing uneasiness among Soviet Russia's Nationalist protégés. The various Oriental Nationalist parties, who had at first welcomed Moscow's aid so enthusiastically against the Entente Powers, now began to realize that Russian Bolshevism might prove as great a peril as Western imperialism to their patriotic aspirations. Of course, the Nationalist leaders had always recognized Moscow's ultimate goal, but hitherto they had felt themselves strong enough to control the situation and to take Russian aid without paying the price. Now they no longer felt so sure. The numbers of class-conscious "proletarians" in the East might be very small. The Communist philosophy might be virtually unintelligible to the Oriental masses. Nevertheless, the very existence of Soviet Russia was a warning not to be disregarded. In Russia an infinitesimal Communist minority, numbering, by its own admission, not much over 600,000, was maintaining an unlimited despotism over 170,000,000 people. Western countries might rely on their diffused education and their stanch traditions of ordered liberty; the East possessed no such bulwarks against Bolshevism. The East was, in fact, much like Russia. There was the same dense ignorance of the masses; the same absence of a large and powerful middle class; the same tradition of despotism; the same popular acquiescence in the rule of ruthless minorities. Finally, there were the

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ominous examples of Sovietized Turkestan and Azerbaijan. In fine, Oriental Nationalists bethought them of the old adage that he who sups with the devil needs a long spoon.

Everywhere it has been the same story. In Asia Minor Mustapha Kemal has arrested Bolshevik propaganda agents, while Turkish and Russian troops have more than once clashed on the disputed Caucasus frontiers. In Egypt an amicable arrangement between Lord Milner and the Egyptian Nationalist leaders was facilitated by the latters' fear of the social revolutionary agitators who were inflaming the fellaheen. In India Sir Valentine Chirol noted as far back as the spring of 1918 how Russia's collapse into Bolshevism had had a "sobering effect" on large sections of Indian public opinion. "The more thoughtful Indians," he wrote, "now see how hopeless even the Russian *intelligentsia* (relatively far more numerous and matured than the Indian *intelligentsia*) has proved to control the great ignorant masses as soon as the whole fabric of government has been hastily shattered." In Afghanistan, likewise, the ameer was losing his love for his Bolshevist allies. The streams of refugees from Sovietized Turkestan that flowed across his borders for protection, headed by his kinsman, the ameer of Bokhara, made Amanullah Khan do some hard thinking, intensified by a serious mutiny of Afghan troops on the Russian border, the mutineers demanding the right to form "Soldiers' Councils" quite on the Russian pattern. Bolshevist agents might continue to tempt him with the loot of India, but the ameer could see that that would do him little good if he himself were to be looted and killed by his own rebellious subjects.

Thus, as time went on, Oriental Nationalists and conservatives generally tended to close ranks in dislike and apprehension of Bolshevism. Had no other issue been involved, there can be little doubt that Moscow's advances would have been repelled and Bolshevist agents given short shrift.

Unfortunately, the Eastern Nationalists feel themselves between the Bolshevist devil and the Western imperialist deep sea. The upshot is that they have been trying to play off the one against the other—driven toward Moscow by every Entente aggression; driven toward the West by every Soviet *coup* of Lenine. Western statesmen should realize this, and should remember that Bolshevism's best propagandist agent is, not Zinoviev orating at Baku, but General Gouraud, with his Senegalese battalions and "strong-arm" methods in Syria and the Arab hinterland.

Certainly, any extensive spread of Bolshevism in the East would be a hideous misfortune both for the Orient and for the world at large. If the triumph of Bolshevism would mean barbarism in the West, in the East it would spell downright savagery. The sudden release of the ignorant, brutal Oriental masses from their traditional restraints of religion and custom, and the submergence of the relatively small upper and middle classes by the flood of social revolution would mean the destruction of all Oriental civilization and culture, and a plunge into an abyss of anarchy from which the East could emerge only after generations, perhaps centuries.

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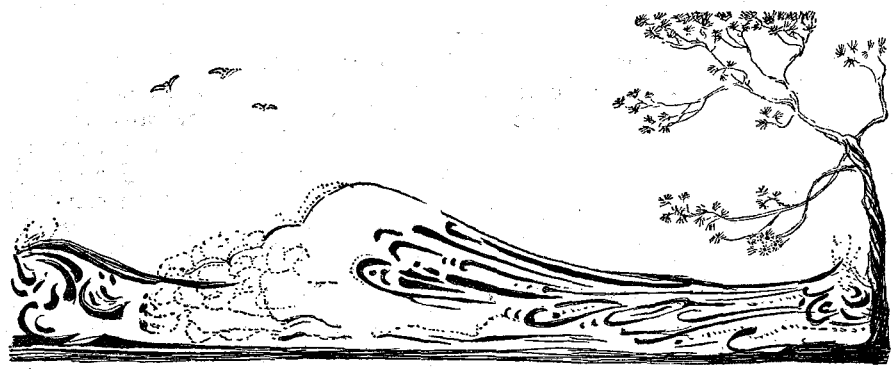

LOVE SONGS

BY SARA TEASDALE

DECORATIONS BY M. B. L. CHATFIELD

I

BLUE STARGRASS

IF we took the old path
  In the old field,
The same gate would stand there
  That will never yield.

Where the sun warmed us
  With a great cloak of gold,
The rain would be falling
  And the wind would be cold;

And we would stop to search
  In the wind and the rain,
But we would not find the stargrass
  By the path again.

II

WORDS FOR AN OLD AIR

YOUR heart is bound tightly, let
  Beauty beware;
It is not hers to set
  Free from the snare.

Tell her a bleeding hand
  Bound it and tied it;
Tell her the knot will stand
  Though she deride it.

One who withheld so long
  All that you yearned to take,
Has made a snare too strong
  For Beauty's self to break.

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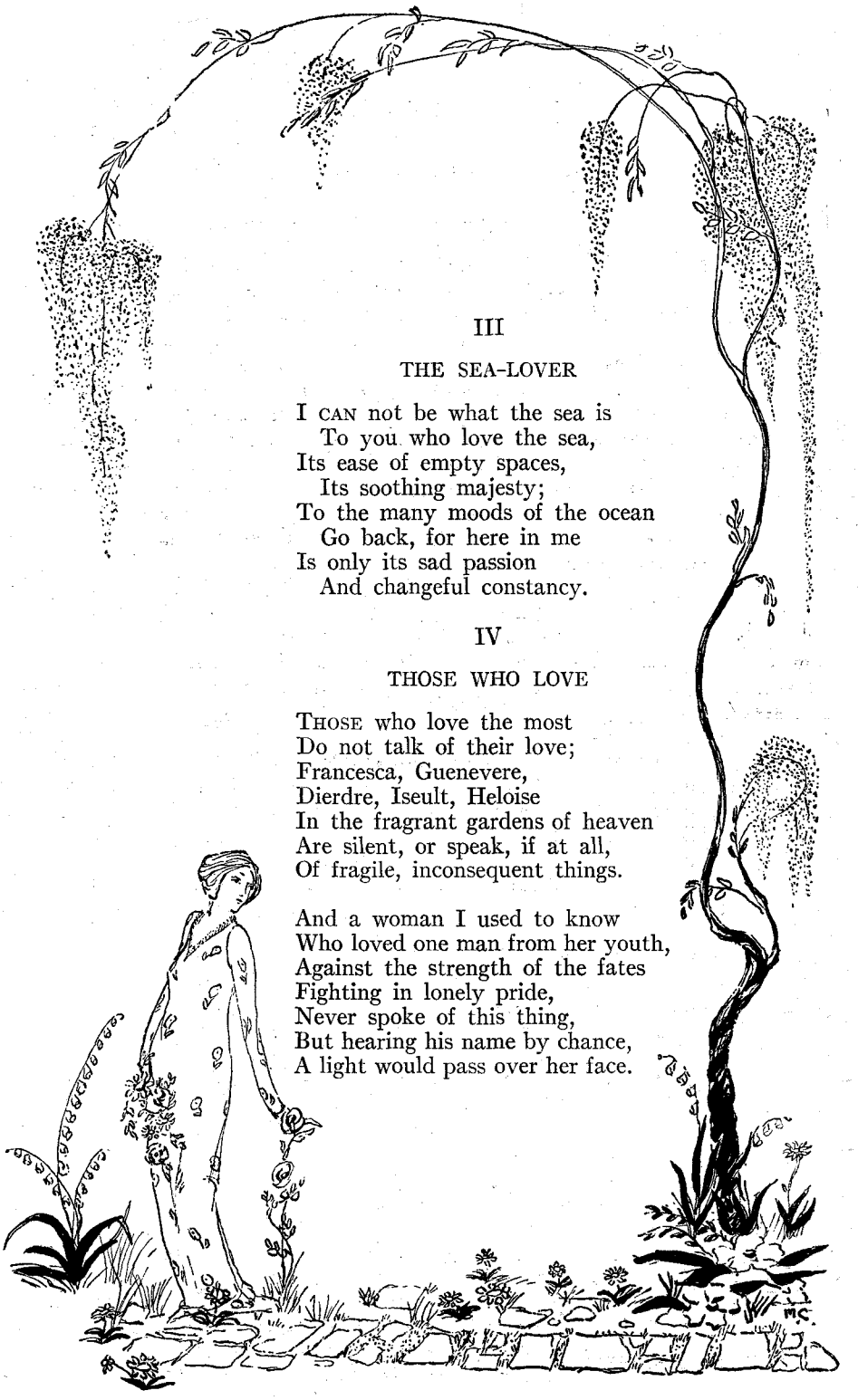

III

THE SEA-LOVER

I CAN not be what the sea is
  To you who love the sea,
Its ease of empty spaces,
  Its soothing majesty;
To the many moods of the ocean
  Go back, for here in me
Is only its sad passion
  And changeful constancy.

IV

THOSE WHO LOVE

THOSE who love the most
Do not talk of their love;
Francesca, Guenevere,
Dierdre, Iseult, Heloise
In the fragrant gardens of heaven
Are silent, or speak, if at all,
Of fragile, inconsequent things.

And a woman I used to know
Who loved one man from her youth,
Against the strength of the fates
Fighting in lonely pride,
Never spoke of this thing,
But hearing his name by chance,
A light would pass over her face.

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ARGIVE HELEN AND THE LITTLE MAID OF TYRE

By Katharine Holland Brown

Illustrations by Elenore P. Abbott

ARGIVE HELEN sat on a bench of sun-warmed marble, beneath a leafy arbor, thick-starred with small spicy roses, dim even in the white-hot glare of noon. Argive Helen's hands were locked on her lovely knee, her deer-head was flung high, her eyes were dark with anger, her lips were edged with scorn. Sadly at variance she was with the young May world around her! The more sad, this, because Troy town still drowsed in peace: a mocking peace, only too soon to be broken. For, just one year gone, Paris, son of Priam, had snatched fair Helen from King Menelaus, and had carried her across the sea, and set her on the high seat in his father's palace. Even now the Greeks were arming for revengeful onslaught. But, to-day, the hapless city knew naught of its doom. Hence, it lay tranquil, dreaming in the sun. And only Helen, All-Fairest, was stirred, and as a fountain troubled.

"Barely a year since Paris swore to cleave to me forever. And to-day—this!"

Alas! to-day's grievance was nothing new. Merely another quarrel. For a month gone they had chafed and bickered. Monotonous, these quarrels. And —unendurable.

Helen's cheek of almond-bloom burned hot, her sandalled foot tapped the earth. All Paris's fault. These wrangles were always his fault. Of all the fractious, wayward mortals!

"All men are like that—although Menelaus wasn't nearly so trying. Poor Menelaus, he was always so busy—fighting back the barbarians that menaced our bounds, and putting down revolts inside the kingdom, and tacking up traitors' heads on the city gates, to discourage disaffection. Perhaps that's why he never had time nor energy to quarrel with me. Yet—that's not fair. Menelaus had a charming disposition. And he was always around when I wanted him. Till that last careless voyage, of course. While Paris! Well, the Gray Sorcerer's Gadfly has of a surety stung him. That's all I can say."

The scene of the morning drifted before her eyes. A sinister cloud against that crystal dawn: ill-matched, forsooth, against their own young beauty, their fair splendor.

"I'm going to Ethiopia. With eight ships. Lycaon and Polydorus will be my chief captains. We'll hunt tigers and elephants, and parley with the savage tribes, and barter swords and purple cloths for gold and skins and ivory."

"Going to Ethiopia! How perfectly absurd! Why, Paris, it's half a world away. Pirates haunt its black coasts. Bearded sea-monsters lurk below its cliffs. Sirens will lure your ships upon the reefs, fierce water-demons will tear the sweet flesh from your bones——"

"Nonsense, Helen. Who's been telling you such old-wives' tales? To Ethiopia I go. Leodamas the Sidonian, master of all sea-lore, is our pilot. Eight ships, as I told you. Picked crews and able fighters, all."

"But—the sea-rovers! What chance have common sailors against those cruel outlaws? Tell me that!"

"True, we may have a few brushes with pirates." Paris's eyes sparkled. "That will only add zest. And, once landed, the coast tribes, who are eaters of human flesh, and adepts at the spear, may give us a little excitement." Paris's lordly head reared; his chest expanded slightly. "Farther south, we must cut our way through the Enchanted Forest, which girdles the rich interior in a great pestilent ring. Further, within this

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forest abide the Flat Yellow Face men, a numerous and unpleasant tribe, who are not above using poisoned arrows. We cannot hope to fight unscathed through that grim wilderness. Some of our brave men, our leaders, even, must die in agony." Paris stroked his chin. He was feeling quite pleased with himself. "Beyond the forest——"

"In pity's name, wilt cease to call up horrors!" Helen thrust back her golden goblet with some vim. "Haven't I already told you——"

"Beyond the forest," Paris went on, bland as the jar of honey of Hymettus at his elbow, "there lies a stretch of desert, where no tribes abide. Nor can any living creature be found there. For that it hath no water, and is burnt as bare as the Rock of Salamis. Howbeit, we do carry sufficient filled goatskins, we can hope to traverse it—by seven days' hard riding, if the gods are kind. At last across its seared and deathly bounds, we will reach the grand plateau, our goal. There, unless the travellers' mouths are crammed with lies, we shall find noble hunting. Deer, wild boar, lions——"

"You'll find no noble hunting, if I have anything to say. And I think I have." Helen stood up. In her straight robe of ivory, gold-broidered, like saffron clouds above Mount Ida's snows, she was of a beauty to snatch a man's heart from his breast. But little beauty, alas! was in her blazing eyes, her stinging tongue. "You know well that, sooner or later, the Greek warriors, led by Menelaus, will come to search for me. You know that Father Priam dreads their onslaught every hour."

"Oh, come, Helen. Aren't you pulling rather a long bow?"

"A long bow, indeed! When our spies tell that all Lacedæmon is one frenzy of toil! All gravers of spears, makers of armor, work night and day. From every harbor rises the clash of hammers. Swifter than magic do the Greeks build their black ships. The clang of the forge resounds in twilight villages. At night, by pitch-pine fires, the smiths thunder on the brazen shields."

"Ah, folly! Three years of blight and famine have drawn the Spartan belt too tight for warfare. Menelaus and his men will labor two years, haply three, before their granaries are filled, their army fed and upbuilt to a fighting edge."

"You know not Sparta." Helen's eyes flashed dangerously. "Not your soft Trojan courtiers, they. Menelaus and his men will fight upon a crust!"

"Yes, they will." Paris laughed, flung up one arm to clasp her slim unyielding body. "Cease thy jangling, beauty bright. I go to Ethiopia. The die is cast."

"The die is not cast. You shall not go."

"Oh, hush thy beauteous mouth, my angel." Paris, always lazily good-humored, was getting bored. Quite bored. "I am thy husband and thy man. But not thy bondsman, to be chid and flouted."

"But you're so mean—so cruel——"

"Cruel? I? When for your own fair pleasure I would make this voyage? When I go on purpose to bring you all treasures that my hands can seize? Tusks of unflawed ivory for your household gear, plumes for your head, furs, nard, spices. Pearls for that white throat, a queen's own strand——"

"Hark you, Paris." Now Helen stood before him, ablaze. "Bribes, flattery, naught shall avail. You shall not go."

"Shall not, eh? Pretty talk from my wife!" Paris was no longer bored. He was shaking with an anger that whirled in his veins, and misted furious red before his eyes. "After what fashion would you hold me back?"

"After this fashion. Go, if you will. But think not to return, and find me, meek-browed, awaiting you! When you have had your fill of adventure, then come back—to an empty cage, ashes on a forgotten hearth!"

Now, since time immemorial, there arrives a certain crisis in such disputes. Reaching this extremity, any human husband will do one of two things. Either he will seize his heart's treasure by her white shoulders and shake some sense into her, or he will leave the room. Paris, as befitted a prince and a gentleman, set his teeth, balled his fists, and started for the door. He would have given his immortal soul, had he known that he possessed one, for the chance to kick the cat.

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The cat, however, being one of an orange-tawny breed whose grandmother had fawned at Medea's knee, had much of foresight. With the first gust she had prudently departed to the slave-kitchens below. There remained nothing to kick save a heap of scrolls, piled on the floor; tax-gatherers' reports, set for Paris's perusal.

Paris gave that heap one baleful glance. It was not what his rage desired, but it would serve. Twoscore brittle papyrus scrolls, scattered by a vigorous foot, would make quite a mess to pick up.

Unhappily, the servant who had brought the scrolls was a tidy Achæan, and he had propped the heap neatly with an inscribed clay tablet. A heavy and a solid clay tablet.

With a stifled howl and one explosive monosyllable, Paris left the room. One might almost say that he shot from the room. Helen, utterly uncomprehending, drew herself to her glorious height, gazed after him with darkling eyes.

"Insolent, to dare question my right! And why, forsooth, have a wife's rights, if you cannot enforce? Why rule, the princess of your day, if you cannot make your own lover feel the curb?"

So had she spoken; so, wrathfully, did she vow again to her own self, as she sat beneath the roses, small hands clinched, her fair breast heaving. Yet with her anger mingled a strange bewilderment. Paris was talking nonsense. Hadn't he risked his life, risked more than life, to snatch her away from Menelaus? How could he so quickly weary of her face?

"Only a year to-morrow! He *can't* be wishful of escape! Yet to hear him prate of pirates and of savages, to see that hungry gleam of adventure light his eyes— But he won't go! He shall not! Yet——"

Upon her stormy musings there broke a sound: two voices mingled. A girl's, all breezy laughter, a boy's, defiant and grim. She glanced down the path. Half hid by the rose-wall, they stood. A very small, sparkling, apple-cheeked girl, in hand-maid garb of coarse gray wool and withe sandals; beside her—very close beside her—the boy; a big, sulky, two-fisted youngster of nineteen, wearing the rough blouse and scarlet head-cloth of a sailor.

"One of the crew of a Phœnician merchantman," thought Helen idly. "The girl is Phylo, Hecuba's little maid from Tyre. How deft she twirls the distaff in those small brown hands! Is it that she twirls the heart of that big bumptious lout with each swift fling? And what is that song she sings?"

Cool and serene above the boy's cross grumble, the small maid's voice fluted, clear:

> "Turn thy wheel, O Potter wise.
> Turn thy seasons, golden skies.
> Swerve thy tides, O Wine-dark Sea,
> Guide my true-love far from me."

"Aw, you know I didn't mean it that way." The boy's voice, worried and fretful, broke on her sunny chant.

"You didn't mean what, which way?" sweet-throated as April larks, she questioned back.

"What you're singing."

Phylo considered this, brows bent, her child-face innocent, perplexed.

"What has my idle song to do with you, Clytus? Or with your voyages, either?"

Clytus scowled, reddened.

"You know well enough. Of course you don't care a straw whether I sail away to the far dangerous Western seas or not. But—you might be mannerly enough to wish I'd stay at home."

"Oh." Phylo shone on him, sweetly. Too sweetly. "But you have always longed, above all things, to go forth and see all the wonders of strange worlds. Why should I cross your sovereign will?"

Helen listened shamelessly. The worry in her lovely eyes veered to misty laughter.

"More is here than meets the eye. Glad I am that I chose this hidden bench!"

"Nor will you miss me. Not for one hour."

"Why, Clytus, dear! Of course I'll miss you. Dreadfully. Think how good you have ever been to me! The fillet of silver that you made for my birthday gift; the white fox-skins you tanned for me to wear against the cold; the great piece of honeycomb, wrapped in vine-

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Drawn by Elenore P. Abbott.

"I am thy husband and thy man. But not thy bondsman to be chid and flouted."—Page 173.

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leaf, that you brought me only yester-eve! Be sure I'll miss you."

Helen chuckled.

"Sleek, small gray kitten," she whispered, "play on with thy mouse!"

"Other fellows will bring you furs and honeycomb."

"Maybe so."

"Will they? Well!" The boy's fists clinched. "Just you wait till I get back."

"Wait? For you?" Her voice coaxed, plaintive. "Why should I wait a sailor's return? With a sweetheart in every port——"

"That saw was old when Neptune was young." The boy glowered down at her. His fists were iron now.

"No scrolls here to kick, poor youth," Helen murmured, her own eyes dancing.

"Though there are lovers enow for thee, fickle one. Tithonius, and Lucian the smith, and that snooper Orus, forever hanging around——"

"Orus is a very nice boy. All three will keep me from being lonely while you're away."

"*Will* they!" the boy gasped, furious. "Let me catch 'em at it, that's all."

"Goodness, Clytus, how you talk! You would desert me willingly. Yet you wish me to have no friends, no innocent joys——"

"Listen to me." Clytus took a deep breath, swallowed hard. "I've got to go on this voyage. My word is passed. My vow is given. But—but, Phylo, I'll promise you I'll never go adventuring again, if—if you——"

"If I what?"

"If you'll send Tithonius and those other chaps packing, and——"

"And——"

"And give me your promise—your promise and your heart!"

Phylo's distaff fell to the earth. Phylo's apple-face turned very white.

"Clytus! You mean——"

"I mean that I love you. That I want you for my wife." Clytus's big arms were close around her now, his sunburnt cheek pressed to hers. "I mean, if you'll only promise me—then I'll promise you, never to sail away after this one cruise. For, dear as are sea and adventure, you are dearer. And true as the compass, even in the tempest, I shall come back to you. Beloved! Beloved!"

Then Helen saw Phylo's round arms lift to clasp his neck. Her own eyes tear-dimmed, Helen turned her face away.

And presently the boy went striding gloriously away, and the small girl, demure but no less triumphant, came tripping down the archway, and ran squarely upon Helen.

"Heaven-descended! Forgive!" She drew back, blushing, frightened. But Helen smiled.

"Sit at my feet, child, and spin thy wool. And sing again that chant I heard."

Docile, wondering, Phylo sang it clear.

> "Turn thy wheel, O Potter wise.
> Turn thy seasons, golden skies.
> Swerve thy tides, O Wine-dark Sea,
> Guide my true-love home to me."

"Ah. Why do you change two words?"

Phylo started. Then she looked up. Woman to woman, their eyes met in swift understanding, wistful mirth.

"Wise child to force that promise!" Helen sighed through her laughter.

"My lady knows well that I shall never hold him to his word."

"Not hold him to it?"

"Never. What wise woman would lift a finger to draw her man back, when he longs to be away?"

"W-why——"

"And when again he hungers for far shores, I shall send him away willingly. Willingly? Aye, eagerly!"

"Why eagerly, infant sage?"

"Because"—imp sparks awoke beneath long lashes—"because, as my lady well knows, it is needful to keep them—wondering."

"Oh."

"Surely, my mistress. For of all graces, none is so precious to the eyes of man as that one grace which is not of our flesh nor of our spirit, but a web fashioned of our love and guile. Our magic cloak. Our mystery."

"Indeed."

"Aye, so." In her brown hands the shuttle flew. "That wisdom was whispered in my ear by my mother, told to

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"Only a year to-morrow! He *can't* be wishful of escape!"—Page 174.

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her by her own mother's lips. If you ask me, my lady, it is my belief that our First Mother read that secret in her own Man's restless glance, and that, with cunning pleas, she sent him forth on long strange journeyings—that, while he was well away, she could reweave her own magic cloak, worn thin by the rasp of their days and months together."

"I see."

Helen picked at the crocuses traced on her rosy mantle. Droll chagrin touched her most lovely lips.

"It would appear," she reflected, "that Zeus's own daughter had somewhat still to learn. Even from the mouth of a small mortal like this."

"It is our one sure charm," that young person chattered on. "Yet, truly, our blackest torment! For to us the familiar is dear. Our own roof-tree, our own small certain days. But to men, always the far places, the magic and the dream."

"I've noticed that. As soon as they tire of us——"

"Ah, they do not tire. But we grow humdrum. A hearth-fire, we. When they—would follow a star!"

Helen's lip quivered.

"So the wise woman cries 'Follow.' Knowing that he will come the more swiftly back to her. For stars are very far. And very cold."

"But, child, a wife has rights. She can demand——"

"Never the wise wife! For if there's one thing they simply won't stand, it's to feel the rein tighten, the gyve hold!"

Helen flinched at that. Then she laughed out ruefully.

"Out of the mouths of babes—Heigho!"

A queen, she rose, and smiled down at the little maid's obeisance. A queen of queens, she drifted away, across the sunlit lawns.

Up toward the eastern gates did she descry her lord. Paris, attended by half a dozen courtiers, was hurling the discus, and enjoying himself tremendously. His face was afire, his hyacinth locks very moist with plebeian sweat, his voice hoarse with delighted shouting. But when he glimpsed Helen's approach, he flung down the discus and drew aside, head up, eyes bleakly condescending on the players around him. And at this absurd small-boy performance, Helen swallowed both a smile and a glimmer of scorn. Although one must own that the scorn went down hard.

"Ah, Paris! I was searching for you."

"Huh."

"Yes. I've been thinking over our talk. I was horribly unreasonable at breakfast."

"Hey?"

"And you're to sail for Ethiopia, dearest. Right away. And bring home all the ivory there is. Pearls, too. Quantities of pearls."

"Weathercock! Straw i' the wind!" Paris's eyes were popping out of his head. "This is adorable of you, Helen. But how—why——"

"And take your time, beloved. You need a good, long vacation."

"Um. But what about you? Won't you be lonesome?"

"I? Did you ever know me to be lonesome?"

Paris received this wifely assurance with a slight gulp.

"But——"

"I'll go to Thebes, and visit Alcandra. She always has a houseful of guests. Such interesting guests, too. Sorcerers, and sea-captains, merchants from Cyprus, bold travellers, to tell us their weird tales——"

"Say, listen." Paris's jaw set. Set till it jutted slightly. His hands gripped her fair shoulders. His eyes bored into hers. "Any day you see me dandering off to Ethiopia, and leaving you forlorn——"

"But my ivory! My pearls! You promised!"

"We'll let the other fellows bring home the ivory," said Paris, very briefly, indeed. "Pull that lace thing over your face. Just because I've got the most beautiful wife in the world is no reason for letting her get freckled. And I don't want that bunch of discus-throwers gaping at you, either. Understand me?"

"Heart of my heart," sighed Helen, and humbly veiled the triumph in her eyes, "I do."

And as it was with man and wife in the days of Argive Helen, so it is to-day, and always was, and evermore shall be.

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TO LET

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

ILLUSTRATION BY C. F. PETERS

PART III—*Continued*

V

THE FIXED IDEA

"THE fixed idea," which has outrun more constables than any other form of human disorder, has never more speed and stamina than when it takes the avid guise of love. To hedges and ditches, and doors, to humans without ideas fixed or otherwise, to perambulators and the contents sucking their fixed ideas, even to the other sufferers from this fast malady—the fixed idea of love pays no attention. It runs with eyes turned inward to its own light, oblivious of all other stars. Those with the fixed ideas that human happiness depends on their art, on vivisecting dogs, on hating foreigners, on paying supertax, on remaining Ministers, on making wheels go round, on preventing their neighbors from being divorced, on conscientious objection, Greek roots, Church dogma, paradox and superiority to everybody else, with other forms of ego-mania—all are unstable compared with him or her whose fixed idea is the possession of some her or him. And though Fleur, those chilly summer days, pursued the scattered life of a little Forsyte whose frocks are paid for, and whose business is pleasure, she was—as Winifred would have said in the latest fashion of speech—'honest-to-God' indifferent to it all. She wished and wished for the moon, which sailed in cold skies above the river or the Green Park when she went to Town. She even kept Jon's letters covered with pink silk, on her heart, than which in days when corsets were so low, sentiment so despised, and chests so out of fashion, there could, perhaps, have been no greater proof of the fixity of her idea.

After hearing of his father's death, she wrote to Jon, and received his answer three days later on her return from a river picnic. It was his first letter since their meeting at June's. She opened it with misgiving, and read it with dismay.

"Since I saw you I've heard everything about the past. I won't tell it you—I think you knew when we met at June's. She says you did. If you did, Fleur, you ought to have told me. I expect you only heard your father's side of it. I have heard my mother's. It's dreadful. Now that she's so sad I can't do anything to hurt her more. Of course, I long for you all day, but I don't believe now that we shall ever come together—there's something too strong pulling us apart."

So! Her deception had found her out. But Jon—she felt—had forgiven that. It was what he said of his mother which caused the fluttering in her heart and the weak sensation in her legs.

Her first impulse was to reply—her second, not to reply. These impulses were constantly renewed in the days which followed, while desperation grew within her. She was not her father's child for nothing. The tenacity, which had at once made and undone Soames, was her backbone, too, frilled and embroidered by French grace and quickness. Instinctively she conjugated the verb "to have" always with the pronoun "I." She concealed, however, all signs of her growing desperation, and pursued such river pleasures as the winds and rain of a disagreeable July permitted, as if she had no care in the world; nor did any "sucking baronet" ever neglect the business of a publisher more consistently than her attendant spirit, Michael Mont.

To Soames she was a puzzle. He was almost deceived by this careless gaiety. Almost—because he did not fail to mark her eyes often fixed on nothing, and the

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film of light shining from her bedroom window late at night. What was she thinking and brooding over into small hours when she ought to have been asleep? But he dared not ask what was in her mind; and, since that one little talk in the billiard room, she said nothing to him.

In this taciturn condition of affairs it chanced that Winifred invited them to lunch and to go afterward to "a most amusing little play, 'The Beggar's Opera'" and would they bring a man to make four? Soames, whose attitude toward theatres was to go to nothing, accepted, because Fleur's attitude was to go to everything. They motored up, taking Michael Mont, who, being in his seventh heaven, was found by Winifred "very amusing." "The Beggar's Opera" puzzled Soames. The people were very unpleasant, the whole thing very cynical. Winifred was "intrigued"—by the dresses. The music too did not displease her. At the Opera, the night before, she had arrived too early for the Russian Ballet, and found the stage occupied by singers, for a whole hour pale or apoplectic from terror lest by some dreadful inadvertence they might drop into a tune. Michael Mont was enraptured with the whole thing. And all three wondered what Fleur was thinking of it. But Fleur was not thinking of it. Her fixed idea stood on the stage and sang with Polly Peachum, mimed with Filch, danced with Jenny Diver, postured with Lucy Lockit, kissed, trolled, and cuddled with Macheath. Her lips might smile, her hands applaud, but the comic old masterpiece made no more impression on her than if it had been pathetic, like a modern "Revue." When they embarked in the car to return, she ached because Jon was not sitting next her instead of Michael Mont. When, at some jolt, the young man's arm touched hers as if by accident, she only thought: 'If that were Jon's arm!' When his cheerful voice, tempered by her proximity, murmured above the sound of the car's progress, she smiled and answered, thinking: 'If that were Jon's voice!' and when once he said: "Fleur, you look a bang-up angel in that dress!" she answered: "Oh, do you like it?" thinking: 'If only Jon could see it!'

During this drive she took a resolution. She would go to Robin Hill and see him—alone; she would take the car, without word beforehand to him or to her father. It was nine days since his letter, and she could wait no longer. On Monday she would go! The decision made her well disposed toward young Mont. With something to look forward to she could afford to tolerate and respond. He might stay to dinner; propose to her as usual; dance with her, press her hand, sigh—do what he liked. He was only a nuisance when he interfered with her fixed idea. She was even sorry for him so far as it was possible to be sorry for anybody but herself just now. At dinner he seemed to talk more wildly than usual about what he called 'the death of the close borough'—she paid little attention, but her father seemed paying a good deal, with the smile on his face which meant opposition, if not anger.

"The younger generation doesn't think as you do, Sir; does it, Fleur?"

Fleur shrugged her shoulders—the younger generation was just Jon, and she did not know what he was thinking.

"Young people will think as I do when they're my age, Mr. Mont. Human nature doesn't change."

"I admit that, Sir; but the forms of thought change with the times. The pursuit of self-interest is a form of thought that's going out."

"Indeed! To mind one's own business is not a form of thought, Mr. Mont, it's an instinct."

Yes, when Jon was the business!

"But what is one's business, Sir? That's the point. *Everybody's* business is going to be one's business. Isn't it, Fleur?"

Fleur only smiled.

"If not," added young Mont, "there'll be blood."

"People have talked like that from time immemorial."

"But you'll admit, Sir, that the sense of property is dying out?"

"I should say increasing among those who have none."

"Well, look at me! I'm heir to an entailed estate. I don't want the thing; I'd cut the entail to-morrow."

"You're not married, and you don't know what you're talking about."

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Fleur saw the young man's eyes turn rather piteously upon her.

"Do you really mean that marriage—?" he began.

"Society is built on marriage," came from between her father's close lips; "marriage and its consequences. Do you want to do away with it?"

Young Mont made a distracted gesture. Silence brooded over the dinner table, covered with spoons bearing the Forsyte crest—a pheasant proper—under the electric light in an alabaster globe. And outside, the river evening darkened, charged with heavy moisture and sweet scents.

'Monday,' thought Fleur; 'Monday!'

VI

DESPERATE

THE weeks which followed the death of his father were sad and empty to the only Jolyon Forsyte left. The necessary forms and ceremonies—the reading of the Will, valuation of the estate, distribution of the legacies—were enacted over the head, as it were, of one not yet of age. Jolyon was cremated. By his special wish no one attended that ceremony, or wore black for him. The succession of his property, controlled to some extent by old Jolyon's Will, left his widow in possession of Robin Hill, with two thousand five hundred pounds a year for life. Apart from this the two Wills worked together in some complicated way to insure that each of Jolyon's three children should have an equal share in their grandfather's and father's property in the future as in the present, save only that Jon, by virtue of his sex, would have control of his capital when he was twenty-one, while June and Holly would only have the spirit of theirs, in order that their children might have the body after them. If they had no children, it would all come to Jon if he outlived them; and since June was fifty, and Holly nearly forty, it was considered in Lincoln's Inn Fields that but for the cruelty of income tax, young Jon would be as warm a man as his grandfather when he died. All this was nothing to Jon, and little enough to his mother. It was June who did everything needful for one who had left his affairs in perfect order. When she had gone, and those two were alone again in the great house, alone with death drawing them together, and love driving them apart, Jon passed very painful days secretly disgusted and disappointed with himself. His mother would look at him with such a patient sadness which yet had in it an instinctive pride, as if she were reserving her defence. If she smiled he was angry that his answering smile should be so grudging and unnatural. He did not judge or condemn her; that was all too remote—indeed, the idea of doing so had never come to him. No! he was grudging and unnatural because he couldn't have what he wanted because of her. There was one alleviation—much to do in connection with his father's career, which could not be safely intrusted to June, though she had offered to undertake it. Both Jon and his mother had felt that if she took his portfolios, unexhibited drawings and unfinished matter, away with her, the work would encounter such icy blasts from Paul Post and other frequenters of her studio, that it would soon be frozen out even of her warm heart. On its old-fashioned plane and of its kind the work was good, and they could not bear the thought of its subjection to ridicule. A one-man exhibition of his work was the least testimony they could pay to one they had loved; and on preparation for this they spent many hours together. Jon came to have a curiously increased respect for his father. The quiet tenacity with which he had converted a mediocre talent into something really individual was disclosed by these researches. There was a great mass of work with a rare continuity of growth in depth and reach of vision. Nothing certainly went very deep, or reached very high—but such as the work was, it was thorough, conscientious, and complete. And, remembering his father's utter absence of "side" or self-assertion, the chaffing humility with which he had always spoken of his own efforts, ever calling himself "an amateur," Jon could not help feeling that he had never really known his father. To take himself seriously, yet never bore others by letting them know that he did so, seemed to have been his ruling principle. There was something in this which appealed to the boy, and made him heartily indorse

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his mother's comment: "He had true refinement; he couldn't help thinking of others, whatever he did. And when he took a resolution which went counter, he did it with the minimum of defiance—not like the Age, is it? Twice in his life he had to go against everything; and yet it never made him bitter." Jon saw tears running down her face, which she at once turned away from him. She was so quiet about her loss that sometimes he had thought she didn't feel it much. Now, as he looked at her, he felt how far he fell short of the reserve power and dignity in both his father and his mother. And, stealing up to her, he put his arm round her waist. She kissed him swiftly, but with a sort of passion, and went out of the room.

The studio, where they had been sorting and labelling, had once been Holly's schoolroom, devoted to her silkworms, dried lavender, music, and other forms of instruction. Now, at the end of July, despite its northern and eastern aspects, a warm and slumberous air came in between the long-faded lilac linen curtains. To redeem a little the departed glory, as of a field that is golden and gone, clinging to a room which its master has left, Irene had placed on the paint-stained table a bowl of red roses. This, and Jolyon's favorite cat, who still clung to the deserted habitat, were the pleasant spots in that dishevelled, sad workroom. Jon, at the north window, sniffing air mysteriously scented with warm strawberries, heard a car drive up. The lawyers again about some nonsense! Why did that scent so make one ache? And where did it come from—there were no strawberry beds on this side of the house. Instinctively he took a crumpled sheet of paper from his pocket, and wrote down some broken words. A warmth began spreading in his chest; he rubbed the palms of his hands together. Presently he had jotted this:

"If I could make a summer song—
A summer song to soothe my heart!
I'd make it all of little things—
The splash of water, rub of wings,
The puffing-off of dandie's crown,
The hiss of raindrop spilling down,
The purr of cat, the trill of bird,
And ev'ry whispering I've heard
From willy wind in leaves and grass,
And all the distant drones that pass.
I'd make it fine, I'd make it rare,
Until it drove away despair!
Oh! I would make it brave as Spring—
Then let it fly, and sing!"

He was still muttering it over to himself at the window, when he heard his name called, and, turning round, saw Fleur. At that amazing apparition, he made at first no movement and no sound, while her clear vivid glance ravished his heart. Then he went forward to the table, saying: "How nice of you to come!" and saw her flinch as if he had thrown something at her.

"I asked for you," she said, "and they showed me up here. But I can go away again."

Jon clutched the paint-stained table. Her face and figure in its frilly frock, photographed itself with such startling vividness upon his eyes, that if she had sunk through the floor he must still have seen her.

"I know I told you a lie," she said. "But I told it out of love."

"Yes, oh! yes! That's nothing!"

"I didn't answer your letter. What was the use—there wasn't anything to answer. I wanted to see you instead." She held out both her hands, and Jon grasped them across the table. He tried to say something, but he couldn't; all his attention was given to trying not to hurt her hands. His own felt so hard and hers so soft—he could have squeezed them to death. At last she said almost defiantly:

"That old story—was it so very dreadful, Jon?"

"Yes, it was." In his voice, too, there was a note of defiance.

She dragged her hands away. "I didn't think in these days boys were tied to their mothers' apron-strings."

Jon's chin went up as if he had been struck.

"Oh! I didn't mean it, Jon. What a horrible thing to say!" And swiftly she came close to him. "Jon dear; I didn't mean it."

Jon said dully: "All right."

She had put her two hands on his shoulder, and her forehead down on them; the brim of her hat touched his neck, he felt it quivering. But, in a sort of paraly-

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"That old story—was it so very dreadful, Jon?"—Page 182.

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sis, he made no response. She let go of his shoulder and drew away.

"Well, I'll go, if you don't want me. But I never thought you'd have given me up."

"I *haven't*," cried Jon, coming suddenly to life. "I can't. I'll try again."

Her eyes gleamed, she swayed toward him. "Jon—I love you! Don't give me up! If you do, I don't know what—I feel so desperate. What does it matter—all that past—compared with *this?*"

She clung to him. He kissed her eyes, her cheeks, her lips. But while he kissed her he saw the sheets of that letter fallen down on the floor of his bedroom—his father's white dead face—his mother kneeling before it. Fleur's whisper: "Make her! Promise! Oh! Jon, try!" seemed childish in his ear. He felt curiously old.

"I promise!" he muttered. "Only, you don't understand."

"She wants to spoil our lives," cried Fleur, "just because——"

"Yes, of what?"

Again that challenge in his voice, and she did not answer. Her arms tightened round him, and he returned her kisses; but even while he yielded, the poison worked in him, the poison of the letter. Fleur did not know, she did not understand—she misjudged his mother; she came from the enemy's camp! So lovely, he loved her so—and yet, even in her embrace, he could not help the memory of Holly's words: "I think she has a 'having' nature," and his mother's: "My darling boy; don't think of me—think of yourself."

When she was gone—she could not stay forever, kissing him and afraid to speak lest she might undo the effect of her kisses—gone like a passionate dream, leaving her image on his eyes, her kisses on his lips, such an ache in his heart, Jon leaned in the window, listening to the car bearing her away. Still the scent as of warm strawberries, still the little summer sounds that should make his song; still all the promise of youth and happiness in sighing, floating, fluttering July—and his heart torn; yearning strong in him; hope high in him, yet with its eyes cast down, as if ashamed. The miserable task before him! If Fleur was desperate, so was he—watching the poplars sway in the wind, the white clouds passing, the sunlight on the grass.

He waited till evening, till after their almost silent dinner, till his mother had played to him—and still he waited, feeling that she knew what he was waiting to say. She kissed him and went upstairs, and still he lingered, watching the moonlight and the moths, and that unreality of coloring which steals along and stains a summer night. And he would have given anything to be back again in the past—barely three months back; or away forward, years, in the future. The present, with this stark cruelty of its decision, one way or the other, seemed impossible. He realized now so much more keenly what his mother felt than he had at first; as if the story in that letter had been a poisonous germ producing a kind of fever of partisanship, so that he really felt there were two camps, his mother's and his—Fleur's and her father's. It might be a dead thing, that old tragic ownership and enmity, but dead things were poisonous till Time had cleaned them away. Even his love felt tainted, less illusioned, more of the earth, and with a treacherous lurking doubt lest Fleur, like her father, might want to *own;* not articulate, just a stealing haunt, horribly unworthy, which crept in and about the ardor of his memories, touched with its tarnishing breath the vividness and grace of that charmed face and figure—a doubt, not real enough to convince him of its presence, just real enough to deflower a perfect faith. And perfect faith, to Jon, not yet twenty, was essential. He still had Youth's eagerness to give with both hands, to take with neither—to give lovingly to one who had his own impulsive generosity. Surely she had! He got up from the window-seat and roamed in the big room grey and ghostly, whose walls were hung with silvered canvas. This house—his father said in that death-bed letter—had been built for his mother to live in—with Fleur's father! He put out his hand in the half-dark, as if to grasp the shadowy hand of the dead. He clenched, trying to feel the thin vanished fingers of his father; to squeeze them, and reassure him that he—he was on his father's side. Tears, prisoned within

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him, made his eyes feel dry and hot. He went back to the window. It was warmer, not so eerie, more comforting outside, where the moon hung golden, three days off full; the freedom of the night was comforting. If only Fleur and he had met on some desert island without a past—and Nature for their house! Jon had still his high regard for desert islands, where breadfruit grew, and the water was blue above the coral. The night was deep, was free—there was enticement in it; a lure, a promise, a refuge from entanglement, and love! Milksop tied to his mother's—! His cheeks burned. He shut the window, drew curtains over it, switched off the lighted sconce, and went up-stairs.

The door of his room was open, the light turned up; his mother, still in her evening gown, was standing at the window. She turned, and said:

"Sit down, Jon; let's talk." She sat down on the window-seat, Jon on his bed. She had her profile turned to him, and the beauty and grace of her figure, the delicate line of the brow, the nose, the neck, the strange and as it were remote refinement of her, moved him. His mother never belonged to her surroundings. She came into them from somewhere—as it were! What was she going to say to him, who had in his heart such things to say to her?

"I know Fleur came to-day. I'm not surprised." It was as though she had added: "She is her father's daughter!" And Jon's heart hardened. Irene went on quietly:

"I have Father's letter. I picked it up that night and kept it. Would you like it back, dear?"

Jon shook his head.

"I had read it, of course, before he gave it to you. It didn't do quite justice to my criminality."

"Mother!" burst from Jon's lips.

"He put it very sweetly, but I know that in marrying Fleur's father without love I did a dreadful thing. An unhappy marriage, Jon, can play such havoc with other lives besides one's own. You are fearfully young, my darling, and fearfully loving. Do you think you can possibly be happy with this girl?"

Staring at her dark eyes, darker now from pain, Jon answered:

"Yes; oh! yes—if *you* could be."

Irene smiled.

"Admiration of beauty, and longing for possession are not love. If yours were another case like mine, Jon—where the deepest things are stifled; the flesh joined, and the spirit at war!"

"Why should it, Mother? You think she must be like her father, but she's not. I've seen him."

Again the smile came on Irene's lips, and in Jon something wavered; there was such irony and experience in that smile.

"You are a giver, Jon; she is a taker."

That unworthy doubt, that haunting uncertainty again! He said with vehemence:

"I'm not—she isn't. It's only because I can't bear to make you unhappy, Mother, now that Father—" He thrust his fists against his forehead.

Irene got up.

"I told you that night, dear, not to mind me. I meant it. Think of yourself and your own happiness! I can stand what's left—I've brought it on myself."

Again the word: "Mother!" burst from Jon's lips.

She came over to him and put her hands over his.

"Do you feel your head, darling?"

Jon shook it. What he felt was in his chest—a sort of tearing asunder of the tissue there, by the two loves.

"I shall always love you the same, Jon, whatever you do. You won't lose anything." She smoothed his hair gently, and walked away.

He heard the door shut; and, rolling over on the bed, lay, stifling his breath, with an awful held-up feeling within him.

VII

EMBASSY

ENQUIRING for her at tea time Soames learned that Fleur had been out in the car since two. Three hours! Where had she gone? Up to London without a word to him? He had never become quite reconciled with cars. He had embraced them in principle—like the born empiricist, or Forsyte, that he was—adopting each symptom of progress as it came along with: "Well, we couldn't do without them

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now." But in fact he found them tearing, great, smelly things. Obliged by Annette to have one—a Rollhard with pearl-grey cushions, electric light, little mirrors, trays for the ashes of cigarettes, flower vases—all smelling of petrol and stephanotis—he regarded it much as he used to regard his brother-in-law, Montague Dartie. The thing typified all that was fast, insecure, and subcutaneously oily in modern life. As modern life became faster, looser, younger, Soames was becoming older, slower, tighter, more and more in thought and language like his father James before him. He was almost aware of it himself. Pace and progress pleased him less and less; there was an ostentation, too, about a car which he considered provocative in the prevailing mood of Labor. On one occasion that fellow Sims had driven over the only vested interest of a working man. Soames had not forgotten the behaviour of its master, when not many people would have stopped to put up with it. He had been sorry for the dog, and quite prepared to take its part against the car, if that ruffian hadn't been so outrageous. With four hours fast becoming five, and still no Fleur, all the old car-wise feelings he had experienced in person and by proxy balled within him, and sinking sensations troubled the pit of his stomach. At seven he telephoned to Winifred by trunk call. No! Fleur had not been to Green Street. Then where was she? Visions of his beloved daughter rolled up in her pretty frills, all blood-and-dust-stained, in some hideous catastrophe, began to haunt him. He went to her room and spied among her things. She had taken nothing—no dressing-case, no jewellery. And this, a relief in one sense, increased his fears of an accident. Terrible to be helpless when his loved one was missing, especially when he couldn't bear fuss or publicity of any kind! What should he do, if she were not back by nightfall?

At a quarter to eight he heard the car. A great weight lifted from off his heart; he hurried down. She was getting out—pale and tired-looking, but nothing wrong. He met her in the hall.

"You've frightened me. Where have you been?"

"To Robin Hill. I'm sorry, dear. I had to go; I'll tell you afterward." And, with a flying kiss, she ran up-stairs.

Soames waited in the drawing-room. To Robin Hill! What did that portend?

It was not a subject they could discuss at dinner—consecrated to the susceptibilities of the butler. The agony of nerves Soames had been through, the relief he felt at her safety, softened his power to condemn what she had done, or resist what she was going to do; he waited in a relaxed stupor for her revelation. Life was a queer business. There he was at sixty-five and no more in command of things than if he had not spent forty years in building up security—always something one couldn't get on terms with! In the pocket of his dinner-jacket was a letter from Annette. She was coming back in a fortnight. He knew nothing of what she had been doing out there. And he was glad that he did not. Her absence had been a relief. Out of sight was out of mind! And now she was coming back. Another worry! And the Bolderby Old Crome was gone—Dumetrius had got it—all because that anonymous letter had put it out of his thoughts. He furtively remarked the strained look on his daughter's face, as if she too were gazing at a picture that she couldn't buy. He almost wished the war back. Worries didn't seem, then, quite so worrying. From the caress in her voice, the look on her face, he became certain that she wanted something from him, uncertain whether it would be wise of him to give it her. He pushed his savory away uneaten, and even joined her in a cigarette.

After dinner she set the electric piano-player going. And he augured the worst when she sat down on a cushion footstool at his knee, and put her hand on his.

"Darling, be nice to me. I had to see Jon—he wrote to me. He's going to try what he can do with his mother. I've been thinking. It's really in *your* hands, Father. If you'd persuade her that it doesn't mean renewing the past in any way! That I shall stay yours, and Jon will stay hers; that you need never see him or her, and she need never see you or me! Only you could persuade her, dear, because only you could promise. One can't promise for other people. Surely it wouldn't be too awkward for you

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to see her just this once—now that Jon's father is dead?"

"Too awkward?" Soames repeated. "The whole thing's preposterous."

"You know," said Fleur, without looking up, "you wouldn't mind seeing her, really."

Soames was silent. Her words had expressed a truth too deep for him to admit. She slipped her fingers between his own—hot, slim, eager, they clung there. This child of his would corkscrew her way into a brick wall!

"What am I to do, if you won't, Father?" she said very softly.

"I'll do anything for your happiness," said Soames; "but this isn't for your happiness."

"Oh! it is; it is!"

"It'll only stir things up," he said grimly.

"But they are stirred up. The thing is to quiet them. To make her feel that this is just *our* lives, and has nothing to do with yours or hers. You can do it, Father, I know you can."

"You know a great deal, then," was Soames' glum answer.

"If you will, Jon and I will wait a year—two years if you like."

"It seems to me," murmured Soames, "that you care nothing about what *I* feel."

Fleur pressed his hand against her cheek.

"I do, darling. But you wouldn't like me to be awfully miserable." How she wheedled to get her ends! And trying with all his might to think she really cared for him—he was not sure—not sure. All she cared for was this boy! Why should he help her to get this boy, who was killing her affection for himself? Why should he? By the laws of the Forsytes it was foolish! There was nothing to be had out of it—nothing! To give her to that boy! To pass her into the enemy's camp, under the influence of the woman who had injured him so deeply! Slowly—inevitably—he would lose this flower of his life! And suddenly he was conscious that his hand was wet. His heart gave a little painful jump. He couldn't bear her to cry. He put his other hand quickly over hers, and a tear dropped on that, too. He couldn't go on like this! "Well, well," he said, "I'll think it over, and do what I can. Come, come!" If she must have it for her happiness—she must; he couldn't refuse to help her. And lest she should begin to thank him he got out of his chair and went up to the piano-player—making that noise! It ran down, as he reached it, with a faint buzz. That musical box of his nursery days: "The Harmonious Blacksmith," "Glorious Port"—the thing had always made him miserable when his mother set it going on Sunday afternoons. Here it was again—the same thing, only larger, more expensive, and now it played: "The Wild Wild Women," and "The Policeman's Holiday," and he was no longer in black velvet with a sky blue collar. 'Profond's right,' he thought, 'there's nothing in it! We're all progressing to the grave!' And with that surprising mental comment he walked out.

He did not see Fleur again that night. But, at breakfast, her eyes followed him about with an appeal he could not escape—not that he intended to try. No! He had made up his mind to the nerve-racking business. He would go to Robin Hill—to that house of memories. Pleasant memory—the last! Of going down to keep that boy's father and Irene apart by threatening divorce. He had often thought, since, that it had clinched their union. And, now, he was going to clinch the union of that boy with his girl. 'I don't know what I've done,' he thought, 'to have such things thrust on me!' He went up by train and down by train, and from the station walked by the long rising lane, still very much as he remembered it over thirty years ago. Funny—so near London! Some one evidently was holding on to the land there. This speculation soothed him, moving between the high hedges slowly, so as not to get overheated, though the day was chill enough. After all was said and done there was something real about land, it didn't shift. Land, and good pictures! The values might fluctuate a bit, but on the whole they were always going up—worth holding on to, in a world where there was such a lot of unreality, cheap building, changing fashions, such a "Here to-day and gone to-morrow" spirit. The French were right, perhaps, with their peasant

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proprietorship, though he had no opinion of the French. One's bit of land! Something solid in it! He had heard peasant-proprietors described as a pig-headed lot; had heard young Mont call his father a pig-headed *Morning Poster*—disrespectful young devil. Well, there were worse things than being pig-headed or reading *The Morning Post*. There was Profond and his tribe, and all these Labor chaps, and loud-mouthed politicians, and 'wild, wild women'! A lot of worse things! And, suddenly, Soames became conscious of feeling weak, and hot, and shaky. Sheer nerves at the meeting before him! As Aunt Juley might have said—quoting "Superior Dosset"—his nerves were "in a proper fantigue." He could see the house now among its trees, the house he had watched being built, intending it for himself and this woman, who, by such strange fate, had lived in it with another after all! He began to think of Dumetrius, Local Loans, and other forms of investment. He could not afford to meet her with his nerves all shaking; he who represented the Day of Judgment for her on earth as it was in heaven; he, legal ownership, personified, meeting lawless beauty, incarnate. His dignity demanded impassivity during this embassy designed to link their offspring, who, if she had behaved herself, would have been brother and sister. That wretched tune: "The Wild Wild Women" kept running in his head, perversely, for tunes did not run there as a rule. Passing the poplars in front of the house, he thought: 'How they've grown; I had them planted!'

A maid answered his ring.

"Will you say—Mr. Forsyte, on very special business."

If she realized who he was, quite probably she would not see him. "By George!" he thought, hardening as the tug came: "It's a topsy-turvy business."

The maid came back. "Would the gentleman state his business, please?"

"Say it concerns Mr. Jon," said Soames.

And once more he was alone in that hall with the pool of grey-white marble designed by her first lover. Ah! she had been a bad lot—had loved two men, and not himself! He must remember that when he came face to face with her once more. And suddenly he saw her in the opening chink between the long heavy purple curtains, swaying, as if in hesitation; the old perfect poise and line, the old startled dark-eyed gravity, the old calm defensive voice: "Will you come in, please?"

He passed through that opening. As in the picture-gallery and the confectioner's shop, she seemed to him still beautiful. And this was the first time—the very first—since he married her five and thirty years ago, that he was speaking to her without the legal right to call her his. She was not wearing black—one of that fellow's radical notions, he supposed.

"I apologize for coming," he said glumly; "but this business must be settled one way or the other."

"Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you."

Anger at his false position, impatience of ceremony between them, mastered him, and words came tumbling out:

"It's an infernal mischance; I've done my best to discourage it. I consider my daughter crazy, but I've got into the habit of indulging her; that's why I'm here. I suppose you're fond of your son."

"Devotedly."

"Well?"

"It rests with him."

He had a sense of being met and baffled. Always—always she had baffled him, even in those old first married days.

"It's a mad notion," he said.

"It is."

"If you had only—! Well—they might have been—" he did not finish that sentence "brother and sister and all this saved," but he saw her shudder as if he had, and stung by the sight, he crossed over to the window. Out *there* the trees had not grown—they couldn't, they were old!

"So far as I'm concerned," he said, "you may make your mind easy. I desire to see neither you nor your son if this marriage comes about. Young people in these days are—are unaccountable. But I can't bear to see my daughter unhappy. What am I to say to her when I go back?"

"Please say to her, as I said to you, that it rests with Jon."

"You don't oppose it?"

"With all my heart; not with my lips."

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Soames stood, biting his finger.

"I remember an evening—" he said suddenly; and was silent. What was there—what was there in this woman that would not fit into the four corners of his hate or condemnation? "Where is he—your son?"

"Up in his father's studio, I think."

"Perhaps you'd have him down."

He watched her ring the bell, he watched the maid come in.

"Please tell Mr. Jon that I want him."

"If it rests with him," said Soames hurriedly, when the maid was gone, "I suppose I may take it for granted that this unnatural marriage will take place; in that case there'll be formalities. Whom do I deal with—Herring's?"

Irene nodded.

"You don't propose to live with them?"

Irene shook her head.

"What happens to this house?"

"It will be as Jon wishes."

"This house," said Soames suddenly: "I had hopes when I began it. If *they* live in it—their children! They say there's such a thing as Nemesis. Do you believe in it?"

"Yes."

"Oh! You do!"

He had come back from the window, and was standing close to her, who, in the curve of her grand piano, was, as it were, embayed.

"I'm not likely to see you again," he said slowly: "Will you shake hands," his lip quivered, the words came out jerkily, "and let the past die." He held out his hand. Her pale face grew paler, her eyes so dark, rested immovably on his, her hands remained clasped in front of her. He heard a sound and turned. That boy was standing in the opening of the curtains. Very queer he looked, hardly recognizable as the young fellow he had seen in the Gallery off Cork Street—very queer; much older, no youth in the face at all—haggard, rigid, his hair ruffled, his eyes deep in his head. Soames made an effort, and said with a lift of his lip, not quite a smile nor quite a sneer:

"Well, young man! I'm here for my daughter; it rests with you, it seems—this matter. Your mother leaves it in your hands."

The boy continued staring at his mother's face, and made no answer.

"For my daughter's sake I've brought myself to come," said Soames. "What am I to say to her when I go back?"

Still looking at his mother, the boy said, quietly:

"Tell Fleur that it's no good, please; I must do as my father wished before he died."

"Jon!"

"It's all right, Mother."

In a kind of stupefaction Soames looked from one to the other; then, taking up hat and umbrella which he had put down on a chair, he walked toward the curtains. The boy stood aside for him to go by. He passed through and heard the grate of the rings as the curtains were drawn behind him. The sound liberated something in his chest.

"So that's that!" he thought, and passed out of the front door.

VIII

THE DARK TUNE

As Soames walked away from the house at Robin Hill the sun broke through the grey of that chill afternoon, in smoky radiance. So absorbed in landscape-painting that he seldom looked seriously for effects of Nature out of doors, he was struck by that moody effulgence—it mourned with a triumph suited to his own feeling. Victory in defeat! His embassy had come to naught. But he was rid of those people, had regained his daughter at the expense of—her happiness. What would Fleur say to him? Would she believe he had done his best? And under that sunlight flaring on the elms, hazels, hollies of the lane and those unexploited fields, Soames felt dread. She would be terribly upset! He must appeal to her pride. That boy had given her up, declared part and lot with the woman who so long ago had given her father up! Soames clenched his hands. Given him up, and why? What had been wrong with him? And once more he felt the *malaise* of one who contemplates himself as seen by another—like a dog who chances on his reflection in a mirror, and is intrigued and anxious at the unseizable thing.

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Not in a hurry to get home, he dined in town at the Connoisseurs. While eating a pear it suddenly occurred to him that, if he had not gone down to Robin Hill, the boy might not have so decided. He remembered the expression on his face while his mother was refusing the hand he had held out. A strange, an awkward thought! Had Fleur cooked her own goose by trying to make too sure?

He reached home at half-past nine. While the car was passing in at one drive gate he heard the grinding sputter of a motorcycle passing out by the other. Young Mont, no doubt, so Fleur had not been lonely. But he went in with a sinking heart. In the white-panelled drawing-room she was sitting with her elbows on her knees, and her chin on her clasped hands, in front of a white camellia plant which filled the fireplace. That glance at her before she saw him renewed his dread. What was she seeing among those white camellias?

"Well, Father!"

Soames shook his head. His tongue failed him. This was murderous work! He saw her eyes dilate, her lips quivering.

"What? What? Quick, Father!"

"My dear," said Soames, "I—I did my best, but—" And again he shook his head.

Fleur ran to him and put a hand on each of his shoulders.

"She?"

"No," muttered Soames; "he. I was to tell you that it was no use; he must do what his father wished before he died." He caught her by the waist. "Come, child, don't let them hurt you. They're not worth your little finger."

Fleur tore herself from his grasp.

"You didn't—you couldn't have tried. You—you betrayed me, Father!"

Bitterly wounded, Soames gazed at her passionate figure writhing there in front of him.

"You didn't try—you didn't—I was a fool—I won't believe he could—he ever could! Only yesterday he—! Oh! why did I ask you?"

"Yes," said Soames, quietly, "why did you? I swallowed my feelings; I did my best for you, against my judgment—and this is my reward. Good night!"

With every nerve in his body twitching he went toward the door.

Fleur darted after him.

"He gives me up? You mean that? Father!"

Soames turned and forced himself to answer:

"Yes."

"Oh!" cried Fleur. "What did you—what could you have done in those old days?"

The breathless sense of really monstrous injustice cut the power of speech in Soames' throat. What had *he* done! What had they done to him! And with quite unconscious dignity he put his hand on his breast, and looked at her.

"It's a shame!" cried Fleur passionately.

Soames went out. He mounted, slow and icy, to his picture-gallery, and paced among his treasures. Outrageous! Oh! Outrageous! She was spoiled! Ah! and who had spoiled her? He stood still before the Goya copy. Accustomed to her own way in everything— Flower of his life! And now that she couldn't have it! He turned to the window for some air. Daylight was dying, the moon rising, gold behind the poplars! What sound was that? Why! That piano thing! A dark tune, with a thrum and a throb! She had set it going—what comfort could she get from that? His eyes caught movement down there beyond the lawn, under the trellis of rambler roses and young acacia-trees, where the moonlight fell. There she was, roaming up and down. His heart gave a little sickening jump. What would she do under this blow? How could he tell? What did he know of her—he had only loved her all his life—looked on her as the apple of his eye! He knew nothing—had no notion. There she was—and that dark tune—and the river gleaming in the moonlight!

'I must go out,' he thought.

He hastened down to the drawing-room, lighted just as he had left it, with the piano thrumming out that waltz, or fox-trot, or whatever they called it in these days, and passed through on to the verandah.

Where could he watch, without her seeing him? And he stole down through the fruit garden to the boat-house. He was between her and the river now, and his

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heart felt lighter. She was his daughter, and Annette's—she wouldn't do anything foolish; but there it was—he didn't know! From the boat-house window he could see the last acacia and the spin of her skirt when she turned in her restless march. That tune had run down at last—thank goodness! He crossed the floor and looked through the farther window at the water slow-flowing past the lilies. It made little bubbles against them, bright where a moon-streak fell. He remembered suddenly that early morning when he had slept in this boat-house after his father died, and she had just been born—nearly nineteen years ago! Even now he recalled the unaccustomed world when he woke up, the strange feeling it had given him. That day the second passion of his life began—for this girl of his, roaming under the acacias. What a comfort she had been to him! And all the soreness and sense of outrage left him. If he could make her happy again, he didn't care! An owl flew, queeking, queeking; a bat flitted by; the moonlight brightened and broadened on the water. How long was she going to roam about like this! He went back to the window, and suddenly saw her coming down to the bank. She stood quite close, on the landing-stage. And Soames watched, clenching his hands. Should he speak to her? His excitement was intense. The stillness of her figure, its youth, its absorption in despair, in longing, in—itself. He would always remember it, moonlit like that; and the faint sweet reek of the river and the shivering of the willow leaves. She had everything in the world that he could give her, except the one thing that she could not have because of him! The perversity of things hurt him at that moment, as might a fish-bone in his throat.

Then, with an infinite relief, he saw her turn back toward the house. What could he give her to make amends? Pearls, travel, horses, other young men—anything she wanted—that he might lose the memory of her young figure lonely by the water! There! She had set that tune going again! Why—it was a mania! Dark, thrumming, faint, travelling from the house. It was as though she had said: "If I can't have something to keep me going, I shall die of this!" Soames dimly understood. Well, if it helped her, let her keep it thrumming on all night! And, mousing back through the fruit garden, he regained the verandah. Though he meant to go in and speak to her now, he still hesitated, not knowing what to say, trying hard to recall how it felt to be thwarted in love. He ought to know, ought to remember—and he could not! Gone—all real recollection; except that it had hurt him horribly. In this blankness he stood passing his handkerchief over hands and lips, which were very dry. By craning his head he could just see Fleur, standing with her back to that piano still grinding out its tune, her arms tight crossed on her breast, a lighted cigarette between her lips, whose smoke half veiled her face. The expression on it was strange to Soames, the eyes shone and stared, and every feature was alive with a sort of wretched scorn and anger. Once or twice he had seen Annette look like that—the face was too vivid, too naked, not *his* daughter's at that moment. And he dared not go in, realizing the futility of any attempt at consolation. He sat down in the shadow of the ingle-nook.

Monstrous trick, that Fate had played him! Nemesis! That old unhappy marriage! And in God's name—why? How was he to know, when he wanted Irene so violently, and she consented to be his, that she would never love him? The tune died and was renewed, and died again, and still Soames sat in the shadow, waiting for he knew not what. The fag of Fleur's cigarette, flung through the window, fell on the grass; he watched it glowing, burning itself out. The moon had freed herself above the poplars, and poured her unreality on the garden. Comfortless light, mysterious, withdrawn—like the beauty of that woman who had never loved him—dappling the nemesias and the stocks with a vesture not of earth. Flowers! And his flower so unhappy! Why could one not put happiness into Local Loans, gild its edges, insure it against going down?

Light had ceased to flow out now from the drawing-room window. All was silent and dark in there. Had she gone up? He rose, and, tiptoeing, peered in. It seemed so! He entered. The verandah kept the moonlight out; and at first

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he could see nothing but the outlines of furniture blacker than the darkness. He groped toward the farther window to shut it. His foot struck a chair, and he heard a gasp. There she was, curled and crushed into the corner of the sofa! His hand hovered. Did she want his consolation? He stood, gazing at that ball of crushed frills and hair and graceful youth, trying to burrow its way out of sorrow. How leave her there? At last he touched her hair, and said:

"Come, darling, better go to bed. I'll make it up to you, somehow." How fatuous! But what could he have said?

IX

UNDER THE OAK-TREE

When their visitor had disappeared Jon and his mother stood without speaking, till he said suddenly:

"I ought to have seen him out."

But Soames was already walking down the drive, and Jon went up-stairs to his father's studio, not trusting himself to go back.

The expression on his mother's face confronting the man she had once been married to, had sealed the resolution growing within him ever since she left him the night before. It had put the finishing touch of reality. To marry Fleur would be to hit his mother in the face; to betray his dead father! It was no good! Jon had the least resentful of natures. He bore his parents no grudge in this hour of his distress. For one so young there was a rather strange power in him of seeing things in some sort of proportion. It was worse for Fleur, worse for his mother even, than it was for him. Harder than to give up was to be given up, or to be the cause of some one you loved giving up for you. He must not, would not behave grudgingly! While he stood watching the tardy sunlight, he had again that sudden vision of the world which had come to him the night before. Sea on sea, country on country, millions on millions of people, all with their own lives, energies, joys, griefs, and suffering—all with things they had to give up, and separate struggles for existence. Even though he might be willing to give up all else for the one thing he couldn't have, he would be a fool to think his feelings mattered much in so vast a world, and to behave like a cry-baby or a cad. He pictured the people who had nothing—the millions who had given up life in the war, the millions whom the war had left with life and little else; the hungry children he had read of, the shattered men; people in prison, every kind of unfortunate. And—they did not help him much. If one had to miss a meal, what comfort in the knowledge that many others had to miss it too? There was more distraction in the thought of getting away out into this vast world of which he knew nothing yet. He could not go on staying here, walled in and sheltered, with everything so slick and comfortable, and nothing to do but brood and think what might have been. He could not go back to Wansdon, and the memories of Fleur. If he saw her again he could not trust himself; and if he stayed here or went back there, he would surely see her. While they were within reach of each other that must happen. To go far away and quickly, was the only thing to do. But, however much he loved his mother, he did not want to go away with her. Then, feeling that was brutal, he made up his mind desperately to propose that they should go to Italy. For two hours in that melancholy room he tried to master himself; then dressed solemnly for dinner.

His mother had done the same. They ate little, at some length, and talked of his father's catalogue. The Show was arranged for October, and beyond clerical detail there was nothing more to do.

After dinner she put on a cloak and they went out; walked a little, talked a little, till they were standing silent at last beneath the oak-tree. Ruled by the thought: 'If I show anything, I show all,' Jon put his arm through hers and said quite casually:

"Mother, let's go to Italy."

Irene pressed his arm, and said as casually:

"It would be very nice; but I've been thinking you ought to see and do more than you would if I were with you."

"But then you'd be alone."

"I was once alone for twelve years nearly. Besides, I should like to be here for the opening of Father's show."

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Jon's grip tightened round her arm; he was not deceived.

"You couldn't stay here all by yourself; it's too big."

"Not here, perhaps. In London, and I might go to Paris, after the show opens. You ought to have a year at least, Jon, and see the world."

"Yes, I'd like to see the world and rough it. But I don't want to leave you all alone."

"My dear, I owe you that at least. If it's for your good, it'll be for mine. Why not start to-morrow? You've got your passport."

"Yes; if I'm going it had better be at once. Only—Mother—if—if I wanted to stay out somewhere—America or anywhere, would you mind coming presently?"

"Wherever and whenever you send for me. But don't send until you really want me."

Jon drew a deep breath.

"I feel England's choky."

They stood a few minutes longer under the oak-tree—looking out to where the grand stand at Epsom was veiled in evening. The branches kept the moonlight from them, so that it only fell everywhere else—over the fields and far away, and on the windows of the creepered house behind, which soon would be to let.

(To be concluded.)

ISLETA

WHY THE CHURCH HAS A WOODEN FLOOR

By Winifred Hawkridge Dixon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROLLIN LESTER DIXON

WE had trailed spring up from Texas toward Arizona, timing our progress so cleverly that it seemed as if we had only to turn our radiator's nose down a desert path for blue lupin and golden poppies to blaze up before us. At last we reached the meeting of the Rockies with the Rio Grande in New Mexico, led by the devious route, sometimes a concrete avenue, but oftener a mere track in the sand, of the old Spanish highway. El Camino Real is the imposing name it bears, suggesting ancient caravans of colonial grandees, and pack-trains bearing treasure from Mexico City to the provincial trading-post of Santa Fé. Even to-day what sign-posts the road displays bear the letters K T, which from Mexico to Canada stand for King's Trail. The name gave us a little thrill, to be still extant in a government which had supposedly repudiated kings this century and a half.

From San Anton' on, as we left behind us the big mushroom cities of Texas, the country became more and more sparsely settled. The few people we met, mostly small farmers ploughing their fields primitively, bade us a courteous good day in Spanish, for in this country Mexico spills untidily into the United States. We soon forgot altogether that we were in the States. First we came upon a desert country, vast and lonely, with golden sand in place of grass, spiny, stiff-limbed cactus for trees, and strangely colored cliffs of lemon and orange and livid white. After days of this desolation we emerged upon the valley of the Rio Grande where its many tributaries rib the desert as they run from snowy peaks to join its muddy red waters. The air here is crystal keen, warmed by intense sun, cooled by mountain winds, and sweetened by millions of piñons dotting the red hillsides. Lilac and blue mountains ring the valley on both sides, and from them emerald fields of alfalfa, sparkling in the sun, slope down to the old, winding stream. Because its

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silt is so fertile, one race has succeeded another here—cliff-dwellers, Indian, Spanish, Mexican, and American—and a remnant of each, save the earliest, has clung where living is easy. So all along the Rio Grande for a hundred miles we came to little groups of towns, each allotted to a different race keeping itself to itself, Mexican, American, and Indian.

It was under the deep-blue night sky that we saw our first pueblo town. Out of the plains it came surprisingly upon us. Solitary meadows with bands of horses grazing upon them, a gleam of light from an adobe inn at a crossroad, a stretch of darkness, strange to our desert-accustomed senses because of the damp breath from the river and snow-capped peaks beyond,—then the barking and yelping of many mongrel dogs, and we were at once precipitated into the winding, barnyard-cluttered alleys of Isleta, feeling our way through blind twists and turns, blocked by square, squat gray walls of incredible repose and antiquity, caught in the mesh of a sleeping town. Instantly we had a sense, though no light was struck nor any voice heard through the darkness, of Isleta awake and alert, quickening to our invasion.

We were already a little awed by our encounter with the Rio Grande. Since twilight and quickly falling night came on, we had crossed and recrossed the sullen brown waters many times, feeling its menacing power, like a great sluggish reptile biding its time, not the less because the suspension bridges above it creaked and swung and rattled under our weight. The mystery of driving after dark in an unfamiliar country sharpened our susceptibilities to outside impressions. We felt the river waiting for us, like a watchful crocodile; a sudden misturn in the shadows, or a missing plank from a bridge, and our vague sensation of half-fear, half-delight, might at any moment be crystallized by disaster. It was a night when something dramatic might fittingly happen, when the stage-setting kept us on the sharp edge of suspense.

The Pueblo Indian, we had heard, differed from other Indians, being gentler and more peaceably inclined than the Northern races. We were not such tenderfeet as to fear violence, scalping, or sudden war-whoops from ochre-smeared savages. But it was our first experience with Indians in our lives, save with those tamed nomads who peddle sweet-grass baskets and predict handsome husbands along the New England beaches. We were a little expectant, a little keyed to apprehension. We knew, as if we had been told, that a hundred or more of this alien race had waked from their sleep, and lay with tightened muscles waiting for the next sound. Increased yelping from the mongrel pack might bring them swarming about our car, and we had no experience in dealing with them; no knowledge of their prejudices or language to trade with. In our haste we circled through the town twice, threading corrals and back yards. Suddenly, the town still tensely silent, we emerged into a shallow plaza. Crossing directly before our lights came a young man, tall and supple, his straight short locks bound with a scarlet fillet, his profile clear and patrician, and over his shoulders a scarlet robe, covering his white cotton trousers. As he passed us, unmoved and stolid, he spoke one word of salutation, and continued on his way across the silent plaza.

Simple as was the incident, the flash of scarlet against the blue-black sky, the dignity and silence of the Indian, made the climax we had been awaiting. Nothing else happened. But it had been a night whose setting was so sharply defined, its premonitions so vibrantly tense with drama, that only that little was needed to carve it on our memory.

We saw the town later, in broad daylight, swept by an unclean sand-storm, pitilessly stripped of romantic atmosphere. But the romance was obscured, not obliterated, for its roots are sunk deep in the past. Isleta has one of the finest built-up estufas of the pueblo towns. It has a thousand inhabitants, whose proximity to the railroad gives them the blessing or curse of the white man's civilization. It has a church, whose ancient adobe flanks have been topped by two wooden bird-cages for steeples, for when the Indian adopts our ideas, his taste is rococo; when he clings to his own art, he shows a native dignity and simplicity. Lastly, Isleta has a

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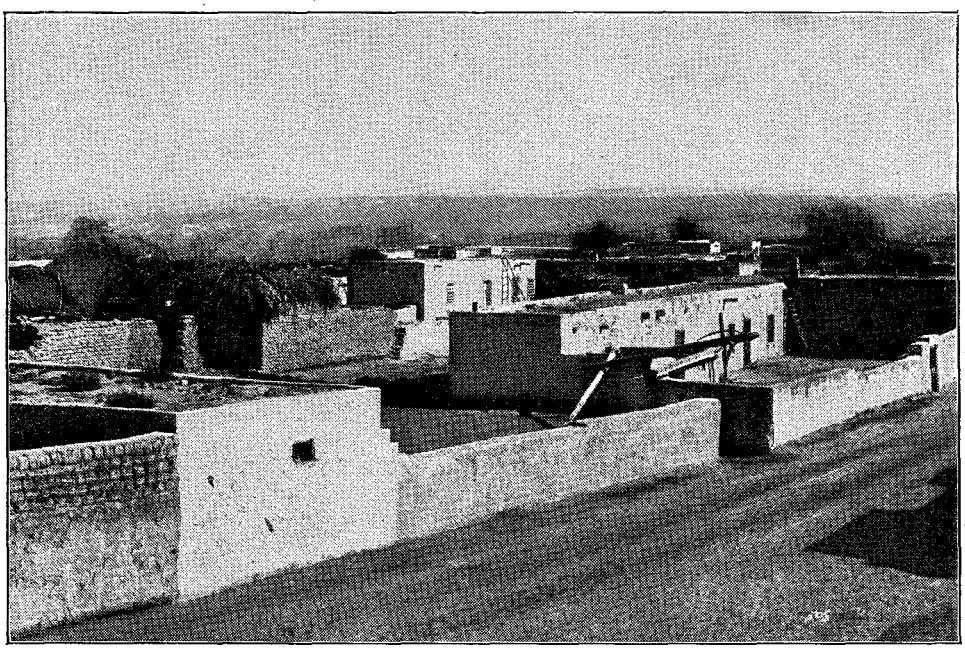
ghost, well authenticated, and attested to by a cardinal, an archbishop, a governor, and other dignitaries, to say nothing of Juan Pancho, a man who does not lie. It is probably the oldest ghost in the United States.

About the time of the first Spanish penetration into the Southwest, a friar made his way to the Pueblo country through the hostile tribes to the East. Almost forgetting his alien blood, they had made him one of themselves on the day, twenty years later, when news came of the approach of armed conquistadores, with Coronado at their head, seeking plunder and the treasures of Cibola the legendary. Whether such treasure existed has never been known. If it did, the secret was closely guarded by the Indians. Perhaps the monk had been made



We saw the town later in broad daylight.—Page 194.

In one of the towns north of Santa Fé, probably Tesuque, he found shelter and a home. The friendly Indians, although keeping him half-prisoner, treated him kindly. He seems to have been a gentle and tactful creature, who won his way by the humane Christianity of his daily life. He had a knowledge of medicine which he applied to their physical needs, and as a priest administered to their spiritual natures without giving offense to the Pueblos' own beliefs. Gradually, as they became better acquainted with him, they admitted him to the inner circle of village life; even to the sacred ceremonies and underground rituals of the kiva. He was taught the significance of their medicine and of their tribal and religious symbols. their confidant. At any rate, he knew enough to make certain factions in the tribe regard him as an element of danger, when he should again meet with men of his own race, hostile to the people of his adoption. Would he remain true, thus tempted? It was a question of race against individual loyalty, and one Indian, more fanatic and suspicious than his brothers, cut the Gordian knot of the difficulty with a dagger, planted squarely in the back of the God-fearing friar.

The gentle Pueblos, horrified by this act of personal treachery, which they regarded not only as a violation of their sacred laws of hospitality but as a crime against a medicine-man with powerful if strange gods, were in terror lest the ap-

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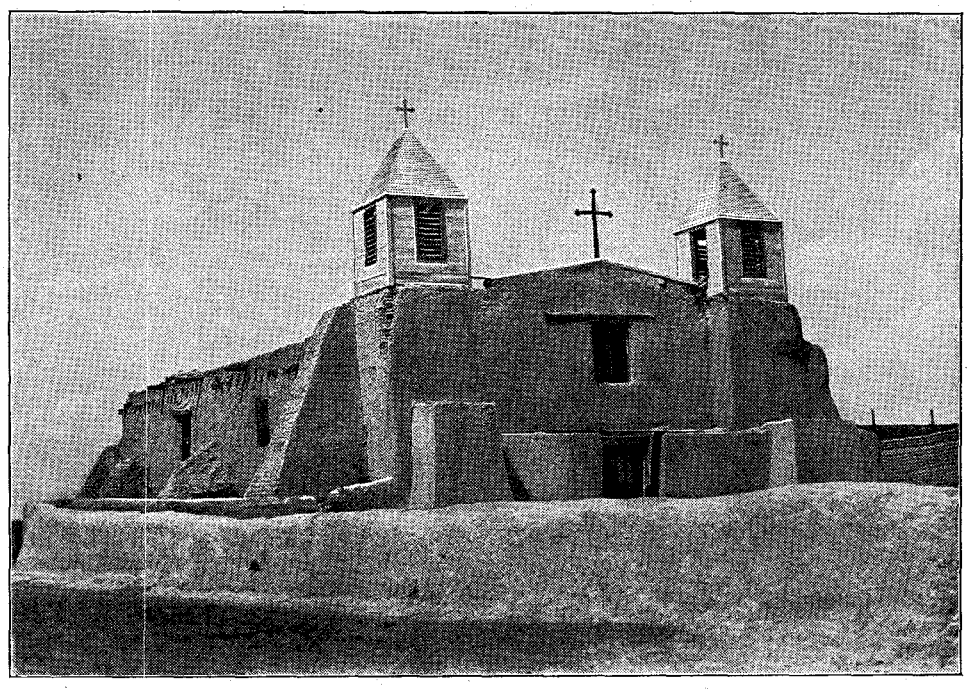

A church, whose ancient adobe flanks have been topped by two wooden bird-cages for steeples.—Page 194.

proaching Spaniards should hear of the monk's fate and avenge the double crime against their race and religion on the entire village. What the Spaniard could do on such occasions was only too well known to the Pueblo tribes. At nightfall the chiefs of the village placed the body, wrapped only in a sheet, on a litter, which four swift runners carried seventy miles south to Isleta.

There under the dirt floor of the old church, which has since been destroyed and replaced by the present structure, they placed the padre without preparing his body for burial or his soul for resurrection. If they had only said a prayer for him, they might have spared much trouble to their descendants. But they were in a hurry. They buried the corpse deep, six feet before the altar and a little to one side of it, and pressed down the dirt as it had been. The Spaniards came and went, and never learned of the murder.

This prelude to the story came from Juan Pancho, one of the leading citizens of Isleta whom we had met before in Santa Fé. The sand-storm which had turned the sky a dingy yellow gave signs of becoming more threatening, and a flat tire, incurred as we stopped at his house for directions, seemed to make it the part of wisdom to stop overnight in the little town. When we inquired about hotels, he offered us a room in his spotless adobe house, with the hospitality that is instinctive in that part of the country. We found him an unusual man with a keen and beautifully intellectual face. In his youth, he told us, he was graduated from one or two colleges, and then completed his education by setting type for an encyclopædia, after which he returned to his native village and customs. He can speak four languages—Spanish, English, baseball slang, and the Isleta dialect which is his native tongue. When he came home after his sojourn with the white man, he discarded their styles in clothing, and adopted the fine blue broadcloth trousers, closely fitting, the ruffled and pleated white linen shirt which the Indian had adopted from the Spaniard as the dress of civilized ceremony. On his feet he wore henna-stained moccasins, fastened with buttons of Navajo silver. He took pride in his long black hair, as do

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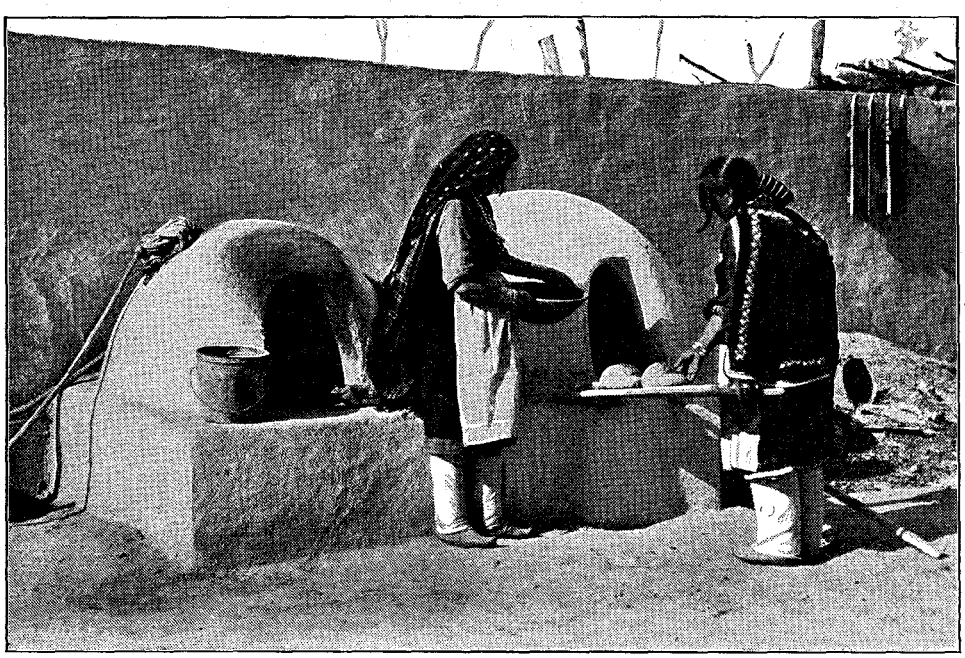
most Pueblo Indians, and though he wore it in a chonga knot during business hours, in the relaxation of his comfortable adobe home he loosened it, and delighted in letting it flow free.

His house Mrs. Juan kept neat as wax. They ate from flowered china, with knife and fork, though her bread was baked, delicious and crusty, in the round outdoor ovens her grandmothers used as far back as B. C. or so. She had not shared Juan's experience with the white man's world, except as it motored to the doors of her husband's store to purchase ginger ale or wrought-silver hatbands. But she had her delight, as did Juan, in showing the outside world she could put on or leave off their trappings at whim. She was a good wife, and how she loved Juan! She hung on his every word, and ministered to his taste in cookery, and missed him when he went away to his farms—just like a white woman.

Juan's ranch is near the new church, which has stood above the foundations of the older church only a century and a half or less. It befits his rank as one of the leading citizens of the village that his property should have a prominent location on the bare and sand-swept little plaza. He loves his home and the life he has returned to.

"I have tried them both—you see I know English? I can talk books with you, and slang with the drummers that come to the trading-store. I have ridden in your trains and your motor-cars, and eaten at white men's tables, and bathed in his white bathtubs. I have tried it all. I have read your religious books, and know about your good man, Jesus. Now I have come back to the ways of my people. Well! You know me well enough to know I have my reasons. What is there in your ways for me? I have tried them all, and now I come back to Great Isleta, where are none of those things your white men must have—and life is full as before. I have what is inside me—the same in Isleta as anywhere else."

He fastened his piercing eyes on us, a trick he has when he is much in earnest. Those eyes see a little more than some people's eyes. To him the aura that is hidden to most of us is a commonplace. He allows himself to be guided by psychic manifestations to an extent a white man



Her bread was baked, delicious and crusty, in the round outdoor ovens her grandmothers used as far back as B. C. or so.

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might not understand. I heard him say of two men, strangers, who came to his ranch: "When they came in, I saw a light about the head of one. All was white and shining, and I knew I could trust him. But the other had no light. It was black around him. The first man can be my friend—but the other, never! I do not trust him."

Moonshine? But the odd thing is that Juan's judgment, so curiously formed, became fully justified by later events. The second man is not yet in jail, but there are people who know enough about him to put him there, if they cared to take the trouble. This trick of seeing the color of a man's soul is not unique with Juan. Many Pueblo Indians share it, as a matter of course, but it is a thing which they take for granted among themselves, and seldom mention.

Mrs. Juan had cleared away the supper dishes, and sat by a corner of the fireside. She had removed from her legs voluminous wrappings of white doeskin, symbol of her high financial rating, and sat openly and complacently admiring her silk-stockinged feet, coquettishly adorned with scarlet Turkish slippers, which she balanced on her toes. Pancho eyed the byplay with affectionate indulgence, and sent a long, slow wink in our direction at this harmless evidence of the eternal feminine. The talk had drifted to tales of wonder, to which we contributed our share as best we could, and now it was Juan's turn. He leaned forward earnestly, his black eyes sombre and intense.

"You know me for an honest man? You know people say that Juan Pancho does not lie? You know that when Juan says he will do a thing he does it, if it ruins him?"

We nodded. The reputation of Juan Pancho was a proverb in Great Isleta.

"Good! Because now I am going to tell you something that will test your credulity. You will need to remember all you know of my honesty to believe what I tell you now."

We drew forward, and listened while he narrated the story of the good monk of the time of Coronado, as I have told it in condensed form.

"Well, then! You've been in that church where they buried the monk—six feet from the altar, and a little to one side. Most Indian churches have a dirt floor, but the church of Great Isleta has a plank floor, very heavy. Now I will tell you why.

"The Spaniards came and went, without learning of the padre who slept with the knife wound in his back, under Isleta church. Five years went by, and one day one of our old men who took care of the church went within, and saw a bulge in the earth, near the altar. It was of the size of a man's body. The bulge stayed there, right over the spot where they had buried the padre, and day after day it grew more noticeable. A year went by, and a crack appeared, the length of a man's body. Two years, three years—and the crack had widened and gaped. It was no use to fill it, to stamp down the dirt—that crack would remain open. Then, twelve years maybe from the death of the padre, the Isletans come into the church one morning, and there on the floor, face up, lies the padre. There is no sign of a crack in the earth—he lies on solid ground, looking as if he had died yesterday. They feel his flesh—it is soft, and gives to the touch of the finger, like the flesh of one whose breath has just flown. They turn him over—the knife wound is fresh, with red blood clotting it. Twelve years he has been dead!

"Well, they called in the elders, and talked it over, and they bury him, and give him another chance to rest in peace. But he does not stay buried. A few years more and the crack shows again, and at the end of twelve years, as before, there he lies on the ground, his body as free from the corruption of natural decay as ever. They bury him again, and after twelve years he is up. All around him lie the bones of Isletans who have died after him. The soil he lies in is the same soil which has turned their flesh to dust and their bones to powder.

"So it goes on, until my own time. I have seen him, twice. There are old men in our village who have seen him half a dozen times, and have helped to bury him. They don't tell of it—it is a thing to keep to oneself—but they know of it. The whole village knows of it, but they don't talk. But the last time he came up we talked it over, and we decided we

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had enough. This time, if possible, we would make him stay down.

"I saw him—in 1910 or '11 it was—and so did many others. The priest of Isleta saw him. We sent for the governor, and he came and saw. And the archbishop of Santa Fé came, and with him a cardinal who was visiting from Rome itself; they all came. What is more, they drew up a paper, and made two copies, testifying to what they had seen, and signed it. Then they took one copy and placed it with the long-dead padre in a heavy oak coffin, and nailed it down. And the other copy the visiting cardinal took back to Rome to give to the pope. My signature was on it. Then we buried the coffin, deep, and packed the earth hard about it and stamped it down. Then we took planks, two-inch planks, and laid a floor over the entire church, and nailed it down with huge nails. We were resolved that if he came up, he would at least have to work his passage."

"I suppose you've heard the last of him, then?"

Juan leaned forward. His eyes sparkled.

"We hope so. We hope so. But——"

He stood up and faced us.

"You are good enough to say you believe the word of Juan Pancho. But I will not test your credulity too far."

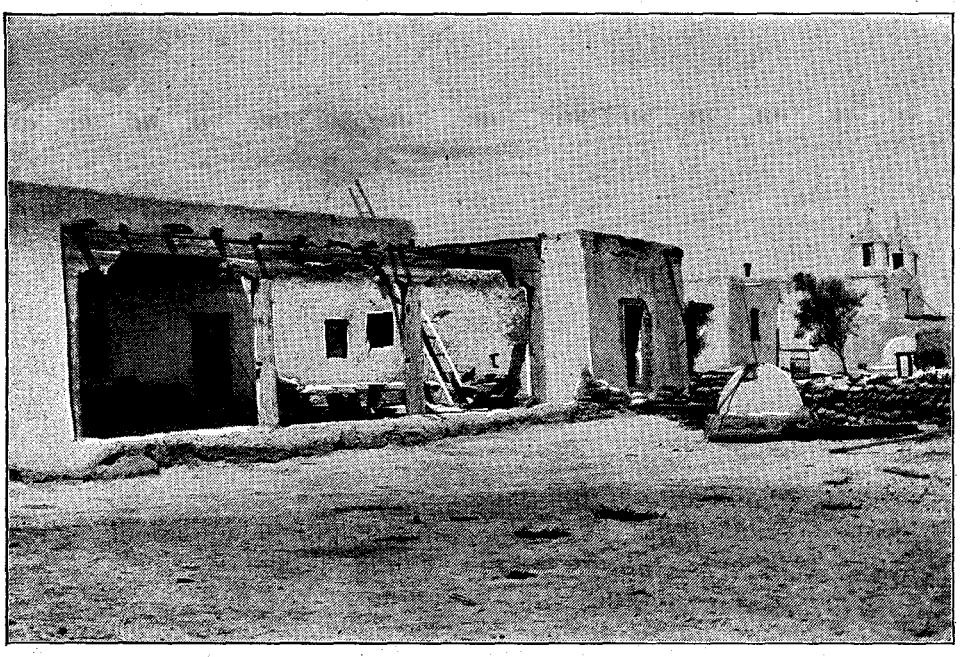
Juan took a lantern from a nail, and lighted it.

"Come and judge for yourselves!"

We followed him across the deserted plaza, whose squat houses showed dimly gray under a windy, blue-black sky. He unlocked the heavy door with a great key, and entered the church. Feeling our way in the dark, bare interior, we advanced to within six feet of the altar, and he placed the lantern on the floor, where it shed a circle of yellow light among the black shadows. We knelt, and touched the nails. The heads were free of the floor. On them were no tool-marks. No hammer had loosened them. We knelt, and laying our heads aslant the planks, sighted. In the lantern light, we discerned a slight but unmistakable warp in the timbers, the length and width of a man's body.

We lost no time returning to Juan's warm, lighted living-room, where Mrs. Juan still sat by the fire admiring her red slippers.

If it is humanly possible, I intend to be in Great Isleta about the year 1923.



Squat houses showed dimly gray under a windy, blue-black sky.

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MATHERSON AND THE SPIRIT WORLD

By Sarah Redington

Author of "The Parthenon Freeze," "Au Bonheur des Co-Eds," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. E. HILL

"JUST the same, there *is* something in it," Matherson persisted. "Everybody wouldn't be sitting around waiting for spirit messages if there wasn't, and those fellers who're writing books about it, they ain't fakes, they're the real thing. Bet you anything you like, Adele, if I brought home one of those ouija boards you'd be teasing me to teach you how to use it." He looked at his wife with a smile that was half defiant, half appealing.

"Not as long as I go out waiting at ghost tea-parties and spook lunches," young Mrs. Matherson answered, her voice pitched high over the hiss and rush of the running water—it was dish-washing time. "Why, Ed Matherson, if you saw as much of that kind of nonsense as I do, every time I take an engagement as waitress, you'd be ashamed of yourself for talking about it as if it was a religion. Grown-up people huddling round parlor tables waiting for 'em to rock, and spell out messages, or playing with those ouija board contraptions for all the world like Sister with her blocks!" She laughed scornfully, as she shook up a panful of suds. "That's some idea, Ed; guess I'll take those alphabet blocks she plays with up to Mrs. Hyde's to-morrow afternoon, and tell all the plush horses that it's the latest thing from the spirit world, and that they'll get a message if they paw 'em over with concentration. They'd fall for it, all right! You run and ask Sister for the loan of 'em, Ed. You'd be real proud of me if I got into some highbrow magazine as the woman who made alphabet blocks famous."

"But look at all the brainy people who believe in it," Matherson persisted, polishing a plate with unnecessary vigor, "and the books they write that prove it isn't a fake. I was talking to Sid Hale the other day——"

"Now, that's just the trouble, dearie, you've been talking a lot too much to Sid Hale. Listen, I'm not saying anything against him" (as her husband interrupted with an indignant "Whatcher got against old Sid?"), "he's a good friend of both of us, I know that just as well as you do, but he's gone clean off his head with all this spirit stuff. I guess he's got that artistic temperament you hear about—he couldn't hold down his painting job with the Mammoth Movies if he *wasn't* artistic—and painting sets for 'When the Pearly Gates Swing Wide' has been just a little too much for his balance. Why, Ed, the Sunday we all went down to the Blonde Girls' Carnival at Venice, the poor boy told me that he was doing a Heavenly City set and sort of bothered because he couldn't decide whether he'd put sidewalks on the golden streets, and he asked ouija and she referred him to the Bible, to the *Bible*, mind you——"

"I know, he told me too. But see here, Adele, if the Bible don't tell about those kind of things, what does?"

"I don't like to see the Bible get all mixed up with ouija boards and movies, and you don't either, when you take your head out of the clouds and act sensible," Adele answered shortly. She cleaned out her dishpan with a vigorous swish of clear water, wiped and up-ended it, hung her sink towel on the steel rod by the stove. Then, as she turned to see her husband standing preoccupied by his pile of dishes, his blonde brows puckered with thought, her pleasant young face softened, and she put an affectionate arm around his shoulder, saying contritely: "I didn't mean to snap your head off, dearie! I know there's something in it—if you go at it the right way. That sermon Mr. Davis preached last Sunday made me feel . . .

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well, I can't explain, but it, it *got* me all right! And that bit about our soldier dead! Those sort of things are real, and some of the books are real; we'd be downright childish to say we didn't believe them. But just because it's such a big thing, we oughtn't to do cheap stunts with it. *That's* what I mean, Ed! Here, those plates don't go on that shelf, that's where I keep the canned things." She took the pile from his hands, giving him a jocose shove toward the door of the tiny dining-room. "You're still in the spirit world, Ed; get along with you and put a good jazz on the machine. That'll wake you up! I'll join you in just a second."

He obeyed to the extent of leaving her to finish the last rites in the kitchen by herself, but when she came into the living-room five minutes later, the new jazz records lay untouched, a dusty baseball mask on top of them, just as it had been since the five-year-old son of the house had tossed it there before supper. Matherson was lying on the couch, his arms behind his head, staring wistfully at the faded service flag on the opposite wall, the flag that had hung in the picture-window for him all the months that had seen him overseas. Adele was quick to recognize the look; it was the one his mobile young face always wore when he was thinking of Jim Bronson and "Skinny" Hunt, those boyhood friends who had marched away with him, but whose service flags bore gold stars to-day. She knelt down beside him, leaning her soft cheek against his rampant crest of blonde hair. "Ed, if you hadn't come back safe—" she whispered, and, as his arms tightened about her, "Ed, I *know* they can get messages over, I didn't mean to say they couldn't. Gertie told me Jim was just as near her sometimes—and it's the greatest comfort to her! Ed, tell me, have you ever—" She didn't finish her question, but there was no need, he understood.

"I don't like to see the Bible get all mixed up with ouija boards and movies."—Page 200.

"Yes," he said huskily. "Lots of times. Last night—I was going to tell you about it when we got to talking at the supper-table—I heard old Skinny laugh, that fool way he useter, it was just as if he was next me in the trenches. I thought it was a dream at first, but it was too real. It was just as if he was trying

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to say, 'I'm not dead, you boob, I'm just as alive as you are!' Oh, Adele, there *is* something in it, there must be——"

When America got tired of talking of "Reconstruction" and "The Problem of the Returned Soldier," she took a long breath and tried "The Spirit World" and "The National Unrest." Ed Matherson, being a simple soul all unused to introspection, didn't realize that both of the latter novelties were what ailed him. Both, of course, were the natural reaction to his experience overseas. There, he had jostled elbows with Death, had seen some of his best friends killed, had suddenly realized how thin was the veil between this world and the next, a realization that had never come to him before the war. In the old days, a man died and immediately was as far removed from earth and earthly ties as if he had been changed into a remote, twinkling star—but now? Skinny and Jim and all the rest of the fellows who had gone West were just around the corner. In the early days of his return, Matherson's thoughts didn't dwell overmuch on this strange state of affairs; he was too busy establishing his new business venture. But some nine or ten months after *Au Bonheur des Co-Eds* had introduced itself to the public as The Store Where Pennies Were Always Welcome, when day after day the books told an encouraging story of increased sales, and the co-eds whose patronage the Mathersons sought were showing them in the most gratifying way that they appreciated the tidy little shop where it really was possible to save money on purchases—then it was that our returned soldier had time to think, and his thoughts were long, long thoughts. The "national unrest" caught him; it was in the air, not to be escaped. And with the restlessness that had lain in wait for him, came the talk of the moment, the gossip of spiritism and controls, of ouija boards and automatic writing, talk that had taken a long time to get to this little town in Southern California where the Spanish tradition that this world is a place to be happy in made life a thing of serene, carefree days. But when Orangeville got the message, it got it hard. The "ghost tea-parties" and "spook lunches" that so roused Adele's scorn entirely supplanted bridge and musicales. Everybody bought ouija boards, everybody studied spirit writing. Scenario experts in the near-by film city pigeon-holed dramas of reconstruction to search the Scriptures for word pictures of the New Jerusalem, or to gallop through the pages of "Patience Worth" and "Raymond" in the hope that these classics would "film." And Sid Hale, puzzling over the width of those sidewalks in the heavenly city that was to make "When the Pearly Gates Swing Wide" the envy of the movie world, talked to his friends the Mathersons of his perplexities, and of how ouija had come to his rescue. Adele's reaction to this confession was, as we have seen, decidedly unsympathetic, but her husband listened and was impressed. The day after he heard the story, he bought a ouija board. He had not as yet told Adele of his purchase.

It was on a Friday night that they had that talk about messages from the dead, and of how he had felt Skinny's presence so near him; they both understood each other a great deal better when he had got through with his confession, and she had said her comforting words. They had sat up very late, talking it all over, much too late, really, with a full day of hard work ahead of them. Business was always extra good on Saturday, when the light housekeepers of the neighborhood "stocked up" for over Sunday, and, as so often happened these days, Adele would be away from the cashier's desk at the rush hours in the late afternoon. She was coining money, going out as waitress-by-the-hour when the first families of Orangeville entertained, and as long as Matherson and the willing little saleslady didn't mind working extra hard in her absence, it seemed good business to take advantage of the fact that, to quote Adele's expressive idiom, local domestics were as scarce as hen's teeth.

On this particular Saturday, however, she felt strangely unwilling to leave the bright little shop for the more temperamental background of Mrs. Baldwin G. Hyde's oak-panelled dining-room with its costly William-and-Mary furniture, the recent acquisition of which had been the talk of the Orangeville smart set. (Who

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Drawn by W. E. Hill.

The ouija board had told Mrs. Brownell that her daughter would make the XYZ sorority.—Page 204.

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on earth were William and Mary, anyway? Grand Rapids designers? When she got round to it, Adele intended to look that up, in the *World Almanac*.) As she folded her immaculate, shoulder-strapped apron into the elegant shopping-bag Ed had given her last Christmas, she found herself hoping that it would be bridge this afternoon, or just plain tea; it seemed to her as if she couldn't stand overhearing any more gabble about how the ouija board had told Mrs. Brownell that her daughter would make the XYZ sorority, or any silly whisperings as to whether that really was a message from Mrs. Black's son that had just been rapped out on the library table. When she got back to the store, Ed would be sure to ask her all about the party, he was so interested in her new kind of work, and she didn't want to have another evening of discussing the spirit world. He had been thinking a lot about Jim and Skinny lately, more than was good for him. She would make him take her to a Charlie Chaplin film after supper; what he really needed was a good laugh.

But it was such a big afternoon at the store that nightfall found Matherson too tired for movies; whereupon the tactful Adele admitted to aching feet after her activities at the spook tea, and they went to bed early. Next morning they woke to a gray, drenched world, and, being good Californians, rejoiced accordingly. Even Buster, loudly mourning a promised trip to the Chutes, could show a proper, Native Son reaction to his mother's reproving: "I should think you'd be ashamed, a great big boy almost six years old, to act such a cry baby, instead of being real glad we've got this nice storm at last. You don't want a dry season, do you? Yes, that's mother's good boy—blow your nose now, and come into the sitting-room. Maybe if you're real good, daddy will let you play all the funny records."

With this musical diversion, and an excursion into the realms of art, as demonstrated in the Sunday paper's comic supplement, the chilly, wet morning passed blithely for the Mathersons, old and young. In the early afternoon, Adele announced that, rain or no rain, she was going to run over to Mrs. Miller's for the Dutch rompers pattern she had been promised, and that she might go on from there to Mrs. Day's and see how Junior was getting on after his attack of croup. "I guess I won't get back for an hour, but you can amuse yourselves without me all right," she said briskly, with an approving glance at father and son, both intent on the pictorial adventures of the Los Angeles *Globe's* new heroine, Flossie Flivousine. "Buster, you've been in the house long enough, and mother'd like to see you get some fresh air. Put on your sweater, and go out on the porch for a while with your velocipede; the rain isn't driving in from that side now the way it was this morning." She glanced around the little room, adding, as she automatically punched up the limp pillows on the couch, after the immemorial custom of the home-maker, "What are you going to do, Ed—read, or take a nap or what? Better laze all you can, it's a grand chance for you to get rested up after yesterday."

Matherson didn't answer for a minute. Then he got up suddenly and went over to the little bookcase, removed the six ornate volumes of "The World's Best Short Stories" from the top shelf, and produced from the space behind an object that seemed to be a game rather than a book. "I'm going to kinder fool with this for a little—Sid showed me how it worked," he said shamefacedly. "Listen, Adele, it's all right if you just use it as a kind of a game——"

What made him sore, Matherson reflected angrily to himself as he watched his wife pick her way around the gleaming puddles that dotted the front path, was that Adele was so darned unreasonable. He wouldn't have believed it of her, getting so upset over a little thing like a ouija board—you'd have thought, to hear her go on, that he was going to take a correspondence course in spiritualism! She knew he wasn't looking for messages from the other world, he'd told her over and over again that he just wanted to see if it would answer everyday kind of questions, tell him if business would be good next month, or if they ought to enlarge the delicatessen department. But she wouldn't listen to reason! And she had ended by crying (Adele *crying*—what do you know about that!)

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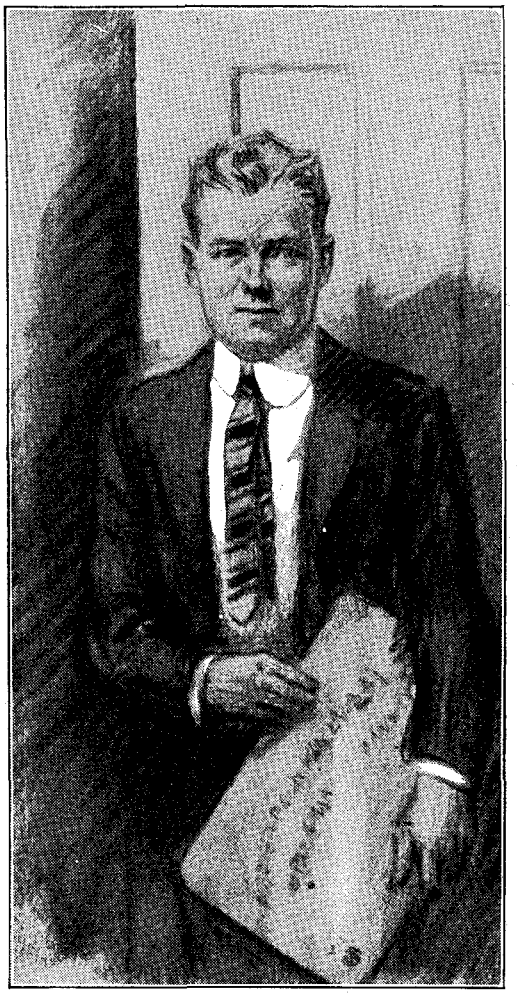
and then of course he'd had to promise that he would let the thing alone, not even touch it. And then she had gone out, saying over her shoulder, "No indeed I won't put it away or throw it in the world outside his introspection that when Sister woke from her nap, she had to turn her cheerful, crooning call of "mama!" into an indignant wail before he heard and heeded. Full of remorse, he



"Listen, Adele, it's all right if you just use it as a kind of a game——."—Page 204.

the fire, Ed; you've given me your promise, and I know I can trust you." It had sounded just like something in a book, and made him feel like a darn fool. He was *mad*, clear through, the more he thought about it.

The monotonous sound of Buster's velocipede thundering up and down the little porch punctuated these profitable reflections, but he hardly heard it, he was so full of his grievance. So deaf was he to carried her into the sitting-room, hushing her heart-broken sobs with all the love words in his vocabulary, and suggesting any diversion in his power, by way of apology and amends. "How about blocks, Sister?" he inquired anxiously, groping under the couch for the big box on the cover of which highly colored beasts flanked the legend, "Animal Alphabet Blocks for Little Folks." "Want to build a nice house for dada?"

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As she approved this programme with a satisfied nod that spilled the last trace of tears from her curling lashes, Matherson, his own grievance quite forgotten, sprawled his long length on the rug beside her, thinking as he watched her chubby baby hands busy with the gay colored squares that she certainly was far and away the smartest kid of her age in all Southern California. Just look at the way she handled the things—the cute little tad! Just as careful as if she were a stone mason, not a bit like most kids. And suddenly, as he watched her deliberate between a red "G" and a yellow "Q," her curly head cocked on one side and her button of a mouth puckered with concentration, there leaped into his mind his wife's scornful indictment of the fine ladies who played with ouija boards. "Guess I'll take those alphabet blocks up to Mrs. Hyde's, and tell all the plush horses that it's the latest thing from the spirit world, and that they'll get a message if they paw 'em over with concentration." Wasn't that exactly what Sister was doing? Some joke on Adele! He burst out laughing, all his sunny good nature restored to him, and pushed a heap of blocks closer to the busy baby hands. "Guess I'll ask some fool question and see what kind of an answer she dopes out from the spirit world," he chuckled. "Say, Sister, ask the spooks how I ought to invest that thousand dollars mama and dada were talking about this morning? Pull out three blocks" (it flashed across his mind that three was a lucky number), "and let's see what the letters spell." He watched her, fascinated, as she worked over the pile; if she really had been a professional medium she could not have been more deliberate or earnest. At last, three blocks were pushed aside from the main pile, and Matherson was free to read a message from the highly embossed letters. He first made out L–O–I, a perfectly meaningless combination. His second grouping produced O–L–I; it sounded like a Swede in a comic paper, but it didn't suggest any gilt-edged investment. Idly he shifted the two last letters, and lo! Plain as a pikestaff the message stared him in the face: OIL.

Oil—and all that literature from the Burro Perdido Company tucked into the farthest pigeonhole of his desk! Those alluring circulars with their pictures of wells and derricks, their glib allusions to gilt-edged stock and double dividends! He had felt from the first that this might be a good thing—oil-wells had proved as profitable as gold-mines in many a California locality—and if he only could have convinced Adele he would have looked into the investment. And now came this message from the spirit world to reassure him! But even as the thought flashed through his brain, he laughed at himself for a darn fool. Sister couldn't pull that trick off twice—if she could, there might be something in it, but— He hesitated, then jumbled together a pile of the scattered blocks, and pushed them toward his daughter with a hurried, "Try again, honey-kid, we'll give it another chance." The baby received the consignment approvingly, and, grunting and chuckling to herself, again selected three, after many pawings and much deliberation. "Dere!" she triumphed, as Matherson eagerly snatched them from her hands, automatically shuffling them into the desired combination. And again he read: OIL.

Presently he came out of his daze to hear the infant medium saying something in a monotonous sing-song, and he was not in the least surprised to find that the burden of her song was something that sounded like "aw-ull, aw-ull!" She wrinkled up her tiny nose as she made this prophetic statement, and did curious things with her eyes; evidently this was concentration, for she was not a baby addicted to meaningless grimaces. Then she made some cryptic remarks accompanied by strange gestures, and wound up the entertainment by again chanting "aw-ull, aw-ull!" As a phonetic rendering of "oil," this version left something to be desired, but, after all, she was barely two years old, and the English language was still an adventure in adorably stammered mispronouncements. "Aw-ull" was quite satisfactory to Matherson. Presently he fenced her into her pen for safekeeping in his absence, and went into the dining-room, where his desk stood. The next thing on the programme was to look up the Los Angeles office of the Burro Perdido Oil Company.

When Matherson took the Los Angeles

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If she really had been a professional medium she could not have been more deliberate or earnest.—Page 206.

trolley at three o'clock next afternoon, it was with the fervent hope that he could have a quiet trip, unaccosted by chatty acquaintances, for he wanted to do a lot of hard thinking. For the first time in his married life, he was going to make a business move without consulting Adele, and he knew instinctively that she would not approve of this investment. How to tell her about it without bringing in the tale of Sister in the new rôle of medium was the problem. The plain, unvarnished statement that he meant to buy oil stock would certainly make her think he had lost his mind, but to plead that it must be a good thing because the baby's alphabet blocks had said so—! He stared out of the car-window at the olive groves flying past, but there was no solution of his problem in the endless vistas of smoky-green trees. "Gee whilikins!" he said to himself with a rueful grin, as he

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settled back on the slippery, matting-covered seat, "guess I'll have to consult the blocks again to see if they can dope out some kind of a yarn to tell Adele!"

At this moment, the train stopped with a purposeful jerk to take on two passengers, a pale, harassed-looking young woman in shabby mourning and a child of seven or eight, a thin, nervous little girl who seemed to be all arms and legs. As they settled themselves in the seat in front of Matherson, he recognized them and sent up a fervent unspoken prayer that they had not seen him. The next moment, however, he had thrust his newspaper aside and was standing in the aisle beside the young widow—it was up to him at least to say, "Well, how are you?" instead of pretending he had never seen her before. At his light touch on her shoulder, she glanced up, startled, then her worn young face shone with a smile that made her look like another person. "Well, if it isn't Mr. Matherson! I didn't know you were within twenty miles of me. Come right into this seat and visit with us for a while—Dorothy can sit on my lap like this. Dorothy, aren't you going to shake hands with Sister's papa and say how d'ye do like a lady?" She added in a breathy aside, as the child shyly put out a thin little hand: "I called you that because I knew 'Mr. Matherson' wouldn't mean half as much to her; she always talks of you and Adele as 'Sister's papa and mama.' She's just simply crazy about that baby. I never saw a child who played so nice with children younger than herself. Isn't she just the image of George? She grows more like him every day."

"George?" Matherson asked, perplexed. Then he remembered; poor old Skinny used to tell him it made Mae awfully sore to hear his nickname. The trouble was, nobody but the little wife ever said "George," and for the moment, Matherson had actually forgotten that Skinny had been christened by that dignified name. "Sure, she's a ringer for him; Adele and I always say so," he agreed. "When are you going to bring her round to play with the kids again, Mrs. Hunt? Can't you both come to dinner next Sunday?"

"Oh, I'd love to," Skinny's widow said eagerly, while Dorothy gave an ecstatic wiggle that nearly threw her off her seat, "but listen, I don't know that I ought to make any dates for Dorothy while the weather's so unsettled; with her bad ear, she mustn't take that long, cold trip in the rain. I'm real worried at having her out to-day, for it looks as if it was going to pour again, but it cleared at noon and I had told the doctor I'd bring her in this afternoon for treatment——"

"Treatment?" Matherson asked sympathetically. "What's wrong with the kid—she's got a fine color. You'll never make her fat, you know, she's too much like Skin—like George. So don't let some doctor scare you into thinking she's sickly just because she ain't built like a kewpie."

"Oh, it isn't that—I wouldn't be that foolish," the mother answered, her voice taking on a dejected, hopeless note. "But it's real sickness that we've been up against, Mr. Matherson. Just after Thanksgiving—I guess that was the last time I saw you, when we had that good dinner at your house—she complained of her ear hurting her—" She poured out her story of sudden illness and threatened operation averted for the time being by regular, watchful treatment, saying dejectedly as she fumbled for her handkerchief: "This going to the doctor all the time will probably cost more in the long run than an operation, but I guess I'm a wicked woman to say that—if this nervous child had to be carved up for mastoid trouble, well, I guess it would just about *finish* her! Treatment's bad enough, as it is. When I told her this morning that it was the day for the doctor, she cried so it was real pitiful, and I expect by the time I get her out of his office——"

"Say, how about some ice-cream or a nice sundae when you do get out?" Matherson interrupted, feeling in his pocket for change. It struck him uncomfortably that all this kind of gloomy talk was not the best thing for Dorothy's morale; as the tale of woe had flowed on, her little face had taken on an expression of fear and rebellion that argued badly for a satisfactory half-hour with the aurist. He found a handful of dimes, and pressed them hurriedly into the child's hand. "You won't mind her having a drink on me, Mrs. Hunt? And as I can't

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join you, I guess this is the only way we can arrange for it."

"You're real good and kind, Mr. Matherson," Mrs. Hunt said gratefully, while

The train stopped with a purposeful jerk to take on two passengers.—Page 208.

Dorothy mumbled self-conscious thanks. "I guess we'll make it a cone, and eat it on the train going home, for I've got some business to attend to after we're finished with Doctor Kilburn." She suddenly got very red, then pale, and the easy tears suffused her big, dark eyes. Matherson looked away with a stab of pity in his heart for the poor little woman, as she fought for self-control—how sorrow had broken her! He would hardly have known her for the jolly, fun-loving girl Skinny had married, the best dancer at the pleasure pavilions when all "the crowd" went out to the beaches for an evening's fun, the easy winner of first prize for fancy skating at the Hispania Rink not three years ago. How it would hurt poor old Skinny if he could see her now, tear-stained, terrified of what life held in store for her and her child! And suddenly, a big resolve to do something—anything, for Skinny's girl came over him with a wave of passionate affection for the

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man whom he had known as a red-haired, freckled bean-pole of a boy, the friend who was lying under that little wooden cross on the French hillside. . . . He came out of his revery with a start—what was she asking him? He must have lost the first part of the sentence, for this was an apologetic clause:

"—and I know men hate to have women bother them about business, and I've bothered you enough, I guess, with all this worry about Dorothy. I oughtn't to say another word, but you were such a good friend of George's that I kinder feel I can ask your advice, and goodness knows I ought to have somebody to consult." And as Matherson turned to her with an eager, "why, I'd do anything I could for you, Mrs. Hunt—what is it?" she plunged into her subject at last: "Listen, Mr. Matherson, is it all right to borrow money from those firms that advertise? Because I don't believe I *ought* to ask the bank for another loan."

The one thought that occupied Matherson's mind for the next few days, sleeping or waking, was, how long before Adele would bring up the subject of the thousand dollars they had put aside to invest? As the week wore on, and she said nothing about it, he grew more and more to dread the question, though he had his answer all ready, and he fully intended there should be no argument. Sunday came round again, another day of storm, just as Mrs. Hunt had predicted. As he stood looking out of the sitting-room window at the cold, persistent downpour, he found himself wondering what they were doing with themselves at the lonely little ranch, what kind of amusement the dreary day could hold out to the wistful, delicate little girl who couldn't go out in the rain. Buster, in the new slicker and sou'-wester that had been purchased for him the day before, by way of celebrating the fact that the week of storms had proved this winter was no dreaded "dry season," came bounding into the room at this moment, to announce gleefully that mother had said he could go to Sunday-school all by himself. Naw, he wouldn't get wet—this ole rain wasn't anything when a feller had a slicker and a rubber hat just like the postman! Matherson watched the sturdy little figure splash down the wet path, and again his thoughts went back to delicate little Dorothy, Skinny's baby girl— She had never been as cute a kid as Sister, of course, but Skinny had been just crazy about her. What was it he used to call her, after he had bought the little ranch and Mrs. Hunt had turned her out with her father in blue overalls that made her look like Skinny as a kid? "Farmerette"—no, "rancherette," that was it! Skinny had been dippy about that little ranch—he used to talk about it over there in France, and kick himself for not knowing French so that he could tell old Père Maurel that the California way of farming had theirs all beaten to a frazzle. And suddenly Matherson found himself saying aloud, and with an earnestness that shook him: "I'm glad I did it, *darned* glad!" Then he stopped short with a guilty glance toward the dining-room where Adele was watering the Boston fern in the window—had she heard him? It was reprieve to have her call out: "Speaking to me, Ed? I didn't get it—wait till I come in." But he knew instinctively that, whether she had heard him or not, she was going to ask the question that day. When she joined him presently, it was with no surprise that he heard her saying briskly: "Listen, Ed, let's talk business this rainy morning. Have you thought how we'd better invest that thousand dollars?"

There was a light in the sitting-room as Matherson clicked the gate behind him while the town clock boomed six deliberate times, and he wondered why Adele had lit up so early. As a rule, the front part of the bungalow was shrouded in darkness on winter evenings until after supper was over and the dishes put away. Adele must have a caller—some one who didn't have the sense to know she ought to go home and let the lady of the house get at her cooking. He stole round the corner of the porch with a twofold purpose in his mind: first, to avoid the caller, and second, to let himself in by the kitchen door, to start the kettle and do other supper chores. But he had not reckoned on Buster's coaster, right in the middle of the path. As he picked himself up and brushed the dirt from his knees, the front door opened, and Adele stood silhouetted against the bright elec-

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tric light. "That you, Ed? I've been waiting for you," she called out, and Matherson knew something had happened to reinstate him. It was her old voice of love and comradeship, the tones that he hadn't heard since that morning they had quarrelled about the investment, centuries ago. (Four days are as many centuries when two people who care for each other drift apart in anger and misunderstanding.)

She ran down the steps to meet him, and then her arms were around his neck, and she was sobbing between kisses that he was the best man in the world and that she'd never forgive herself for having been so horrid—never! Presently they were in the sitting-room, both of them in the big Morris chair. "Well, you've guessed that Mae Hunt has been here," she said with a quivering little smile. "She and Dorothy came just after you went out. She told me the whole thing—about her meeting you in the trolley, and telling you all her troubles and you making good with the loan of that money she was at her wit's ends to know how to raise. And what she thinks of you, Ed—my! If I was a wife in a movie, I couldn't have heard her through. Actually, it wasn't *respectable*, the way she praised you!" Adele's affectionate smile didn't match the apparent jealousy of her words. "Ed Matherson," she added, with a comically sudden change of tone, "it was *noble* of you, that's what I think about it. And I don't care who knows it!"

"Gosh, Adele, *can* that line of talk!" Matherson squirmed with embarrassment. "What's so noble in helping Skinny's girl out of a hole?—he'd have done it for you if things had turned out that way for him and me. Only it's just one of those kind of things a feller don't talk about much; that's why I didn't tell you." And, as Adele's hand tightened on his, he added hastily: "It was a good investment, anyway; she's going to pay me interest——"

"Yes, nine or ten per cent, of course, like those sharks you headed her off from," Adele interrupted with loving sarcasm. "No, Ed, don't pretend you weren't a mighty good friend to that girl. She feels it, all right; she says if she'd lost the ranch through not being able to pay for the improvements poor Skinny put in, the last year of his life, it would just about have killed her. Oh, Ed, to think that I've sulked for four days, just because all you'd say about that money was 'I've put it into land,' I—well, I deserve to be—there's the telephone!" she interrupted her contrite outpourings with disconcerting suddenness. "I'll answer it, dearie, I think it's from Mrs. Professor Judson, to tell me what time she wants me to come and cut her sandwiches for the tea to-morrow." She hurried out into the tiny back hall.

When she came back, she was radiant, transfigured—her husband thought as he looked at her starry eyes and flushed cheeks that he had never seen her look prettier. "Ed, what do you think? you'd never guess in the world—" and indeed he had hard work to follow her story, for she was too excited to tell it coherently. But at last he got it—most of it, anyway—and could rejoice with her in Mae Hunt's stroke of luck. "That leaves her nine acres, just about enough for her to manage," Matherson said approvingly. "Well, I told her to keep a stiff upper lip, and she'd sell the piece Skinny put on the market, if she'd just hold out for a good price. She got it, too—I'm mighty glad. Now she'll be on Easy street——"

"Oh, and she told me to be sure and tell you she'd pay back your loan right away," Adele interrupted. "I said I was sure you wouldn't want to hurry her—" ("Well, I guess not," Matherson put in gruffly)—"but she said she'd rather you had it just as soon as she got the money for the sale, for she supposed you'd want to invest it, or put it in the savings-bank. So I guess she'll send you a check pretty soon." Adele glanced at the clock, and sprang to her feet. "Mercy! I had no idea it was so late. I'll go for the children this minute, and get that off my chest; then we must get supper, if we want to eat before midnight. They're over at Mrs. Kelly's—I forgot to tell you, I guess—for I didn't want them all over the place while I was having my talk with you. I wanted you all to myself, dearie, while I 'fessed up!" She gave her husband a last contrite kiss and started for the door, but he put out a restraining hand. "No, wait a minute, Adele—I don't care how late supper is. I've got something I want

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to say to you." He cleared his throat desperately; it was awfully hard to confess. "Listen, Adele, I ought to tell you what I was going to do with that thousand dollars before I met Mae Hunt. I had an investment in mind that I knew you wouldn't approve of, so I didn't tell you, but I guess you ought to know. It was like this——"

But she stopped him, then and there. "*Don't* tell me, Ed," she said earnestly. "At least, not to-night. If it was something foolish, first thing I know I'd be blaming you, and the way I feel now, after the kind of idiot I've been, is that *I* want to be the one that's to blame in that quarrel of ours. Don't you tell me one single word! Oh, goodness!" as the doorbell pealed loudly, "that must be Mrs. Kelly with the children. The idea of her having had to bring them back." She hurried to the door, the confession unheard.

As she took her daughter on her lap a few minutes later to pull off the pink sweater and the absurd round cap that matched, Adele suddenly burst into delighted laughter. "Ed, I almost forgot to tell you, Sister's going into vaudeville some day, instead of the movies," with a twinkle that begged him to see this was a sprightly joke. "That little Dorothy Hunt, that time they came out for Thanksgiving dinner, taught her the cutest trick with those animal blocks—well, you'll just *die* when you see what she does. And if you'll believe me, that baby remembered, soon as she saw Dorothy again; she did it all, to-day, just as if she'd been rehearsing ever since! Smart's no word for her, I never saw anything like it. Here, I'll show you, if she isn't too sleepy to do it." Adele dived under the couch, to reappear with the box of blocks. She set Sister down on the floor, and shook the contents of the box out at the pudgy, sandalled feet. "Now find the funnies, baby-girl—watch her, Ed, don't lose a trick! She picks out three animals that she thinks a real joke, and acts like 'em. Dorothy says she taught her in about half an hour, and she never makes a mistake. Dorothy's just crazy to have her go through the whole alphabet, so I said next time Mrs. Hunt brought her out, they could spend the whole afternoon with the blocks and see how much she'd learn. Why what's the matter, Ed? What are you looking so funny about?"

Matherson swallowed several times, then he found his voice—or a portion of it. "Three, did you say?" he asked huskily. "She picks out just three blocks by herself? Which ones?"

"She'll show you—look, she's got 'em all. That's an ibex, on the I block, and she'll put her arms over her head for the horns, she's doing it now. Isn't it killing? She can't say ibex very well, but she does llama—that's the L block she's picked up now—just fine. And the owl's the cutest of all."

"Does she screw up her nose and blink her eyes, and say something that sounds like 'aw-ull'?" Matherson asked in a feeble voice. Adele looked at him with surprise. "Yes, have you seen her do it? When? *I* never seem to have time to watch her."

"She gave me a special performance one Sunday," the father of the vaudeville artist said dryly, picking up the three magic blocks and shifting them into a familiar combination. And as he once more read, OIL, his lips began to twitch, and the mighty laugh that is a life-saver in a tense situation rocked him from head to heels. The baby giggled, to match his merry mood, and after a moment of staring bewilderment, Buster and Adele joined in too. Helplessly, they all stood and shouted, until Adele pulled herself together with a gasping, "well, this isn't getting supper, and it's almost the children's bedtime. Ed Matherson, what's possessed you—have you taken a foolish powder!" She drove her family into the kitchen with determined speed, and lit the gas-stove. "Ed, you get busy before you feel another attack coming on. Run over to the store, will you, for a package of wheat pufflets? There's nothing in the house for the children's supper. And hurry, it's awfully late."

As he let himself into the store and switched on the light, Matherson, disregarding the injunction to hurry, leaned against the counter and looked around him with appraising and approving eyes. His little shop, his darling business venture—what a fool he had been ever to have thought that he wanted to do anything with his savings but put them back

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into *Au Bonheur des Co-eds!* What a place they could make of it, if they would spend money wisely on enlarging and improving it, and getting in all the novelties. Just as soon as Mae Hunt had paid back the loan, he would go in to Los Angeles and have a long talk with Joe Greenway, who had been so many years with Agnews and Pierce that he knew the grocery business from A to Z. Joe's advice was what he wanted, instead of messages from ouija boards and that kind of truck. He was through with *that*, all right! As to the baby's blocks—but this line of retrospect made him remember suddenly that Buster and Sister were waiting for their supper, and he hurried over to get the wheat pufflets from the cereal shelf.

On the counter just in front of it was an interesting row of attractive bottles—what were they? He couldn't remember what Adele had "featured" that afternoon in his absence. He picked up a bottle, and looked closely at the label. It displayed an alluring picture of an olive branch, bearing fruit that was purply, plumply ripe. . . .

Adele looked up wonderingly from the eggs she was scrambling, as he came charging into the kitchen, panting with excitement. "For heaven's sake, Ed, what's the matter *now?*"

"That part of the ranch that Mae Hunt's sold—is it the part Skinny put out in olives?" he demanded breathlessly. "Is the fellow that bought it going to sell ripe olives—or what?"

"No, didn't I tell you? He's going to make oil. He's a kind of a crank, Mae says, and he's got a notion that pure olive-oil is the finest thing in the world. He only bought the ranch because it had such good bearing trees— Good gracious, Ed, there you go again, laughing like a crazy thing. I do wish you'd tell me what's the joke."

"Oh, it's a joke on me, or Sister, or both of us," and that was all she could get out of him. Presently a saucepan boiled over, and she was so busy attending to it that she never heard him say under his breath, "oil, just exactly what the kid doped out. Can you beat it?" And then, with an odd little smile that meant anything you could read into it, he picked up his daughter, who had just toddled into the kitchen, and whispered into her ear:

"Say, Sister, I'd like to bet you Sid Hale would say there's something in that block stunt of yours, after all!"

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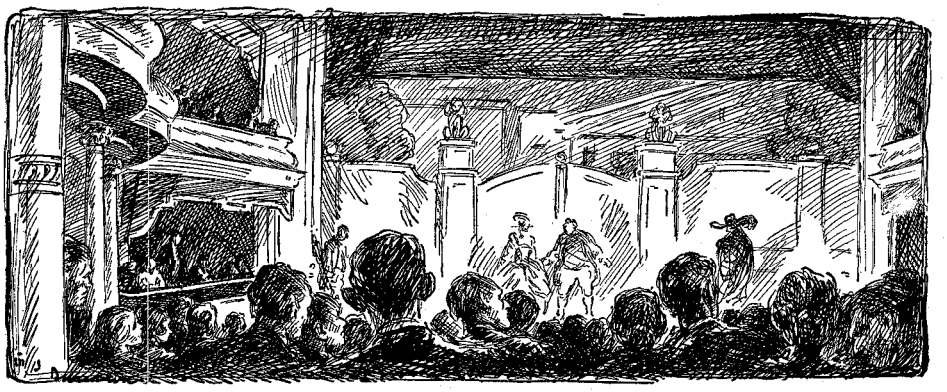

The play was precisely the kind that Roger Pender hated.

THE SOUND OF A VOICE

By James Boyd

Illustrations by W. J. Duncan

THE play was precisely the kind that Roger Pender hated, an historical drama, in which cheap, old theatrical devices had been clothed in new and expensive sets by a palpably incompetent hand. Pender was more or less of an artist; he deplored the galloping hoofs off stage and the spent messenger on a sleek hackney flecked with whipped cream. There were a dozen such big scenes. But what so exasperated the young man sitting there alone in the black, tense house was the fact that these same thimble-rigged tableaux thrilled him too.

He loved the theatre well enough to prefer going by himself. A newcomer to the city, he had no trouble doing this all he pleased. His shyness concealed a dry Western wit, and neither the one nor the other made friends for him very fast among the more majestic Beaux-Arts men in the architect's office. So he prowled around, conversing with lunch-counter neighbors, night-watchmen, and others with whom he felt at ease. In the restaurants he drew sketches of the diners on the white enamel table-top until his waiter, previously so oblivious, transfixed him with a beady eye.

Now he sat deprecating with a grin the little shiver which chased each piece of bathos up his spine and drove it home to an outraged intelligence. The Old Lodge Keeper had just recognized the muffled figure as the Marquis, his master, and was making the gesture immemorially assigned to ancient servitors on such occasions. As he performed his doddering evolutions, Pender started fumbling for his hat. He would stand no more. He would go to a café he knew. He could find reality there at least. Or, if some of the patrons were artificial, their affectations were of their own design, not the hired conventions of an ancient servitor. He had his hat now and started to leave, trying in the darkness to see what sort of people could be enthralled by such a play. He was convinced that all were persons of defective mentality. Then he recalled how nearly he himself had been ensnared by one or two scenes.

As he neared the lobby he felt a stir in the house—another thriller, no doubt. He did not condescend to turn his head, but marched on stolidly. Then far behind him, on the stage, he heard a woman's voice. One word only was spoken; spoken softly. Silence followed, but the tone still seemed to linger shyly in the dark recesses. Pender turned around and made for his seat, the single word,

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so trivial, yet so lovely, ringing in his ears.

A slim girl with a sweet, humorous face and a bright blue eye was standing beside the Lodge Keeper. She was evidently supposed to be his daughter. Waiting to hear her speak again, Roger grew impatient. Her part had obviously been written because in an historical play it is time-honored for a Lodge Keeper to have a daughter, and because one must show how delicately yet charmingly a heroic Marquis can modify his bearing toward a woman socially beneath him. So Pender had to wait. But when at last her line came, it seemed to him as though her voice set countless tiny bells ringing, infinitely faintly, everywhere. She appeared only three times, but she imparted character and freshness to a purely formal part. It was obvious that to do more would be to make the Marquis look absurd.

The final curtain went down on a living picture of that nobleman triumphant, and Pender, in a dream state, bolted for the street, and found himself searching earnestly for the stage door. His first venture proved to be a bootblack's establishment, his second the family-entrance to a saloon. He had never tried anything of the sort before; he was much too shy. But now his reticence had vanished before a fanatical intensity that he did not understand. A moment later he recognized the proper door and came face to face with Cerberus. Disregarding the portent of that dignitary's eye, he blurted out:

"How do you think I could manage to see Miss Darragh?"

Nothing could have been more fatal to his chance. For Cerberus, whatever his moral convictions, had in fifteen years at his post acquired an enormous respect for the pursuit of night life as a craft. The bungling antics of the novice moved him to sullen exasperation. He fixed on Pender a glance so baleful that the adventurer recoiled, convinced that Cerberus, solicitous for the personal sanctity of the company, imputed to him some sinister design. The implication was unjust but, as long as the custodian maintained silence, he himself could not explain. He retreated to the sidewalk.

He stood there, laboriously revolving his watch in his vest pocket, studying Cerberus around the angle of the door. The footsteps of a policeman approached and he fancied he was being narrowly observed. He considered lighting a cigarette to indicate his freedom from embarrassment, but, fearing the lady might appear at any moment, he whistled a few notes instead.

Two white shirt-fronts descended from a car and passed through the door. The face of Cerberus was cracked by a titanic upheaval into a leer of recognition. How had they managed so to establish themselves? He saw himself in a tail coat and high hat; with a stick and spats—no, not spats, of course—but white gloves and a gardenia. He saw himself in all these things, overwhelming Cerberus with his jaunty assurance. But when Cerberus, turned penitent, accorded him abject recognition would he return his obsequious greeting? Pender squared his shoulders; not much. He began moving up and down in a lithe yet stately manner, patting the top of his head as if he were giving the final tap to a top hat, then taking a few steps with both elbows slightly crooked. Imposingly he wheeled to return. There stood the lady of his adventure.

She was looking at him with some slight curiosity. He felt his magnificence leaking out with every other quality he ever had. He was conscious only of floundering toward the slim figure in a small brown hat and a small brown fur. Then, in a voice so husky and repellent that he could hardly believe it his, he heard himself say:

"Is this Miss Darragh?"

"What do you want?"

Her voice was now level, on one low note. There was not a gleam of encouragement, but neither was there any conscious rectitude. Groping for the best answer to her question, Roger heard as if at a distance his own words:

"I heard you in the show just now."

"And thought you'd like to get acquainted? Do you always try it this way?"

"I've never tried it before. That's why I'm so rotten. Then Cerberus there——"

He waved a hand toward the implac-

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able visage. The gesture gave him confidence.

"You came out unexpectedly while I was practising—perhaps you noticed?"

"Yes, I noticed."

He fixed on Pender a glance so baleful that the adventurer recoiled.—Page 215

"Well, I was preparing to overwhelm him."

"Yes, but you were—patting your head?"

"That was my high silk hat."

She summed him up in a glance, smiling not unkindly, and observed in a firm tone:

"Well, I must be going."

"I suppose you think there's something wrong about me?"

"No, I don't, honestly. You must be straight or you couldn't be so ridiculous. But when you're on the stage the only way you can keep them from talking about you is not to do this sort of thing at all. I'll have to say good night."

"You'd be perfectly right if it weren't for one thing."

"What's that?"

"The Fifth Avenue bus—the greatest civilizing influence in this city. But the people here don't know how to use it."

"That's silly—I always go home on one."

"The worst thing anybody can do with a bus. A bus—a bus is the one thing left in life that you can get away from home on—from home and the whole world. Why, I knew a man—but that's too long——"

"I know," she interposed hastily. "And I really must go."

"All right; we will meet here on Sunday afternoon for the purpose of discussing busses and riding on one."

"Think of it! I'd just started feeling sorry for you because you were so shy."

"Is two o'clock convenient?"

He was there before two. As far as eye could see the street lay shrouded in the Sabbath, dust-covered as though abandoned years before. Near by a dishevelled yellow cat arched his back against the leg of a chaotic waiter who peered down the street, flapping a limp and dingy napkin. Pender wondered whether the waiter was acquainted with Cerberus. What an appalling pair! Suddenly he saw her coming toward him with outstretched hand.

"How are you, philosopher of busses?"

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she asked. "Can you tell me why I am doing this?"

He bowed. "Very easily; on a bus. This way."

They lurched into a seat on top of the green monster, and Pender began to talk of the inner meaning of busses. He felt singularly keen and diverting in the presence of her silent intelligence. All the time he was longing to hear her voice. Yet he did not want to break through her reticence. He threw himself into the great Bus Philosophy.

He spoke of the oppressions of city life, only tolerable because unrealized, of the glorious freedom in swaying above the scuttling futile hordes. He recalled the Irish lady of uncertain age and alcoholic content who at every stop for fifty blocks had risen to address the public on the emancipation of the human spirit.

He spoke of the sun on the distant palisades, of the strange Afric climes of the Harlem. He spoke of journeying interminably through wholesale-clothing jungles to burst triumphantly into Washington Square; of coasting silently down star-strewn ways on rainy nights.

He pointed out the admirable temper of all who drive busses or collect fares, and quoted the remark of Peter Donohue when the fat lady's ball of yarn rolled down the stairs and far back along the street, unwinding all the way.

She laughed at that, and the laugh started her talking.

"There were some Donohues lived near my father in County Sligo. He used to tell me about them. Maybe they were the same family. They made jokes out of everything—especially the English. But the English got the better of them in the end and they had to come away, over here, the same as us. Though I wasn't born then."

They rode on without talking for some time. The park was gay with the vivid dresses of countless children picnicking that Sunday afternoon. There seemed to be no end to the brightly colored little groups, gathering around bulging picnic-baskets or playing games beneath the solemn gaze of enthroned babies.

"I'm convinced," he said, "that so many children can't possibly be contemporaneous. I believe there are a great many other children here, who only

"I suppose you think there's something wrong about me?"—Page 216.

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come back to play on Sunday afternoons in spring."

She smiled at him warmly. "You would like my little brother, I expect."

He nodded dubiously. "I don't get on with them very fast. I've too much respect for their individuality to take possession of them the way the people who are supposed to be good with children do. But if you will give us time, I have several little accomplishments——"

"Oh, he doesn't live here. It's too expensive. I've got mother to let me try the stage. It wasn't that I wanted a good time. I didn't expect one and I haven't had it. I just wanted to act."

He admitted then that he was an artist himself, and could see when other artists were making a study of their craft.

"Thanks. I think you mean that. It's the one thing I want—to be respected as an artist. What do you do?"

He told her, and by the way her face lighted up he felt that there they had struck hands across the gulfs of solitude. From then on they talked flowingly of Truth and Beauty with high hearts and the fervent dogmatism of youth.

Long shadows lay across the avenue as they came back, and down each cross street a golden haze was slanting. They got off at their corner and walked silently back to their rendezvous.

"Next Sunday?" she asked frankly.

"Naturally," he replied, and raised his hat.

It came to be every Sunday after that, and in the week Pender went often to see her play. But he did not again attempt the stage door. He longed to, and wondered sometimes on the way home whether he was too clever or too chivalrous to tempt fate a second time. In a few weeks the historic drama was taken off, but she had the good fortune to get a better part in a play that was just going into rehearsal. The Sunday rides kept on.

Those were the days that made the golden age seem real. He felt unknown and distant corners of his heart stirring with new power. He saw new beauty and touching absurdities in all his dull routine. His sympathies, reaching out to incredible lengths, embraced, secretly of course, even the majestic Beaux-Arts men. His reserved and whimsical spirit was exalted by a love, fantastic yet profound, of all of life and her.

One Sunday evening they were saying good-by at their meeting-place.

"What is your name?" he asked as he took her hand.

"Darragh is my real name," she said, and added softly: "But my first name is Eile."

"Eile, Eile," he murmured, and at that she broke away and ran down the street. At the corner she turned and he saw her small, white-gloved hand waving good-by.

She told him one afternoon about the new play.

"It's French. I'm supposed to be married to a man who is going insane."

"I am delighted that you are having an opportunity to accustom yourself to the situation."

"In the big scene," she continued, "he has to take a lighted lamp and crash it down on the floor."

"That sounds dangerous—and expensive. But I suppose they can get a man to take the part very cheap—just for the fun of doing it."

"And I suppose," she observed to a lion in front of the Public Library, "that this gentleman is trying to be funny. This is our street."

They walked back to their meeting-place.

"Sundays," he said, "don't seem to come as often as they used to."

"Now you're getting silly. Good-by."

She walked away. But at the corner she turned again and waved.

"Next Sunday," he kept saying to himself all that week; then "Eile," and the drawing-board before him would blur and fade away and a white-gloved hand would flash a shy farewell through the mist that veiled his eyes. Next Sunday would be a great day for him, he knew.

He was there beforehand, filled with tense, dangerous happiness. He noted with satisfaction the absence of the yellow cat. An animal of low ideals; it would have been a discordant element. Better the empty street. She was late and he composed a little joke about it to

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greet her with. Half an hour late—the little joke grew stale and flat. An hour late—he was tramping up and down, smoking furiously.

Suddenly, like a dull, unsuspected blow over his heart, fell the dreadful conviction that she was not coming. His mind turned dark, and in its chaos he heard the drumming of an old refrain:

> "He will not come," she said—
> She wept, "I am aweary, aweary.
> O God, that I were dead."

Over and over he repeated the words with no thought of their fitness. And as he walked through the endless afternoon other bitter fragments of that most bitter poem struck at him heavily.

He had been there uncounted ages when all down the street the tide of darkness began slowly creeping up the house walls. He stood still in the gathering dusk tightly clasping his hands together. Then he raised his eyes to the light still lingering on the topmost cornices. There, too, at length it faded, and the struggling flicker of hope in his heart went out with the last beam in the west.

He threw himself into the great Bus Philosophy.—Page 217.

For weeks he sought her everywhere. She had chosen to be swallowed up in the teeming millions. She was irrevocably gone. Still he kept haunting their old corner, interminably, insanely, as if the very potency of its memories could call her back. At last he excited a gruff but not unkind inquiry from the policeman on the beat, the same whose footsteps had once so perturbed him. Now in his lone-

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liness he told him the story. The ruddy, broad face grew thoughtful.

"Don't you worry, son. If she's wrong, it's God's mercy, and I ought to know. And if she's right, she'll come back, never fear."

How easy must life be, thought Pender, for a policeman with so simple and infallible a philosophy. But the words cheered him by their friendly intention. And after that they always passed the time of day.

This they did often, for Pender had now formed the habit of dining at the near-by restaurant of the dolorous waiter. Even this functionary's foreboding countenance had taken on some sanctity by virtue of association. He used to gaze at the solemn bird-like figure. If it and the yellow cat could be persuaded to reenact their dismal pantomime, would not she (ah, Eile, Eile!) miraculously reappear?

The summer and fall passed slowly by. He never saw a figure like hers that he did not hurry his step. He never heard a voice that, however faintly, echoed her tones, without turning his head. He haunted the theatres and became well known for his eccentricity. For he always left as soon as the last character in the cast had appeared.

By late autumn he had visited them all, even the most distant. The last atom of resiliency left his heavily settling heart. The only marvel left in a life that might have been so full of marvels was that he went on living and working when all the real Pender, all that God must have intended when he created Pender, had long since died. And yet no one in the office, for instance, noticed the gruesome occurrence. He wondered whether in his cheerful, confident youth he himself had associated, oblivious, with men who should have been buried months, perhaps years, before.

Without hope now, he still wandered disconsolately from one to another of the theatres which packed so closely that part of town. Sometimes he would enter; sometimes he would pause outside, searching restlessly among the passing throngs; and sometimes, when the sense of his loss, rushing upon him in a sudden fierce return, stabbed deep into a heart he had thought was numb, he did not stop nor turn aside but walked in blind and hopeless haste through crowds which thinned as the night passed, then through dead, empty streets, till at last he felt a small, soft breeze from the wan light in the east. Weakly he would creep home to bed.

One rainy November night he was hurrying down a side street when on a lighted sign-board he saw: "The Marionettes. Colombine, A Fantasy."

Marionettes—he had never seen any, though he had been one long enough. He grinned and went in. In the lobby he stopped to gaze at the scene through the high glass partition that shut off the house from outside noises. He was late and the little stage was set. In its foreground lay a tiny fairy ring of grass within the faint outlines of an ancient Roman camp. Beech-trees bent their cool, trim branches overhead, and, beyond, the rolling South Downs stretched away in the evening light to a silver streak on the distant sea.

Inside the ring stood an old farmer in a smock with a face as gnarled and whiskered as a clump of furze, and Colombine, slight and fair, unreal herself and gently surprised at life's reality. Pender could not hear them from where he stood, but their movements attracted him strangely. He watched her floating impalpably across the stage, making her precise, demure little gestures. He watched the old man raising his hands and bending backward in senile surprise. A country boy with fresh, grave face joined them, and the Ancient drifted out. The two, left alone, sat down side by side with a slightly rigid inclination, like a ceremonial bow. They were absurdly human, Pender thought, delicately grotesque. They had, too, an air of painful and touching limitation, ironically significant. Without the words their actions were futile and meaningless. Had his own frantic wanderings so appeared to the deity who watched the world from some celestial lobby; assuming, of course, that they were observed at all? He wanted to hear them speak, and, entering, slipped quietly into his seat. The boy was saying:

"Though somehow, now I sits and talks to you,
I keeps remembering things I never knew.
Just as though somebody slammed a door,

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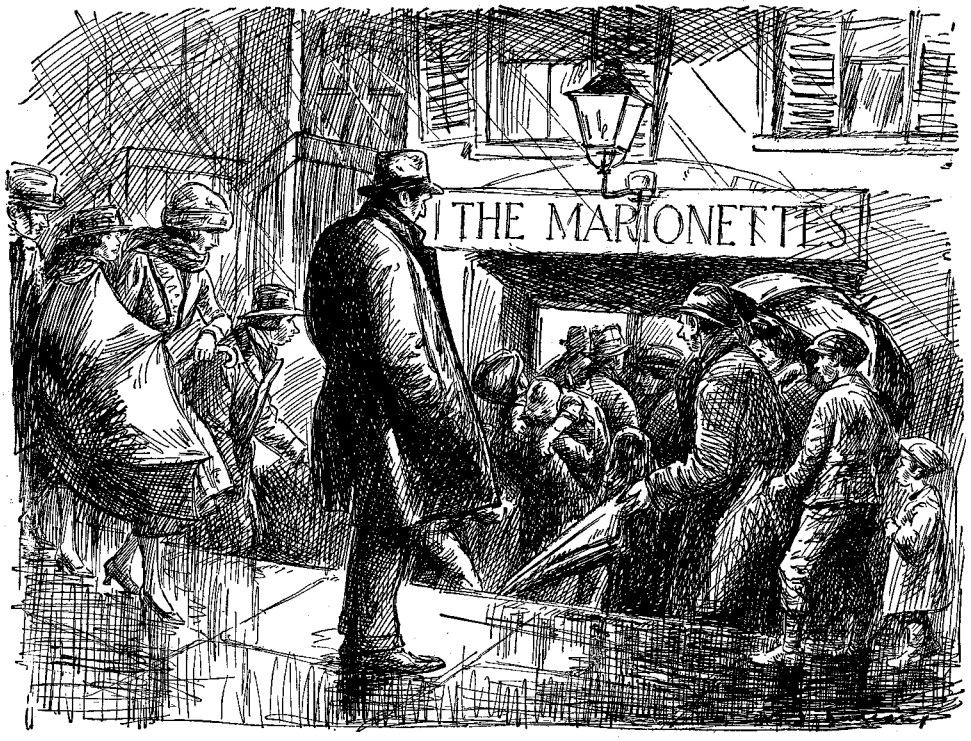
When you was going where you'd been before;
Leaving you in the lonely dusk to bide,
Wondering at what was happening inside,
Whether the folk you knew was there or not,
Whether you really knew and had forgot;
Whether you'd been there once when you was small,
Or whether you was never there at all—
'Tis plaguey awkerd, wondering, that it be.
And now I must be off—I wants my tea."

"'Tis plaguey awkerd, wondering"—



Marionettes—he had never seen any, though he had been one long enough.—Page 220.

how well Pender knew. The little figure on the stage rose with the slightest stiffness to go, and he marvelled how a single moment could so have attached him to this manikin of wood and strings. He hoped the country boy would come back again.

Colombine still sat amid her crinoline, cast down in thought at the shepherd's words. Then, as he reached the edge of the beech-trees, she raised her head and said:

"Good-by."

There was a click in Pender's brain like the opening of a water-gate, and, like water, all the strength flowed out of him till he was drained clean, and then came surging back in a drumming torrent.

"Good-by," she said. "And think sometimes of me——"

Think sometimes of her—think sometimes—he laughed with a catch in his throat as he ran up the aisle.

He passed any Cerberus there might be and all other things till he reached the back of the stage. There she was on the bridge, her slim figure swaying gently as she played her little Colombine on the stage below. Her face was hidden, but at the sight of her a great weakness and content came over him and he sat down on a box, trembling.

The manner of his entrance had convinced the company that he was a notable and he sat there undisturbed. He was, in fact, a notable, if only for an hour. For, as the play went on, her voice, like the sound of fairy horns, filled him with undreamed hopes and powers. Through its music he became again all that he

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A great weakness and content came over him and he sat down on a box, trembling.—Page 221.

ever longed to be and more. His past seemed full of an unguessed beauty and meaning for the future. Her voice from the bridge above him lifted him, filled his glowing heart with memories of her words and gestures, the little precious movements of her head.

The property-man was busy lashing the strings of the puppets that were no longer needed and thrusting them unceremoniously into bags. The play was coming to an end.

"I am knocking at the door, Pierrot,
Knocking and waiting there
For the sound of a step on the stair.
Will you open to me, Pierrot?"

The patter of hands from beyond told him that the curtain had fallen. He saw her raise her puppet to the bridge and sprang toward her. She gave him one wild look and covered her face with her hands.

"Eile," he said, "Eile."

"Go away, go away," she whispered, and began to cry.

He reached up and took her gently by the wrists—and saw. Across one cheek stretched a deep wound in a broad white line.

With a quick movement he swung her off the bridge into his arms. He shook his head once at her as if she were a wayward child, then kissed her on the scar.

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THE WINGED INTERLUDE

By Arthur Tuckerman

ILLUSTRATIONS (FRONTISPIECE) BY W. J. ENRIGHT

". . . One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."
—*Old Mortality.*

ROMANCE and adventure played but negligible parts in the life of Albert Edward Harker; and yet, in spite of the remorselessly prosaic existence which he realized he was doomed to lead, he was prone at times to suffer from utterly unreasonable and rather beautiful little flights of fancy—indescribable, elusive yearnings which had the effect, somehow, of making him vaguely discontented with the narrow groove of life into which Fate had unmercifully flung him.

Albert Edward taught mathematics; it was, apparently, his duty to God and mankind to elucidate the mysteries of First and Second Year Algebra to endless batches of apple-cheeked, dull-witted schoolboys. The worst of it all was that each yearly quota of pupils at the Deal Academy for Young Gentlemen seemed a little duller and a little more resentful than the last. It was obvious that they regarded quadratic equations in the light of a refined torture which Albert Edward had invented purely for his personal amusement. He had—to use his own vernacular—stuck it out at the Academy for five years, ever since he obtained the position at twenty-two, and those five years seemed more like fifty. Even the annual stipend of one hundred and twenty pounds did not prevent him from sometimes daring to think that he had, perhaps, been born for greater things—but there he was. . . .

He was an essentially commonplace young man to look at—tall and weedy, with slightly drooping shoulders and delicate, quite uninteresting features. His large brown eyes were candid and credulous. No one ever suspected him of possessing a romantic imagination, but in the privacy of his bedroom he devoured the works of Anthony Hope and Stanley Weyman, under trembling gaslight, until the dim, pale hours of the morning, and secretly longed to set out upon an open road, pack upon his back, in search of some amazing and quixotic quest. . . .

Once a month during spring term Albert Edward, to ease the chafings of a restless spirit, would undertake a week-end trip along the Kentish coast in the Little Devil. These jaunts into temporary freedom were, of course, made with the kind permission of Mr. Merryweather, the Head, who secretly thought Albert Edward a most peculiar young man, but worth humoring because he hadn't yet dared to ask for a raise of salary.

The Little Devil—as Albert Edward had affectionately and aptly christened it—was an automobile of rare vintage; it had been bequeathed to him by a remote but well-meaning uncle. It was very high and very short, and the passing of years had given its lustreless coat of brown paint a certain dignified mellowness. When Albert Edward started off in the Little Devil he invariably stupefied chance spectators by cranking it somewhere in the middle of its waist-line; he steered it by means of a treacherous-looking tiller. On account of the inherent fickleness of its two cylinders he gradually acquired a supreme knowledge of how an internal combustion motor ought to work.

On the green-and-white May morning which Albert Edward chose to start out upon his fourth excursion, the Head came waddling on to the schoolhouse steps to witness his departure. He was a colossal, purple-faced individual, this Mr. Merryweather, with a certain intermittent spark of humor, of which—like many men of his vocation—he was preposterously proud.

"Now, Mr. Harker," he admonished, wagging a fat finger, "mind you're back by Monday—seven-thirty sharp, as per usual."

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Albert Edward glanced up hurriedly from his task of inflating a rear tire.

"I'm counting on reaching Eastbourne this time," he volunteered, not without a touch of pride. "Better than Margate where I usually go. More style, if you ask me."

Mr. Merryweather nodded, and surveyed with evident approval the long, cream-colored dust-coat Albert Edward was wearing.

"Out to conquer the ladies?" he suggested, with engaging facetiousness, and then laughed the gurgling subterranean laugh of a fat man.

Albert Edward flushed becomingly as he prepared to crank the Little Devil.

"Women never so much as looked at me," he murmured modestly.

A sudden and violent explosion, a spurt of pungent blue smoke, and he glided majestically from view.

Not many miles beyond the red roofs of Hythe, where the chalk ribbon of a road commences to wander aimlessly in and out of the sand-dunes, Albert Edward halted the Little Devil by the roadside, dismounted, and strolled leisurely toward the sea. The salt tang of the breeze gave him a new-born sense of exhilaration, brushed from his weary mind the last of the algebraical cobwebs that had persisted in lingering there; the luxurious crunch of the soft sand beneath his feet gave him a sensuous little thrill of pleasure. He climbed to the crest of a dune and the waters of the Channel came suddenly into view—an exquisite, scintillating expanse of bluish silver, so pitilessly vivid that it stabbed his eyes to look upon it. He halted and flung wide his arms in an impulsive, epic gesture of joy. It is lucky that no peering eyes saw him; perhaps they would not have understood. . . .

On the flickering horizon, bright as a knife's blade, he could just discern the faintly white cliffs of France. France! To Albert Edward the word had the exotic sound of some mysterious, unattainable land.

As he gazed seaward he became conscious of an insistent humming in the air, a sound not unlike the distant drone of some gigantic bee. As he listened it grew louder—rapidly—until it merged into a brisk, metallic roar. He turned round hurriedly to discover a great white aeroplane swooping over the Kentish downs toward the sea, its propeller flashing a silver cascade in the morning sun-shine.

Aeroplanes were, of course, a common sight to Albert Edward; almost daily a dozen or more of them droned over the coast-line, on their way to and from Paris. Even the pupils at the Academy had long since given up a lurking hope of seizing five minutes' relief from quadratics on the pretext of a passing mail plane. He dismissed this one with a casual glance and hurried back to the Little Devil.

He began to chug decorously down the road toward Dymchurch, where a squat Norman tower rose grayly above a pink-and-white screen of May-blossoms. The aeroplane came whirring over his head, casting a swift grotesque shadow upon the white road. Presently it veered westward and disappeared beyond the church tower.

He passed through Dymchurch at a respectful gait and emerged once more into the countryside. Two miles farther on he rounded a sharp curve—and nearly ran over a girl.

She was standing in the middle of the road, feet planted firmly apart, waving her arms aloft. Albert Edward applied his brakes, and descended from the heights of the Little Devil with grave dignity. He found himself face to face with a small, vital, feminine creature, clad in a double-breasted leather coat, khaki breeches, and puttees—and, quite naturally, he was speechless. He was not at all used to being accosted in public highways by damsels in breeches.

He could not help noticing two little strands of burnished gold which her leather helmet had failed to imprison completely; they fluttered in a helpless, fascinating way about her ears.

"What do you know," began this strange young person abruptly, "about ignition trouble?"

His heart seemed to give a little jump at that. What did he know about ignition? (It was as if the damsel had met Hall Caine upon the highroad and asked him what he knew about the soul of Woman.)

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"We've all had our troubles with ignition," he said, nodding proudly at the battered hood of the Little Devil. "I happen to know quite a bit about such things."

She clapped her hands gayly.

"Oh, goody!" she cried. "Oh, goody! Then you can help me!"

He looked at her in momentary surprise. That word "goody"—he had never heard it before. She must be an American, then. All Americans talked queerly—more or less.

"My plane," she went on to explain, "is over in that field yonder. The motor stalled—and I nearly gummed the whole works, making a forced landing."

Albert Edward was now firmly convinced that she was an American—a Yank.

She took off the goggles she had been wearing then and he gave an involuntary, sharp little intake of breath. She was without doubt the prettiest thing he had ever seen.

"Listen!" she said breathlessly. "I'm in an awful fix. My name is Jane Lawford, and I'm competing in the Edinburgh-Rome race——"

"Rome," he interposed dazedly, "is in Italy—if I remember my classics."

"Exactly. But please don't interrupt. I and four other aviators started from Scotland before dawn this morning; they flew single-seaters, but I carried a mechanic with me, for safety's sake; I could afford to, because my motor was a good deal more powerful than any of theirs. At the London control two of them had given up, and I was leading the Frenchman, Leduc, by nineteen minutes. Near London my mechanic was taken desperately ill, and I had to drop him there. Now, can you help me?"

"I'll do my level best," he assured her, grinning.

"You're an angel!" said the damsel in breeches, and forthwith plunged through a hedge, beckoning him to follow.

To Albert Edward the great white bird looked strangely forlorn, standing there in that silent, empty field. He hurried to the nose of it while she, on tiptoe, opened the hood for him. The twelve-cylinder motor stood revealed to him, a compact mass of gleaming metal.

"O-o-h!" he said, "what a beauty!"

He threw off his coat and fell to work. He called peremptorily for tools, and the girl brought them to him from the cockpit of the aeroplane. Ten minutes later he turned to her, perspiring and frowning.

"It's your wiring," he explained. "It's weak—in pretty poor shape. Bound to give you trouble sooner or later. If I may ask it—how do you happen to be flying without a knowledge of ignition?"

She tossed her head indignantly.

"The magneto's an entirely new type to me—that dual ignition system; I got it specially for the race. I was relying on my mechanic in case of trouble—and London hadn't another man ready to take his place. You see, I couldn't afford to wait."

"It's my opinion," he insisted, "that this is bound to go back on you for good—sooner or later. Unless you nurse it at every place you stop."

She stamped her foot.

"But I can't waste time at the controls—sending for French mechanics who wouldn't understand an English motor. You say if I was to take care of it there's a chance of it holding out?"

"A chance," he admitted glumly.

And then, suddenly, she turned to him, a challenge in her keen blue eyes.

"Then you must come along with me, and nurse that ignition at every control!"

"Me!"

He dropped the tools that were in his hands.

"Me!—with you—to Rome? Oh, cricky!"

Her hands went to his lean shoulders, and she was looking straight into his eyes.

"Aren't you the kind of a man who'll take a chance? I've just got to win; it means the realization of all my ambitions. There's a prize of ten thousand pounds, too, and you'll get well paid for your services."

She hurried to the cockpit of the aeroplane and came back to him an instant later with a leather coat and a pair of gloves.

"Here!" she cried. "These belonged to my mechanic. You'll need them. Slip them on—quick!"

For an instant he gazed wildly up at the blue sky, the scudding banks of opaque white clouds. He looked then at

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the girl, and saw her firm red lips drawn taut with anxiety. . . . Adventure! Adventure at last!

"I'll go!" he shouted magnificently.

It was really like a dream, a rather beautiful dream from which he dreaded to awaken. Far, far below him lay the Straits of Dover, intensely blue and astonishingly flat—a pool of indigo upon an artist's palette. Here and there a brown smudge of smoke marked a steamer crawling down to the Atlantic. Looking back he could see England, a mere patchwork of light and dark green that sheered off abruptly into a shimmering, colorless haze. He was not conscious of any appreciable sense of motion; he seemed, rather, to be floating, pendulous, in an infinite blue void. . . . Only the roar of the motor and the keen lash of the wind against his cheeks reminded him that he was travelling at a great speed. Now and then the plane swayed gently from side to side as it encountered some aerial cross-current.

Ahead of him he could see the girl crouching low over her controls, bending forward now and then to peer at the row of dials on the dashboard before her—dials where tiny needles trembled and shifted, each pregnant with some meaning of vast import. He was conscious, at first, of a laughable feeling of superiority over the crawling world beneath them—and then, gradually, a serene sense of restfulness. . . .

They sped over the coast-line of France. He saw the girl glance hurriedly at the roller-mounted map before her, saw her give the control stick a slight twist to the left. Between his own knees, which he had cautiously spread apart, a duplicate control moved uncannily to the left—in unison with its mate; he watched for the effect of it with a fascinated stare. The plane heeled sharply over on its left wing and veered southward—so swiftly that he found himself clutching his seat and muttering a tense, fervid prayer. At his feet a duplicate rudder bar shifted gently to the left.

They passed over Le Touquet with its summer villas straggling along the edge of a sombre forest—and then Etaples, but a sprawling patch of gray in the midst of pallid salt marshes. Presently Albert Edward drifted into an almost comatose state of perfect contentment. His mind was static; he didn't want to think about anything; he only wanted to live—and enjoy living. . . .

Minutes turned into hours, and still they flew. The country below them was very different from Albert Edward's beloved England, a country of endless, undulating fields, of straight white roads bordered by dignified rows of poplars, of isolated red-roofed villages. Now and then the gleaming ribbon of a railway line or the sluggish curve of a placid, colorless river.

The sun dropped lower in the sky, but seemed to gain intensity; it became a crimson ball of fire, and its oblique rays shone into his eyes and dazzled him. Late in the day they approached a region of vineyard-covered hills and deep, narrow valleys. And then, as they droned over a ridge of scarped peaks, there appeared miraculously a great city of spires and towers, and old, old houses whose windows glittered like rubies in the red rays of the sun.

The control between his knees suddenly slipped forward. The motor ceased to roar; the wind sang a strange, sweet pæan through the bracing wires between the wings. He saw the earth shooting up toward him, whirling in a blurred kaleidoscope of color as it came. A wide green field, a swaying black line of humanity. . . .

They touched the earth lightly, as a bird comes to rest.

"Dijon!" announced the girl, taking off her goggles and smiling at him. "The capital of Burgundy. Does the name suggest anything to you?"

And Albert Edward, for once, revealed a little of the poetry that was within him.

"It makes me think," he mused, "of dukes in shining armor; of white horses and banners. . . . And also it makes me think of cobwebbed bottles of thick, dark wine."

"Why!" she exclaimed, "you're quite poetic, aren't you?"

He flushed.

"Hardly that, miss. Hardly that. I'd better be looking over the motor, hadn't I?"

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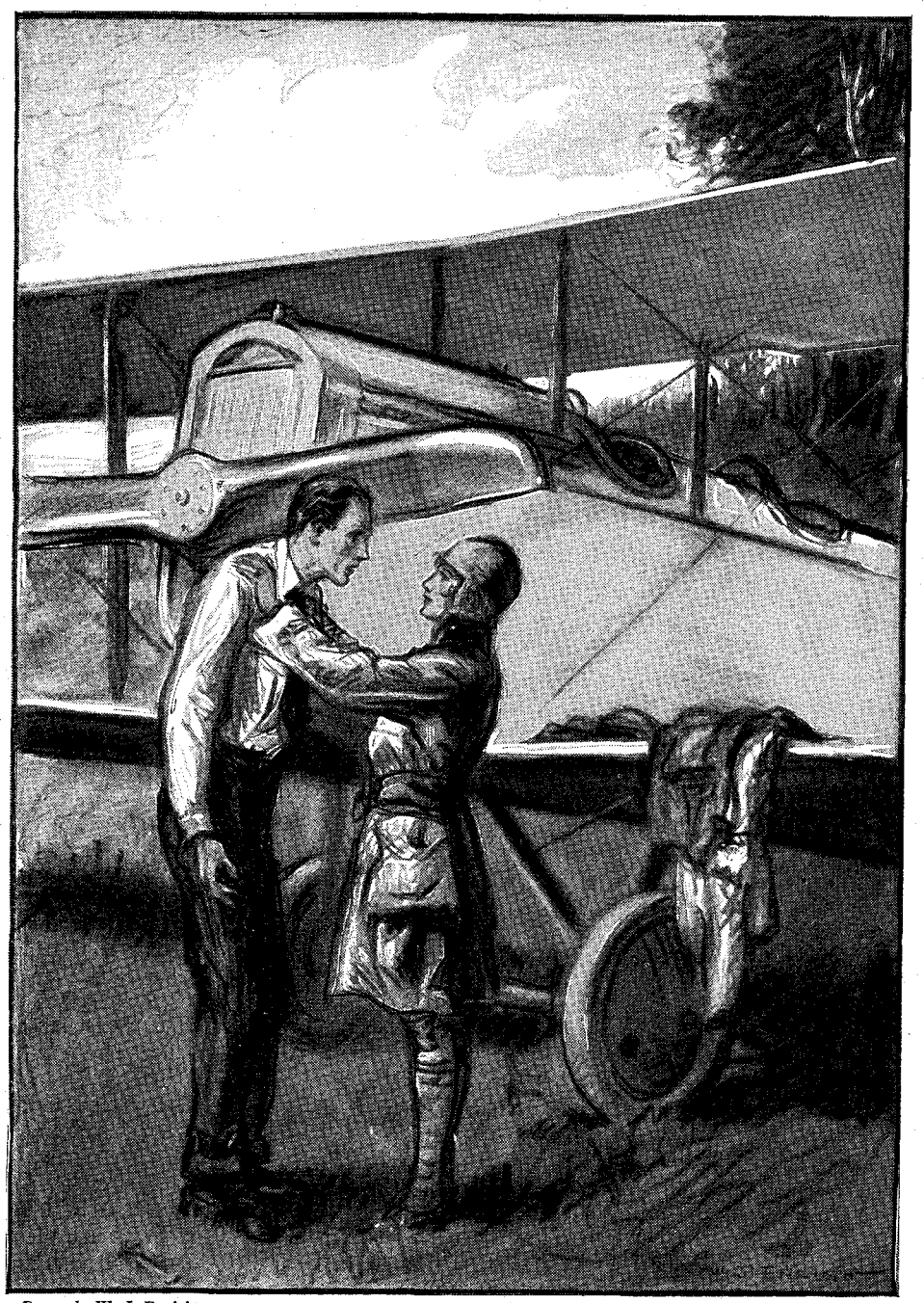

Drawn by W. J. Enright.

"Aren't you the kind of man who'll take a chance?"—Page 225.

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She hurried to the control booth through a surging, cheering crowd, and scribbled her signature on a gigantic time-sheet. Meanwhile Albert Edward, hatless and perspiring, inspected the capricious motor. Mechanics appeared, but he waved them aside grandly.

"We're well ahead!" the girl cried exultantly, when she had rejoined him. "Leduc was delayed at Abbeville for two hours with motor trouble. We've got a good chance of winning. And now, I think, we'd better have something to eat."

She led the way through the crowd toward a wooden structure that looked like a kind of club-house. It was hot, insufferably hot, and Albert Edward felt strangely dizzy. Presently they were on a cool, shady terrace filled with many little white tables.

"We've got ten minutes," said the girl briskly. "What shall we have?"

"You order, miss," he suggested, in polite embarrassment.

"Cold chicken and champagne—will that suit you?"

Cold chicken and champagne! Surely, then, it must be all a dream!

Night, and they had been flying many hours. A virginal moon, playing hide-and-seek behind the scudding clouds, shed a fitful light that made Albert Edward feel vaguely uncomfortable. Once he ventured to peer over the side of the plane into a purple abyss, and discerned a gleaming patch of snow far, far beneath him—and he drew back, shuddering. The night air, with a new and icy tinge to it, stung his face like the lash of a whip. He was conscious of a nervousness that he had not known before; he found himself thinking, over and over again, of what would happen if the motor should suddenly cease its work—if they should plunge down, down into that dreadful inky void. . . .

He saw the girl lean forward swiftly and switch on the dashboard light, to illuminate the altimeter and its companion dials. . . . Fifteen thousand feet. . . . His hands and feet were numb with cold. The feeble yellow ray of the diminutive globe gave him a ridiculous sense of comfort.

His thoughts turned to the girl. He was frankly puzzled. What kind of woman was this, he thought, who faced the triple terrors of speed, height, and darkness without so much as a qualm of misgiving? He discovered that she had completely upset his preconceived ideas of her sex. He had, to tell the truth, looked upon women from afar, as soft, rather pleasant little bundles of humanity; if you came to like one of them particularly you married her—and she took care of the house, and cooked, and brought up the children. . . . An elementary creed, perhaps, but not peculiar to Albert Edward by any means. . . . But this girl! Maybe it was because she was an American that she was so—well, different; they were queer, noisy people, he knew, who lived on the other side of the Atlantic; shouted a good deal, and sometimes accomplished tremendous things. Of course, that accounted for her!

He was roused abruptly from his musings by the stopping of the motor; it did not cease to fire in the curt, incisive manner he had grown accustomed to—it gave, instead, several wheezing gasps, and presently died out altogether with a sputter. They began to slide downward steeply, giddily—just as he had dreaded they might do. For an eternity, it seemed, they dropped through sheer space . . . there was a fierce, insistent ringing in his ears. . . . The moon, suddenly deserting the last of the drifting cloud-banks, came out to flood the sky with a silvery light, and Albert Edward thanked God when he saw that they were over a valley, that the mountain peaks were behind them. Like some great eagle seeking a resting-place, they wheeled and circled under the moon until—at last—there seemed to be undulating fields below them. The altimeter needle had fallen to fifteen hundred feet. . . . He saw the girl lean forward and touch some hidden lever; a moment later a stream of blinding white light drifted down from the plane toward the earth, spreading out cone-like as it fell, until the field below was bathed in its circular glare.

The needle slid to six hundred feet, and the girl released another parachute flare . . . three hundred feet, two hundred—one hundred.

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They struck the earth rather heavily, and Albert Edward stood up, gasping for breath, realizing that only the girl's great skill had saved them.

"Gas pressure dropped to nothing all of a sudden," she explained breathlessly, "and then the emergency tank wouldn't work! Get that electric lamp from under your seat, will you, and we'll find out what's the matter."

After a clumsy search he found it, and its white beam was very welcome. He hurried forward to the motor, lifted up the hood. Presently he displayed to her a short section of copper tubing.

"Split at one of the joints," he explained tersely. "Vibration, probably. No wonder your pressure dropped to nothing."

She gave a little moan of despair.

"It could be soldered," he murmured tentatively, "if we could find a place——"

Her old enthusiasm seemed to return at that.

"There were lights over yonder, in a hollow. I saw them when we were coming down."

His memories of what followed during those hectic hours upon the Alpine slopes are, at best, vague. He recalls a long, stumbling walk through the moonlight to a sleeping village, knocking at the doors of white, silent houses—at last, a blacksmith's shop and a genial bearded giant whose buttonless shirt revealed a hirsute chest. Conversation by means of ridiculous signs and gestures. . . . Again—a seemingly endless vigil beside a great forge that flared up into the night and made the sky suddenly crimson, while the giant pottered about among his implements, and worked with an altogether incredible lethargy. After that, two hours of sweating work in the field under the feeble glow of an oil lamp, to replace the mended feed pipe. The girl, pale and nervous, at his side, murmuring constantly to herself:

"We must go—we must. There's a time limit. . . . We've *got* to reach Rome—by dawn."

It must have been after one o'clock when the task was completed. The blacksmith trudged away, well paid for his work; Albert Edward and the girl were alone again. He looked at her, and saw the deep violet shadows under her eyes.

"You're tired!" he blurted out. "Dog-tired!"

She nodded.

"I've had no sleep since dawn. The longest flight I ever made before was six hours. But we can't give up—now."

Ten minutes later they were again hurtling up into the darkness.

Albert Edward became drowsy after that. The song of the motor, the steady rush of the keen night wind presently lulled him into a fitful slumber. . . .

He awoke to find a primrose sheen in the sky and the top of a red sun stealing above the eastern horizon. They were flying over a flat country; he could distinguish certain objects on the wide purple plains below them—olive-groves, white-walled farmhouses, geometrical patches of well-cultivated land. The sky changed slowly to a rich carmine; from carmine to a gorgeous blend of pale blue and gold. And then, away in the distance, Albert Edward saw Rome, a silhouette of towers and domes, black against the flaming horizon.

He became suddenly aware of a curious sensation; they were flying steadily enough—but it was different; he knew instinctively that something was radically wrong. Terrified, he peered forward through the brightening gloom, and saw that the nose of the plane was tilted downward; they were descending, with the motor roaring at full speed; the girl was sitting motionless in her seat, her head nodding queerly over one shoulder—and Albert Edward knew instantly that she had fainted, probably from sheer exhaustion.

They were falling earthward so quickly that he couldn't think; he clung giddily to his seat as the plane heeled over on its left wing-tip, at a forty-five degree angle. The control stick, unsteadied by human hands, had slipped forward. . . . His mind was in a whirl; vague, incoherent thoughts crowded each other for space within his brain; he couldn't think—he couldn't think. . . . Hardly conscious of what he was doing he stretched forth a trembling hand and drew back the control stick to the central position. And then, with a great sigh of

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relief, he felt the craft right itself, saw the nose of it glide up to its normal position. He slid his feet forward until they rested lightly upon the rudder control bar; for a moment fear was driven from his mind by a sudden, wild exultation; he, Albert Edward, was an aviator!

He began to wonder how you descended. Did you cut off the power before you started to go down, or after? He prayed fervently that he might remember these things. He had watched the controls out of sheer curiosity all the previous afternoon. Only yesterday—and it seemed æons ago! . . . The city was rushing toward him; already he was passing over a forest of slender factory chimneys, a tangled network of railway lines that shone through a saffron haze of smoke. Houses now, hundreds of them, sprawling against each other in a blurred, horrible mass. . . . The air-speed indicator registered one hundred and fifteen miles an hour. . . .

And then, beyond the curving bank of a wide yellow river, he saw for the first time a placid stretch of green meadow, and in the centre of the meadow was a white cross—just such a cross as he had seen when they landed at Dijon. He realized that this was his goal, the first real goal that had ever been given him to attain; he knew that he must try to reach it—that he must not fail.

"Rome—by dawn," he said to himself. And then, almost hysterically, as a warm ray of sun fell upon his chilled shoulders:

"Icarus had wings, long ago . . . but when the sun came out they melted, and he fell . . ."

He laughed aloud, like a man gone silly.

He decided to cut off the motor and swing the control stick forward—of this much he was sure. Once again he heard that shrill, plaintive moan of the wind through the bracing wires as the earth came reeling up to meet him. With a sudden sense of almost physical sickness he realized that he was not going to land anywhere near the meadow—it was away off to the right, beyond the river; he dared not attempt a turn, because he didn't know how. . . . The river, of a sudden, loomed up very near and menacing—a swirling, foaming torrent; he must escape it—he must . . . what could he do?

It was then that he spied a friendly little patch of earth almost directly ahead of him, squeezed between two groups of closely huddled houses; it seemed, somehow, to be actually waiting to receive him—as if God had put it there, he thought. . . . He swung the control back abruptly in a desperate effort to "flatten out" as he had seen the girl do, time and again. Perhaps he did it too soon—or too late; he could not tell. All he knew was that they were falling in a new and peculiar way, with the plane in an almost normal, horizontal position; it was grotesque, laughable. . . .

After that the whole world came crashing blackly about his head. . . .

If any one chances to meet Albert Edward to-day and asks him to describe the chaotic happenings which followed his arrival at Rome he becomes helplessly inarticulate. In his mind he retains but a series of confused pictures, unconnected, yet almost cinematic in their vividness. He remembers first opening his eyes to find himself in a gold-and-white bedroom, a place of sunlight and buzzing voices. Doctors at his bedside, whispering.

"Nothing serious . . . a scalp wound. He'll be up and about in a day."

He sat up in bed and tried to ask for the girl, but his voice was strangely weak, a hoarse whisper. In a moment she was at his side, and he saw that she was pale but unhurt.

He next recalls riding beside her in a luxurious motor-car through wide city streets, where the cheering, flag-waving crowds surged about them, leaving an aisle scarcely wide enough for them to pass through. A long white banquet table in a stately marble hall; two endless rows of dignified, gray-bearded gentlemen in evening dress. Speeches, impassioned, but incomprehensible. Some one rose and presented him with a check—a consolation prize for himself and the girl. He had broken the rules, it seemed, by piloting the plane for her! He remembers bowing and grinning his thanks to a sea of blurred pink faces, the roar of a thousand handclaps. . . .

After that he and the girl were dined and fêted at many houses. For some reason he found himself a hero, and he

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was too simple and natural not to enjoy it—for a time. The girl at his side was gay and joyous, and very, very beautiful—a fascinating creature, clad in soft feminine garments now; he found her utterly and puzzlingly different from the stern-lipped young person who had piloted an aeroplane over Alpine peaks in those bleak, black hours before dawn. Of course they talked together of many things: he told her detached little details of his life at Merryweather's, of the boys, of the Little Devil—things that seemed far, far off, almost as if they were part of some one else's life and not his own.

And then that last picture, as they stood together on the crowded, dimly lighted platform of the station, just before the Calais express was due to leave—to take him home. She had come to see him off, and all the way to the station he had talked to her fluently, gayly; but now, at the last moment, his tongue had suddenly left him. For the first time in his life, perhaps, he was a victim of deliberate self-analysis; he knew that he was intensely happy and intensely miserable at the same time—happy because of the fleeting present, miserable because of the swift-approaching future.

He glanced at the girl beside him in furtive admiration; she wore a soft, silken thing, wrapped closely about her slim figure; her white neck gleamed under the flickering rays of a station lamp. He noticed, too, the tiny silvery tips of her slippers. Pretty things like that . . . she deserved them; they had been her birthright. Albert Edward realized, all at once, how infinitely removed she really was from him. . . . He felt, suddenly, a queer little stab within him.

The train was due to leave in three minutes.

"Well—it's good-by, I suppose," he said lamely, and drew a deep breath. "It's been more—wonderful than I can explain——"

He averted his eyes from her.

"Perhaps," he added—and it seemed to be some one else speaking, not himself—"perhaps it's better, after all—that I'm going. If I stayed on, you see, it would begin to—hurt."

He gave a mirthless little laugh. Her eyes widened.

"Begin to hurt? I—I don't think I understand."

He shrugged his shoulders in a little gesture of bitterness.

"You wouldn't—of course. Anything hurts that you begin—to want, and know you can't possibly have."

For a long moment she looked up at him in silence.

"I think," she said softly, "that you're a very brave, but very silly boy."

And then she utterly bewildered him by suddenly standing on tiptoe and touching her lips to his; a gentle, gauzy kiss, like the touch of a butterfly's wings. . . . She had understood.

As the train rattled northward through the purple darkness of the Campagna Albert Edward fell into deep thought. For many minutes he sat motionless, staring unseeingly out of the carriage window. Funny, wasn't it, how people came into your life all of a sudden and went out of it after a while, like—like birds alighting on your window-sill for a brief moment, and then winging their way onward, the Lord knows where. . . .

A schoolroom in England. A tall, weedy young man in shabby clothes was standing before a blackboard. He closed the book in his hand abruptly.

"That will be all for to-day," he announced wearily.

The pupils swayed and jostled toward the door, frantic to reach the sunlit playground—all but one small boy who lingered behind.

"Mr. Harker," he asked shrilly, "how did you get that funny scar on your forehead?"

The young man's eyes became incredibly wistful.

"Trying to reach Rome—by dawn," he said. And added cryptically:

"It's the best thing about me, laddie—the only thing, in fact, that really counts."

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OUT OF THE HURRICANE

By J. Edward Macy
Author of "Sea Ginger"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY OLIVER KEMP

THE steam-yacht *Juanita*, homeward bound from Funchal, Madeira, after touching at Port Hamilton in the Bermudas, was skimming the shadowy sea like a dolphin, with those slumberous isles some three hundred miles astern. About her the night floating on the silvered ocean was gentle and soothing as a nun's blessing. In the nearer waters stars glimmered like submerged candles burning; but the stars on high shone with a fixed lustre like holes pricked through to heaven. I was standing at the rail dreamily watching the jets and dashes of phosphorescence that flashed seethingly by, when I became aware that Alice Dorn was standing at my elbow.

Presently she spoke, softly, musingly: "What shall we name it? Silence? An infinity of silence? And what makes it so appalling? Is it the reserve of strength that seems to lie in its deep quietude? And do you men of the sea get your silence from it, and your reserve of strength, too? There is an old saying that 'silence is wisdom and gets a man friends.'"

This was a bit too much for me; I could only push back my visored cap and wait for more.

She looked at me and I knew she was smiling to herself. "You must be wise as Solomon, Mr. First Officer," she breathed with mock gravity.

"And the friends?" I queried. "Will you be the Queen of Sheba?"

Surprised, she laughed slightly. Well might she laugh, being some years my senior, and having once sipped the cup of matrimony to find it wormwood. Then, too, she was a guest and sister of Prescott Alden, the Crœsus who owned the yacht.

"You're much more gallant than the captain if only a little less taciturn," she went on in her faintly preoccupied way. "He must be appallingly wise, your skipper—wise as an oracle. But I'm afraid he doesn't want me among the friends. I tried to cultivate him this afternoon, and he almost dropped his pipe in his hurry to get away."

Poor Brand! It was a new experience for both of us—this hobnobbing with the plutocrats, after eight or ten years at raw sailoring.

"He's so different from Mr. Alden's usual captains," she went on, still a little absently.

Viewing her beautiful, haughty profile, I debated. Assuredly Brand was different; his value as a novelty was what had led Alden to engage him. But I wouldn't hear him slurred, if that were meant. "Being more silent, he probably has more friends," I suggested shortly.

She looked up quickly. Slowly withdrawing her pearly arms from the rail and turning, she murmured: "How loyal you men are to each other!" Then she strolled across to where the thirteen-year-old Adria Alden and the fourteen-year-old brother Melvin, with the help of the governess, were scanning the stars.

That parting comment had been shaped by her own trouble. It contrasted the loyalty of women; it betrayed her deep resentment toward Mrs. Alden for what was now marring the voyage. Just before we hove anchor at Port Hamilton, there had come springing over the side a fine specimen of the dark, temperamental type of man, with a face made strong by slanting patrician mustaches and by the shadows and lines of sensitiveness. The Aldens had called him Harry and introduced him as Mr. Dorn, and from the children's prattle we knew that he was, or had been, Alice Dorn's husband. But what a muddle he had brought! Despite their efforts to lessen it in the eyes of Major Blakely, a friend met at Funchal whom Mr. Alden—as I had over-

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heard him explaining to his wife—"simply had to invite to sail home with them"; despite their efforts to keep the skeleton in the closet from all of us; the tension could be felt everywhere. Mrs. Dorn, after the first white heat at finding herself afloat with her cast-off spouse, had turned almost as cold toward Mrs. Alden, if not toward her own brother, as toward Dorn himself, whom she snubbed and avoided without mercy. Marvelling that such a snarl could occur among such well-ordered lives, I let my gaze pass from her white figure joining the star-gazers to the dim form of the interloper pacing forlornly to and fro at the port quarter, with his cigar glowing intermittently like a revolving red light.

A moment later Captain Dick Brand joined me. The silent oracle was a little above thirty, a raw-boned, young Abe Lincoln kind of fellow, save that his features were bolder and his frame heavier, and as thorough a Yankee as the New England shores have bred. His pipe sparked ruddily in the starlight as he leaned back against the rail beside me. I turned, and for a time we were comrades in wisdom, viewing the brisk, shadowy deck-scene in silence.

The level deck was continuous from stem to stern. The two rakish masts forward and aft and the jaunty stack just abaft the pilot-house swayed gracefully against the constellations above. The hum of engines, the slam of a fire-room door below, the swirl of waters in the gloom overside, gave the sense of warm and comfortable speed that only the fast steamer inspires.

Presently Brand drawled an observation in his humorous way: "Nice little play-boat, ain't she?"

I grunted an assent. "We've had a good trip, too," I added reflectively.

"Aye, it's been fair-weather sailoring so far. But down home they'd say ye'd better be knockin' on wood." He turned, rapped the rail with his gnarly knuckles, and stood watching the dark swell heaving in from abeam.

"Glass still falling?" I asked.

"Going down like a shot in a hammock. Not a catspaw of wind, though, yet."

When he resumed his former posture, a slow sigh escaped his big lungs. "I'll be glad when it's over and done with," was his muttered confession. "Then hooray for the good old wind-jammer again!"

He smoked awhile musingly. When he took his pipe from his lips, his tone was a whimsical growl. "You and me scraping and bowing and smirking round in these here monkey-jackets like some one was turning the crank for us, with our brass buttons and our white caps! Why, last night in my watch on deck I peeled off this dum coat and furled up my shirt-sleeves, just to see how 'twould feel to get my elbows bare again."

I chuckled, and again he smoked.

Eventually—"They're nice folks, Sturgis," he said absently. "They're the salt of the earth. But we're the salt of the sea, and the two don't mix well, somehow-ruther. At least I find it so. And the more I see o' shore life the more contented I am with my lot."

Thoughtfully I observed that shore life held advantages, that of home and family for instance. This, as I might have expected, only nudged his dogged bachelorhood to rear its head.

"Mebbe, mebbe," he doubted. "I guess likely they all enjoy it!" His eyes came to rest on the interloper's pacing figure. "But the more I see of it, the more I say they're welcome. Give me the freedom and the vigor of this good old salt pond. Marrying, and family squabbles, and sickness, and property mix-ups!"

We had talked little of the disagreement among our passengers, though the shadow of it had often darkened our conversation in this implied way. But I was growing curious. "How do you account for the Aldens' inviting Dorn aboard at Port Hamilton? They must have known the relations between the couple."

"Well, thar's little to go by; but according to my reckoning the Aldens have kind o' sided with Dorn in whatever little falling out they've had and they thought mebbe the lady had weathered the storm of her feelings and would make up with him if they could bring them together—compulsory-like, and they got up this little conspiracy to test the notion. Looks like they didn't know Mrs. Dorn, don't it?"

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This seemed the solution. The husband himself had probably been a party to the plot, for his manner toward Mrs. Dorn had been almost supplicating. But he had quickly abandoned it. As was plain to be seen, he had a bit of pride of his own.

"No, sirree!" Brand was muttering, half to me, half to himself. "None o' this marrying and giving in marriage for me. It's like the mince pies I used to eat when I was a lad—lots of fun but too much risk of trouble afterward."

Before my second chuckle subsided, the two children came fluttering across the deck to us, followed by the governess. "Is that Aldebaran, Captain Brand?" asked Melvin—"that big star above those three bright ones, over there? I thought it was, but Miss Prest and Adria say it isn't."

Brand gave his pipe one more puff before dousing it in respect for the lady, and peered across at the star. "That feller over there?" he said. "No, that's old Beetlejuice. Aldebaran's that big bright chap just a step and a straddle to the nawthard of him."

"Oh, come and tell us some more!" cried Adria, tugging at his hand. He was worshipped by the children.

"Yes, do come, Captain," seconded Miss Prest. "They are much too full of questions for me to-night." Her hair was a misty light turban in the dimness, but her glowing cheeks and the dark eyes that looked up at him seemed as vivid and exuberantly alive as ever. She was a Vermont country girl who had served as nurse to the children, until their attachment to her had induced the Aldens to keep her under a new title, adopted in deference to Master Melvin's pride of growth. Since leaving Madeira she had been the pole star of Major Blakely's firmament. Laughingly they hauled my friend across the deck. With them at least he felt in place.

Soon afterward came a sudden lurch of the vessel, followed by a heavy rolling that bespoke a series of larger swells coursing up from the southward. Across the deck Brand straightened and looked about. The southerly stars were waning hazily, but the slow-heaving water was still unruffled by wind. "Thar's two things at sea that never lie," Brand was wont to say. "One's a dead sailor; t'other's the barometer."

I had the watch till midnight, then Brand relieved me and I went below for a four hours' sleep.

II

THAT sleep was barbarously shattered. At first I thought my crown had been hit with a marlinespike; then, coming to my senses, knew that I had been catapulted against the headboard of the bunk by a shock from which the vessel still quivered like a wounded deer. The screw was turning, but the hull was swaying far over to port and the noise of passing water had come to an ominous stop.

A leap out of the bunk, a lightning wriggle into clothes, a race into the alley and up the companion-ladder—ignoring Adria's wail of fright and the calls from the other rooms—and I was on deck. The night was much darker; in the south the stars were gone. The vessel's long dip to port had been countered by a deep floundering pitch to starboard, from which she seemed helpless to rise. At the jingle of the enunciator-bell the engines stopped. Up forward a voice was bawling for all hands. A white-clad seaman came dashing toward me.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Don't know, sir, but we've struck something. The captain says to tell you to rig and man the deck-pumps, and I'm to turn out the passengers right lively. Engine-room's flooding already, sir." He vanished down the companionway.

Even while he was speaking, I observed the growing slant of the deck toward the bow. The yacht rose and sank to the swell, but heavily, with sodden lifelessness, as though water-logged. She was foundering by the head.

With four men who came scampering aft I started the great levers of the hand-pump, though a dull throbbing proved the steam-pumps at work. Scarcely three minutes had passed when a muffled shock occurred below, followed by a hiss and roar; a bulkhead had given way and the craft was filling; at the same time the bow seemed actually to have dropped under water, so steep was the new cant of the deck.

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From down near the pilot-house Brand was hailing: "Aft there! Mr. Sturgis!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"All hands clear away the after boats! Stand by to abandon ship!"

I repeated the order. But men had been trapped below decks, others had been caught by the sea that washed over the forecastle when she plunged; only three seamen and the steward with his sack of biscuit and butt of water appeared at the port boat; two more could be seen struggling with the davit-falls of the starboard. As the Aldens and the others, fairly clad, flocked about me—the women horrified but contained, the children crying and wailing—Brand's form leaped out of the darkness, bareheaded and coatless, climbing the rise toward us as one springs up a steep hill.

In an underbreath he muffled his swift words from the others: "She'll slip under any minute, Sturgis. Hold fast that port boat; the weather 'll be too heavy for it later even if you can lower it on this slant; instead, get 'em all into the sailing-launch; I'll see what can be done with the other boat." He was off again, looming fantastically for a moment like a man crossing the slant of a barn roof.

For an instant I stared after him. The "sailing-launch" was nothing more nor less than a sizable whale-boat stowed on the deck—an accessory picked up at Ponta Del Gada and carpentered with stern side-seats and a centreboard, to provide the children with a trusty boat to be sailed about in, at home and abroad. How possibly could it be hoisted over the side now? Then I comprehended. A call to my men fussing with the boat-gripes, a quick slash at the lashings and a casting off of the cover, a frantic pounding out of chocks, and the big boat was clear.

The footing was rapidly growing slippery. "Get in!" I told them. "Get in—lively please!"

The gunwales were high. Mr. Alden and the major helped over Mrs. Alden, the children, Miss Prest, the maid; then turned to Mrs. Dorn.

"Come, Alice!" urged her brother.

"Be quick, dear! get in!" implored Harry Dorn anxiously. The tide of peril had swept away all but the rock of his past tenderness.

She stiffened and glanced disdainfully at him, her face tensely pale above a brown cape she had snatched and wrapped herself in. It was the hauteur of a great resentment rising above the crisis of externals; it prefaced the deadliest slight I ever saw administered by man or woman.

She peered around: "Isn't there another boat I can take?" she inquired with an affectation of composure.

"Why, Alice!" exclaimed Alden.

Dorn stepped back. "I'll take the other boat, Alice," he said quietly. "You get in here."

"For God's sake, man, come back!" I called after him; but he was gone.

It had all happened in a flash. But now a sudden lift of the deck sent a chill through our veins. Alden and Major Blakely scrambled aboard just as the boat began to move. Two seamen on one side and I on the other, setting our puny strength against the probability of her fouling, ran down with her, and with a mighty shove as her bow took the rising water, leaped aboard. Luck sheered us clear of the stays and floated us out into the blackness of heaving seas, where I worked her farther with an oar. Looking back we saw the *Juanita* rise to her doom. Against the northern stars the silhouette of the yacht's stern lifted with the slow stateliness of colossal things to a poise nearly perpendicular, then dived noiselessly out of sight.

As the waters closed over her there rose a cry and a faint scream or two. Then a great maelstrom caught us, whirled us around, and fought furiously to suck down the smaller craft after her departed sister. This quieted; we began rising and falling steadily with the sea. I stood in the stern-sheets anxiously peering about.

There was nothing visible but a sombre waste of starlit ocean. In the bow the sailors were helping a rescued seaman, identified by the pale sheen of his white ducks, over the gunwales. I scanned the nearer waters. Distinctly I saw a hand grope toward the boat and sink back. With the steering-oar—and it now appeared that this was the only oar we had—I wore the stern around and grabbed the hand. Alden helped me haul the man in. It was Captain Dick, almost drowned

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by the suction of the wreck and badly dazed by a blow on the head received in falling.

III

WITHOUT oars, without enough wind to fill the sail were it hoisted, we floated helplessly. Though I managed to scull a bit with the steering-oar and we shouted to attract possible swimmers, we made no further rescues, and soon settled down to wait for day and what day might bring.

The cheerlessness of it was ineffable. The gloom of the waters was only slightly less appalling under the ghostly gray of faint starlight than it grew when even that dull light faded and the waves darkened into alert black shadows leaping and groping upward. The shaded desolation of the Styx became the muffled jet of a subterranean sea.

There was little speech. Blakely passed his coat aft for Bertha Prest's shoulders, and I shed mine for little Adria's. Toward morning, Alden raised his head from his hands and asked Brand dismally: "What did she strike?"

"Was it a reef, Captain Brand? Was it a big rock?" pressed Melvin's high key.

There was no answer; on my right I sensed, rather than saw, Brand staring vacantly before him like one stricken.

The young major's disgusted voice sounded from amidships: "Didn't they keep any lookout on the ship?" The question was aimed at Brand, of course, but silence again followed.

Capfuls of breeze began to blow from the northeast, and the pale forelight of dawn found us lifting and dropping on broad and ever mounting swells. The wind steadied and rose, twirling up the swift crests and flinging them back in spume. The sun crawled up in a feverish crimson, as though drugged. The south was piled high with jagged black clouds flashing lightning. From horizon to horizon we were the only floating object visible; and for us, considering the approaching tempest, there seemed but short respite. No mariner could meet the impending weather in a vessel's boat and expect to live.

Standing at the long oar, between the two rows of white faces, I looked down on Captain Dick's bowed head at my right and tried to think. Next him sat Bertha Prest, in a blue kimono, her misty hair hastily knotted, still tendering a wet handkerchief to his leathery brow; for after stanching the blood from his scalp-wound he had been feverish. Dully he raised his small turquoise eyes to mine, and stirred as though forcing himself to consciousness.

Leaning nearer, he spoke to my ear. "The wind's rising and steadying to the nawtheastard; the swell's veering a mite to the eastard. Hoist sail now and keep her on the starbud tack, full and by."

I gave the orders. The seamen stepped the mast, flung down the sail, and passed the sheet aft. The steward, on the afterthwart, took the rope and changed seats with Alden, at my left, to tend it. Another moment and we had begun what seemed a bootless splashing through a watery gehenna.

"But aren't we going to look around for the others?" Mrs. Alden demurred. "Mightn't there be some one floating on a plank or in a life-preserver?"

The only reply came from her husband, who had cruised enough to be something of a seaman. "It would be quite useless, Edith. Even if we could tell just where the spot is, no one could have outlasted the night in a life-preserver, and there was nothing loose on the boat to float on. And besides, we lay right on the spot for a time and our shouts would have at least raised a hail."

"And if our trying to run away from what's coming is of any use at all," I declared, "the waste of an hour might mean life or death to us."

But Major Blakely, stroking his tiny mustache ponderingly, immaculate in his creamy silk shirt, wondered why we didn't put back toward the Bermudas. He shifted to the next thwart aft and began arguing to the heavy round-faced Alden, gesturing with his hands.

"But mother, where's Uncle Harry?" whined Adria.

"Sh! He's drowned," Melvin undertoned to her, with a nudge.

Brand's order had set a trying course, running neither before the wind nor before the sea but obliquely across both. As both were rising it appeared but a

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scared attempt to flee from the inevitable. At the end of an hour spray was dashing upon us, seas were thumping against the gunwales and slopping ominously over them, and the hands were baling actively. The sky was heavily overcast, and the mist and spindrift whipped up by the wind began to obscure distances like a fog.

Although hard driven to keep the helm steady, I glanced often at the others. To rough sea-dogs all this was merely ill luck come too soon; but to these happy, gentle shore-folks it was horror and tragedy. Bravely they strove to smile and to keep up one another's spirits, but as time passed and distress and peril grew, they sat resignedly still, save Adria's crying and Melvin's sudden frightened whimpers, and the clatter and thump of baling cans. Save also Mrs. Alden's words with Alice Dorn, which I could not help but overhear. The latter was sitting beside her on my left, a statue of queenly womanhood.

"Must old friends die with ill will between them, Alice?" asked the gentler woman, strengthening her voice to stem the gale. "Won't you forgive me for arranging with Harry to meet us? We all thought that if we could only bring you together—" A sob checked her.

"I forgive you, Edith," was the clear-toned response. "But you might have known it was of no use. I would never have divorced Harry if my love for him weren't dead—and worse than dead."

Mrs. Alden looked at her. "Can you still feel bitter against him, even in such an hour—and he gone?"

"He struck me, Edith!"

"In your quarrel you angered him—angered him deliberately with your proud way—beyond the strength of a proud and sensitive man to bear."

But the regal one lifted her wet, white chin and gazed off at the foamy turmoil, disdaining reply.

Another hour passed. To ease the tension Alden doled out hard-bread from the steward's bag. It was a cold, wet luncheon, munched with shivering lips. Straining warmly against the oar, I pitied their drenched inactivity.

Alice Dorn refused the food. Presently she turned to her friend and renewed the discussion. "You mention ill feeling, Edith; but what about you? I suppose you're hating me horribly for sending him away from our boat—to his death."

"No, Alice, I only think your nature extremely hard. If we die, that piece of cruelty will have made little difference; if we are saved, your conscience will be your judge."

"But *you* judge me; you've always judged me, Edith; you've always sided with Harry."

"No; but I've been sorry for him."

"He struck me."

"To forgive is divine."

"Listen, Edith. Secrecy matters so little now that I'm going to tell you something you've never dreamed. I *was* ready to forgive Harry after a year. I went to his apartment. The elevator boy said he was out, but his rooms were unlocked and I went in to wait for him—to surprise him, Edith! It was I who was surprised. Adjoining his chamber was another—a woman's! And to make the sting worse it was furnished with some of my old things! I left instantly. Now you know the true reason why I divorced Harry for striking me."

Edith Alden looked at her aghast. As I swept the long oar over, my face moved close to theirs, but they were as unaware of me as of the cataract of spray which at that moment dashed over us.

But now the helm took all my care and strength. To keep the craft from broaching to, and being swamped by a beam sea, was becoming no easy trick. The storm was overtaking us. None but this large, staunch type of boat, with its high pointed ends, could have kept afloat an hour. And to any sailor it was clear that our peculiar course made both hardship and hazard greater. To fall off and run more before the weather would have been much easier. As it was, the criss-cross of wind and wave soon became terrific. Slantwise from the starboard quarter charged huge ridges of green brine, with boiling sides and steaming tops, that loomed above us for a gasping second, then flung us high into the air, only to drop us lurching and yawing to meet the next; slantwise from off the starboard bow pressed a gale that pounced

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on us as a savage cat mauls a hurt and skittering bird, tearing at our sail and often pressing the lee gunwale breathlessly under. It was as though the elements were competing, the wind striving to capsize us before the sea could whelm us. Now a great splash over the bow, now a deluge over the lee gunwale, now a great swash over the quarter from one of those pursuing monsters. Spray and spindrift were like an endless stinging shower-bath; water swirled about our feet. Several times I failed with the oar, and once she luffed badly, shipping a sea over the quarter for punishment.

It was then that Major Blakely rose angrily and bawled above the tumult to Captain Dick. "How long are you going to keep this up! Why don't you either let her run before it or lie to? What sort of a sea-captain are you, anyway?"

Brand and Bertha had taken Adria between them, trying to shelter her with their bodies; Brand was looking stronger; but he merely eyed the mutineer silently and his silence was enraging.

Blakely staggered over the after thwart, clinging with one hand to the side, looking as drenched and angry as an Adonis under a pump, and shook his finger. "Are you a mummy?" he shouted. "If you don't show some competency soon I'll take charge of this boat myself."

That prodded the young skipper to speech. In his clear voice that could pierce the roar of a tempest like an arrow, he hailed one of the seamen. "Hagan. Take that water-butt, stave in the head on the stem-post, and give it to the major thar to bale with."

Then he looked at me from under the bandage Bertha had swathed his head in and said quietly: "I'll spell ye soon, Sturgis."

The military man was calmed into resuming his seat by Alden's sympathetic though deprecating gestures. The empty water-butt was flung to his feet, where it rolled and thumped idly.

Another hour passed. With the feeling of exhaustion creeping upon me grew a sense of wonder that the storm was not overtaking us more swiftly. At length the steward sang out to me from near my elbow. He was a sallow, weak-voiced English chap in a blue jersey. I thought something must be ailing the sheet; but no, bending my knees I caught the surprising words: "Mr. Dorn was a good man, sir!"

Startled, I wondered whether the fellow's mind was gone.

"He was queer, though, sir," he shouted on. "Had queer notions, sentimental. I used to be his valet, you know; 'twas him got me this 'ere job with Mr. Alden."

Seizing a moment I turned my head and peered down at him. What was he driving at? Surely he knew that the lady next him had been Dorn's wife. But a self-conscious yielding of his eyes enlightened me. He knew who she was; he had heard the discussion between the two women; he was shouting for their ears.

After a nervous laugh—"Sentimental, sir!" he repeated. "Some woman he'd known! Kept a room all fixed up with her things as though she lived there. Used to spend hours sitting in there alone mooning. Heard him call it to himself once 'Alice's room.' His orders was always to keep it dusted and ready in case she came. Sentimental man, sir, was Mr. Dorn."

Again I was striving with the oar, but out of the tail of my eye I saw Alice Dorn slowly sit erect and stiffen, staring into Edith Alden's eyes. When I caught her figure again she seemed to have sagged and fainted.

And now I pitied her from the bottom of my heart. She was a good sort. What a discovery for a woman to make in the face of death! The husband whom she had first goaded into giving her a bitter grievance, then when he craved forgiveness scorned as an immoral cad, and lastly in the hour of fate wounded and mortified with the sharpest cruelty, had been not only perfectly true to his profession of love, but unbelievably, almost fantastically, devoted to her memory. The very circumstance which she with a proud woman's jealousy had seized on as proving his perfidy, had been turned by a shout in a storm into evidence of the most touching loyalty. And she had spurned him in that last moment together. There was no chance now to set it right. And if by a miracle she should be saved, what a memory to live with! And how her friends would scorn her!

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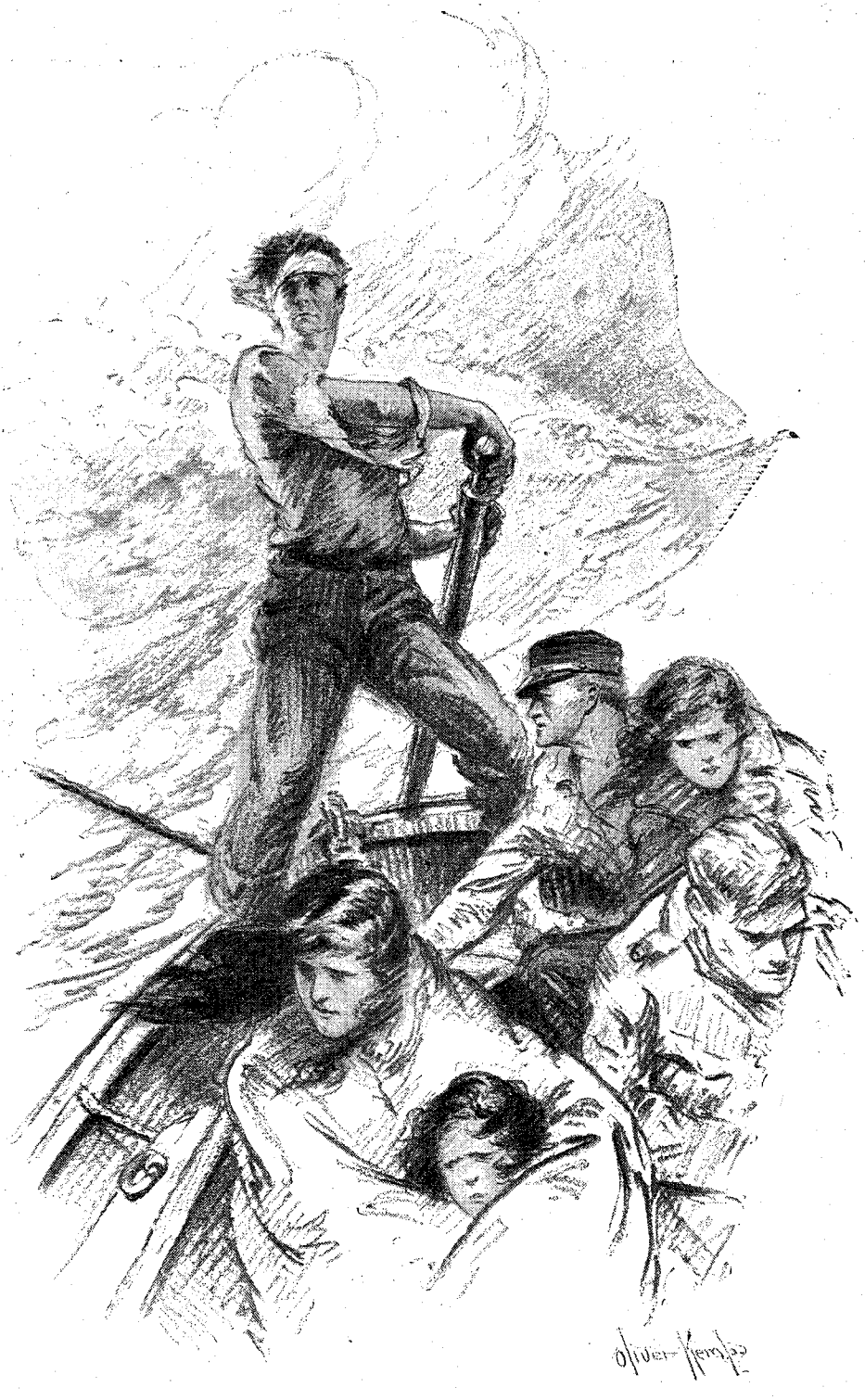

Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

He had saved his strength and skill for the rougher weather that now bore down upon us.—Page 240.

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Perhaps this distraction had kept me up longer, but now I was spent.

"I'll take the helm," called Captain Dick. With a smile of approval he relieved me and I flopped into his seat. There had been wisdom indeed behind his stolid silence. Having used a whaleboat more than I, he had saved his strength and skill for the rougher weather that now bore down upon us.

A picture he made, standing with knees flexed, brown arms and brown throat bare, his swelling muscles ruling the oar, his clear eyes peering into the storm from under the blood-stained bandage, his soaked linen shirt fluttering against his skin. A king of the sea; a captain of men; master of ten thousand Blakelys and a legion of Aldens, fine though they were.

Another hour advanced our trial to its crisis. The murkiness of thick weather hastened on the darkness of coming night. Numb, the women exhausted by exposure, the children wailing unheard, endlessly chilled by splash and spray and the wash about our legs, we began to wish it over and done with. How Brand kept us afloat was a marvel. Again and again the boat filled to the point of swamping, and time and again we renewed our baling frantically. The major was now plying the keg with a will.

Amidst it all Alice Dorn sat immobile, calmly waiting. Her face was the face of one to whom death was unimportant; of one so humbled as to be unresistant in mind or body. Set off by her damp hair gathered back into a single night-braid, it was the wet face of a girl convert softened and spiritualized by immersion.

All at once a greater sea deluged us all. The sail luffed. The water swirled about our knees. Screams and cries rent the misty dusk. Though I grabbed the keg and bellowed to the men to go on with the baling, the final moment seemed at hand. Yet we floated. Again the sail filled away.

Then came Blakely and Alden wading aft, followed by Hagan the big seaman, clinging to thwarts and gunwales against the heaving of the boat, shouting and gesticulating wildly.

"You fool!" stormed the major. "You ignoramus!"

"Make a sea-anchor and lie to," bawled our employer.

"Shame!" Bertha cried at them, so sharply that I glanced at her. The girl's face was a vision of white anger, under her hood of damp light hair.

But Brand was looking off down the wind, ignoring them. "Slack off your sheet," he ordered the steward; and we lay flapping perilously with our stem held to the sea by Brand's herculean management of the oar.

Faintly through the hubbub came the long dull moan of a whistle, and almost immediately loomed hazily above us the black thrashing bows of a steamer.

IV

If human capacity for delight is a work of the elements themselves, wrought by contrasts of treatment—by first massaging the primordial protoplasm into growth, then chilling, slapping, warming, and easing its progeny into excitability—our rapture upon finding our dripping selves on the deck of a vessel was the scheme's supreme triumph. She was the U. S. coast cutter *Marigold*. In her swaying wardroom we collected, while swift preparations were made among the officers' rooms—opening from each side of the passageway that joined this common room with the cabin—to receive the weaker. Then in those blessed little abodes the almost torpid children were dosed and put to bed, Mrs. Alden and Mrs. Dorn were undressed by the unconquerable Bertha and helped between warm blankets, and the almost unconscious maid was treated similarly. We men were stowed temporarily in the cabin and lent officers' outfits. Coffee was brought; but our rescuer, Captain Eaton, advised every one to lie still and if possible sleep for an hour at least, while the women's clothes were being dried in the ovens, and while the cook prepared the repast of our lives.

Inklings of circumstances filtered down to us. The cutter had been sent out to break up a reported derelict. She had come upon it in the morning watch while putting back to elude the storm. Its floating hulk was submerged to the rails except for the peak of the bow, and on

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Drawn by Oliver Kemp.

For a moment they stood thus.—Page 242.

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this they had found a man—one of the *Juanita's* engineers it appeared—with his left wrist made fast by a loop of his belt to a ring-bolt. He was almost drowned by the wash, but revived quickly and told of the yacht's abrupt foundering, gored to the vitals by a projecting anchor-fluke, and of the whale-boat's escape. The man was now up forward among the petty officers. But we were too drowsy and weak to talk much.

At last, thrilling with the bliss of warmth, hungry as sharks, we assembled round the wardroom mess-table; Alden, Blakely, Brand, and I, with Mrs. Alden and Bertha. The children and the maid were unequal to it, as was Alice Dorn, who was reported in collapse. "She just cries and cries," whispered Edith to her glowing spouse.

"I want to shake the hand of that skipper of yours," declared Captain Eaton, entering the room. He was brown and lean, with clipped black mustache, alert dark eyes, and a direct, sea-dog, speak-as-you-think way of approach.

"I want to do the same," approved his first lieutenant.

Brand, who was still standing, received their compliments in smiling, modest taciturnity.

"But wasn't it luck that you should chance on us!" said Blakely fervently. "It was the luck of a lifetime."

"Luck?" questioned Eaton, turning. "You owe little to luck, sir. You owe your lives first to the resourcefulness that thought of launching that stout whale-boat down the deck, and second to the seamanship that could tell a tropic snifter when it hove in sight, and knew enough to sail away lively on the starboard tack and keep out on the edge of its whirl. Stuck to his course, too, I'll wager, through merry hell. I figured he'd try it if he was any sort of heavy-weather man, so I followed and searched after you."

"By Jove!" murmured the Crœsus.

"I think we'd better all shake his hand," said his wife.

We all did. And Blakely's apology was so sincere and manful that Brand was visibly moved.

We took our seats, Captain Eaton sitting at the table-head for company and host, and the serving was begun by two colored stewards.

But the late master of the *Juanita* was still puzzling over one point. "This engineer you picked up, Captain," he mused; "I wonder which one it was and how he managed to get clear of the wreck——"

"Queer fellow," Eaton chuckled. "At first he wouldn't give any account of himself; acted quite the aristocrat; but when we sighted you he owned up he was only an engineer and asked to go forward where he belonged. I've sent for him so you may identify him and we can get the log right."

As he finished, his executive officer reentered from the companionway with a man clad in borrowed dungarees. The man was Harry Dorn.

The surprise was complete. We all sprang to our feet to greet him, the Aldens rushed upon him in a transport of glee; then Mrs. Alden burst into tears. For the next few minutes verbal chaos reigned; after which our fellow survivor was plied with questions. Brand, innocently enough, asked him whether he had heard our shouting and why he hadn't sung out. Dorn gave no answer.

Suddenly the door of a stateroom opened and a flutter sounded in the passageway. Alice Dorn, white-gowned, wild-eyed, and ivory pale, her loose brown hair a flying cloud, sprang toward us. "Oh, Edith!" she cried, "I keep hearing his voice! I'm going mad! It was his voice, Edith!"

Her friend hastened to meet her. "There, there, Alice," she soothed, embracing her. "It *was* Harry's voice, dear. He's here. He was rescued."

Slowly the bloodless face—no longer haughty and cold, but crushed as a penitent virgin's—was lifted. Then the deep shining eyes peered over her shoulder and saw Dorn standing at his chair eying her. In his face the strong sensitive lines were set in an unrecognizing mask. For a moment they stood thus, then the woman dropped her head, turned, wept, and was led back to her room.

But here I could not control myself. Jumping from my chair, I caught Dorn's sleeve and drew him aside. At my first words he bridled as at a stranger's presumption, but before I had finished his

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eyes brightened and his mask melted. "Go in to her, man," I urged. Alden was at my elbow. "Go in to her, Harry, old man," he seconded. We led him to the door and pressed him in as Edith came out.

Leaving the Aldens whispering together delightedly, I turned back toward the others. Blakely was muttering some explanation to Captain Eaton. On the far side of the table, Captain Dick and Bertha Prest were standing together.

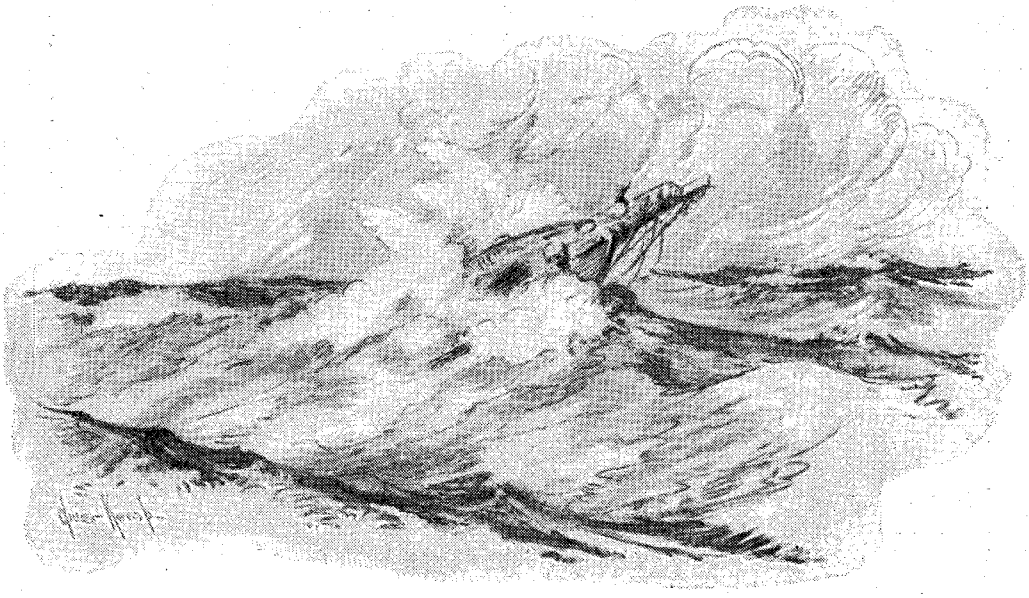
I stopped and stared like a ninny. They were holding hands; they were gazing into each other's eyes, smiling that wistful, searching smile with which mating souls are wont to blend.

Soon we were dining gloriously, as unmindful of the whirlwind and the swaying deck without as playing children are of the world's woes. Before long Dorn brought Alice out, walking slowly with head laid on his shoulder.

She sat beside me, and as she gained strength began to talk a little. Once she whispered to me: "It seems that your oracle was as wise as he was silent, Mr. First Officer."

To her surprise I answered loudly enough for Captain Dick to hear. "But he's not always such an ocean of judgment. One of the foolishest breaches of both silence and wisdom I ever heard a man make was one he made last night anent his mother's mince pies."

The oracle's keen eyes fixed upon me. They shone like twin turquoises set in leather. "Wise folks change their minds," he said complacently.



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THE USE OF A CANE BY THE BLIND

By Henry M. Bindt

FREQUENTLY I, who am totally blind, have been told I should carry a cane in going around alone. Recently this admonition was made so often that I resolved to write my reply.

The outstanding feature about those who make this admonition is, they are invariably persons who do not know me intimately, and, I confidently assert, do not intimately know a single blind person. They argue that a cane would facilitate my going about, and that it would enable others to perceive that I am blind; then they would take more care to avoid any accident. Whenever any one thinks my feelings are growing ruffled under his advice, he retreats behind the argument that a great many men carry canes all the time, so that there would be nothing conspicuous in it.

In support of the first point, these people say that a cane would enable me to know when to step up or down, or when there might be a hole in front of me. The average cane is quite incapable of giving sufficient warning of any step, especially down, unless the person carrying it will reach way out in front of him, which is wholly unnecessary. After a little thorough experience a blind person learns to know pretty well when he approaches a step. This is possible by listening to one's footsteps, by noticing slopes and the width of streets, and by taking into account the presence of big objects, which one can detect through a subtle sense of feeling. In fact, I believe that if there is any real compensation for the loss of sight, it is in the development of this sense, which has not yet been adequately explained by science and of whose existence the vast majority of people are wholly unaware. I am convinced that it is the manifestation of this sense which perplexes so many who observe the actions of a blind man.

Then, too, a cane is utterly incapable of giving any warning of trees and poles, but since it is possible to detect such things at a distance of several feet, I can find no reason for carrying a cane to locate them. Helped by this strange sense, I have even found it comparatively easy to board street-cars nearly every day without the assistance of a cane. Indeed, one would be a distinct hindrance, for I am always glad to have both hands free. On the strength of my own personal experience, which has now continued for six years, I am convinced that a cane fails utterly to warn one of objects with which he is liable to collide, and that it is intimidating. He who forms the habit is afraid to take a single step unless he first puts out his cane to assure himself he will tread on solid ground. Instead, one should strive to walk freely and fearlessly, which he can do by having faith in himself and by being observant.

As I understand the second argument, it is presumed that if any one saw me approaching with a cane he would perceive that I am blind and would take more care than usual to avoid a collision. I vividly remember one occasion when, as I walked rapidly and inattentively down a street, my forehead suddenly struck a protruding fire-alarm box with such violence that the blow nearly sent me backward. If I had had any intimation of its presence, I know that I could not have deliberately walked on as fast as I was going until my forehead struck that metallic box. I think the same principle applies to people meeting me on the street. I cannot believe there is a single person who could see me and walk directly toward me until we collided, whether or not I showed any sign of getting out of his path. Accordingly, I would infer that if a person saw me at all he would step aside before walking straight into me, and I am convinced that if any one could not see a man approaching, there is little possibility that that person would see him any better when the man carried a cane, which

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might be very slender and only partly visible. There is but one conclusion to draw—a cane is useless.

In reality it is an impediment. A man may often overtake people going in the same direction, and may often have to pass people, silently standing with their backs toward him. A cane would not help him to pass these people, and they would not see him approaching. By training one's ears to catch the sounds of footsteps and voices, and by learning to use one's sense of feeling, one can pass them easily, as a normal person would.

I think that any fear of danger from vehicles can be dismissed just as quickly. In suburban or country districts one may often have occasion to follow much-travelled roads. Then there is only one thing to do—it is to keep well on the right-hand side of the road. There is little danger that an automobile will come over on the right-hand side of the road to run over a man, especially when he is well on the side and has the right of way. In a city, almost the only time one need fear passing vehicles is in crossing streets, and here again there is only one choice. A person can do positively nothing but wait until the street is quiet, and then cross. If there is an unusual amount of traffic, it saves time simply to ask somebody to assist one across the street. If, in either country or city, an automobile suddenly comes upon one, the driver is not likely to let his machine run over any pedestrian whom he sees; and again I think that if the driver cannot see a man, he could hardly be expected to see him any quicker when the man carries a cane. Here again there is but one conclusion to draw—a cane is useless. In fact, I believe that if one depended on a cane to help him and warn others of his handicap he would take less care to be on the side of the road, trusting the driver would look out for him, and thus would be unnecessarily endangered.

Following the loss of my sight, I was placed in the California School for the Blind, which I attended for upward of six years. During this period there was not one student who used a cane. In fact, they derisively called blind people who did "Cane-ites." I shall always remember those boys as the finest, bravest, most independent lot I have ever known.

The one recognized object of the school was to train the students to be as nearly as possible normal men and women. I came in personal contact with approximately thirty teachers, matrons, supervisors, and other officers, not one of whom, from the superintendent himself to the trained nurse in the hospital, ever suggested the use of a cane. Three of these teachers were totally blind and two partially, yet none of them used or ever advised a single student to use a cane. Indeed, the matron in my dormitory building once sharply reproved me for using a cane on account of a sprained ankle. When I made my explanation, she tersely ordered me to the hospital and to "put away that cane." One teacher has now worked with the blind for nearly forty years, another twenty-five; and the matron of whom I have spoken has held her position for twenty-four years.

While at the school, I observed that the very small boys played freely and happily with no thought of ever using a cane. As they grew in years and experience they gained more ability in moving about. To have put canes in their hands at any time would have been simply to restrict them; and it is evident the school has no idea of imposing any such restriction. It has a large swimming-tank in which all the students are expected to go, and even taught to swim. The boys are also required to attend regular gymnasium classes. The instructor has always encouraged apparatus work, such as jumping over booms and bucks, climbing ladders and swinging in rings, swinging on a trapeze and using parallel bars. He is also in the habit of taking the class out on the athletic field, where he divides it into two teams, matching them in a game of push-ball. Sometimes his exercises consist of running. If on the athletic field, the boys run in pairs, one who can see a little with one who cannot, because they must run in a circle. But sometimes the instructor takes them on the cement sidewalk just outside the school wall. Here they run singly, successfully avoiding each other and all accidents. All this can only preclude any dependence on a cane.

There is a certain deadly symbolism

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behind the use of a cane by the blind, and it is this that I at present most deplore. The general public invariably thinks of a blind man as carrying a cane. Ask any one at all who has not been previously enlightened if he thinks blind men always carry canes, and your answer will certainly be in the affirmative. Thus it is that the cane has become the symbol of blindness, and of all its horror and hideous dependence. The one idea that has been impressed upon me during the last eight years is that I must take my place in the world just like a normal man. Since the cane is the symbol of blindness, if one carries a cane, he is going to feel his handicap. But, on the other hand, if he is capable of going around without a cane, he acquires new courage and manliness. He merely remembers that he is a man, and that he has a man's work to do. For seven years I honestly believed it would never be possible for me to learn my way around the place in which I now live. When I finally made the attempt, which proved successful, I started by carrying a cane; but now I know it is more desirable by far to walk without one. When a blind man lays aside his cane, he rises incredibly in self-respect. He distinctly feels that he has cast aside all the hideousness of blindness; and when his friends understand his feelings and are accustomed to seeing him without a cane, I am confident their respect for him is greatly enhanced.

Finally, those who advise the use of a cane usually conclude by saying that there is nothing conspicuous in it, because a lot of men carry canes. This is certainly true, but it merely confirms my statement that a cane is useless; so, why carry one? In my opinion any one of the numerous objections I have cited is sufficient reason for discarding any dependence on a cane. My only concern in writing this very frank and thorough discussion is to help correct the noxious impression that all blind people should be "addicted" to the use of canes. This impression must vanish before the best results in the work for the blind can be attained.

THE UNMASKING

By William Strong

Often when you've smiled on me
I have looked into your eyes
With a sort of sick surmise
As to what the end would be

If you lived with me until
You had seen me as I am,
And laid bare this shallow sham,
Would you want to kiss me still?

If you glimpsed in me at last
Every weakness you can guess,
Saw my sorry selfishness
In our laughter of the past,
Saw surrender to my fears,
Shame and sorrow in me, too,
Would I turn and find that you
Still were smiling through your tears?

Brave and lovely, then be brave,
(Lovely you will always be)
Do not take your eyes from me
Nor recall the lips you gave:

If that day come, let it kill
Both our hearts and burst the bars—
Maybe somewhere past the stars
You will dare to love me still.

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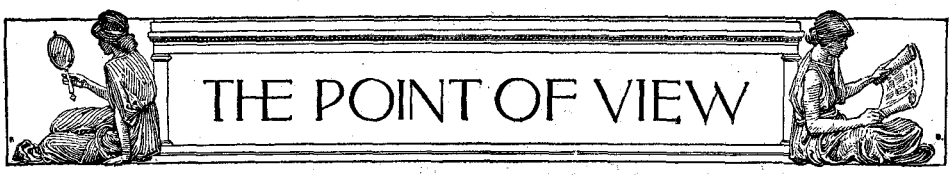

HAVING read with greatest interest the article, in SCRIBNER, called "By Mail," I am fired with a new idea. That article is a profoundly impressive contribution to our study of modern American life; it is a human document of great significance. I can imagine that a poet or a novelist might find there suggestive sources for masterpieces. Certainly, tragedy and comedy are latent in the letters quoted as having been actually received by the houses whose catalogues of merchandise go out to all the four curves of the globe.

nnotated dvertisements; By Mail"

Of course advertising does pay, but most readers of the present-day less literary magazines are in a perpetual state of indignation over the way in which advertising interferes with literature, crowding out the text of a story, so that the would-be reader looks for the story's *disjecta membra* scattered over a half-dozen pages, thickly checkered with advertisements. I could write an essay on the poor psychology of this method, but I prefer to suggest something constructive.

I wish that we who care for the starved minds of all these country readers of the catalogues could give the advertisers a Roland for their Oliver. If the illustrated catalogue has found a lasting place in the home, superseding the Bible and Shakespeare, cannot we do something to utilize a great opportunity? Think of the men, the women, and the young people turning over the pages of styles, house-furnishings, etc., night after night in the bleak solitudes of country winters. Let us collaborate somehow, and buy up space in these catalogues, printing, as a sort of advertisement, some of the great lyrics of England and America. I can see a glorified catalogue that will give new life to the inert minds of the farmer's family. The man looking at pictures of ready-made suits of clothes will find in a corner of that page, Burns's poem:

"A Man's a Man for a' that."

Is it a portable house that is being bought? Print Rogers's

"Mine be a cot beside the hill."

An umbrella? Shelley's:

"I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers."

Pocketbooks? Tennyson's "Wages":

"Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song."

Flower seeds?

"My love is like a red, red rose."

"Go down to Kew, in lilac time."

"I wandered lonely as a cloud."

Or Rupert Brooke's "The Old Vicarage," which ought to stir any one's sense of Spring.

Is it electric stoves?

"We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides."

An alarm-clock might chant with Herrick:

"Get up, get up for shame! the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree!"

A Victrola?

"I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined."

The rings and the bracelets might be less desired were one to read:

"Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!"

A "pen" for an infant might say:

"Thou straggler into loving arms,
Young climber up of knees,
When I forget thy thousand ways
Then life and all shall cease."

To the automobile section we would contribute a Renaissance quip (note line four):

"Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

It was said in the article that a young man actually inquired the name of one of the young women pictured on a certain page. For him how salutary would be:

"Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free."

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Jesting aside, might it not be possible to try this experiment of printing a few poems, of old, established merit, in these household books read so devotedly, trusted so implicitly? It would be poetic justice upon advertisers.

Buttoning and Unbuttoning

THE tale about the old lady who committed suicide because she was so tired of buttoning and unbuttoning always roused my sympathy; somewhat, my wonder too, for no lady of any age who has come within my observation has seemed to regard the diurnal task in such a light.

But from the average male standpoint it is a very affliction—at least the buttoning. He can get through the unbuttoning in short order: preparing for bed is a simple matter, though I have known or rather heard of those of so prudent a nature that they complicated it by anticipating a part of the morning's buttoning—that part which is represented by sleeve links and shirt studs. I detest such precautionary beings. Sufficient unto the morrow is the evil thereof.

Certainly this of buttoning or dressing is one of the great evils of the usual morrow, and it is unfortunate it should beset a man, before he has yet gathered himself, at very dawn.

When I was younger—I had almost said when I was young, but tact is an amenity as necessary to pleasant intercourse with yourself as with others—when I was younger I gained some consolation for advancing toward that stage when others less considerate would refer to the time when I was young, from the assertion of my elders that I would then find it easier to get up in the morning. They misled me, for though this was in itself the truth they neglected to add the corollary that any gain in this regard would be offset by loss of speed in the matter of dressing.

Time was when at a pinch five minutes sufficed me: as an undergraduate—but this was at a comparatively beardless period—I have sprung from my bed on the first note of the lecture bell, and in the seven minutes latitude allowed, have reached the lecture hall sufficiently clothed, and squeezed through the door in time to avoid a cut. And if I go backward a briefer space of years from then than I have now gone forward I come to the achievement of a respectable appearance at the breakfast-table three minutes after my head left the pillow. But I must fairly say that this was during a brief space in which I followed a method soon discovered and discouraged: if I removed my clothes not by individual garments but by sections, which entailed infinite care and considerable wriggling, I could preserve them in those very relations to each other that they bore when they enclosed my person, the outer ones incasing the inner, sleeve within sleeve, leg within leg.

Still, it is almost true to say that my present best speed has increased over what once it was, tenfold, and what I first counted a malady peculiar to myself is common to my contemporaries. They are singularly apathetic about it: they accept it as a necessary evil at the same moment that they acknowledge it an utter waste of time that might be profitably spent—in sweetly prolonged sleep, for instance—and a barely tolerable bore as well.

As such, a moment's reckoning reveals it: through the whole course of three score years or so—unless you favor union suits, and then you are probably of the sort that wear spats—you must incase yourself in twelve distinct garments; each of these, according to its nature, requires buttoning, or lacing, or tying, or linking of some kind. But even this is the better part of the general process. The bath has its compensations. It is not wholly a bore, for there is a pleasure in the tingle and the glow that follows. But what can be said for the shave? I know there are some who, numbering it among the minor arts, take an artist's joy in the sheen of the blade and its gentle rasping of the cheek; but they belong to an earlier, more leisurely generation, and one comparatively impervious to the persuasive "ad." Those of my time were long since flattered into the use of Gillette, Autostrop, or Gem; they are practical implements and I am for them, but by the very characteristic that gives them their generic name, they have robbed the daily shave of a certain dashing quality which was, I think, intriguing to women and gave the use of the old razor an adventurous charm.

To my own mind shaving is beyond all comparison the worst step in the process

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of becoming presentable, and as it is by much the longest and cannot be shortened, it makes any considerable reduction in time impossible.

Indeed, I count the time wholly lost in which I schemed through several years to overcome the evil of dressing by reducing its length. There is the system of the schoolboy Owen Johnson told about: he applied the principles of scientific management by so accurately arranging his clothes, when he took them off, as to proximity and order, that he could seize them and array himself with an absolute minimum of effort. But had he in reality done other than transfer a portion of his task to the previous night?

No, I am convinced the aim should rather be to reduce the boredom, not the time, and this the invention of the safety razor has made possible; you can shave with such a razor in the dark and for the same reason you can shave with your eyes upon a book. Such is the true way to evade this curse of civilization, the boredom of dressing: read while you dress, and you will be hardly conscious of the mechanical operations of your limbs and fingers as they go through the dreary process for the many thousandth time. Begin to read when you begin to shave—your book propped upon a convenient shelf, its pages kept open by a jar of vaseline, a tin of talcum powder, any such handy articles of the toilet, and continue until at last you must glance at the mirror to tighten the cravat and brush the hair.

But the book must be selected with care, particularly in the case of a commuter whose time is sharply limited; such am I, and, at least for such, a narrative, as too absorbing, is dangerous. I have found myself, at the end of an episode, with most of my few minutes run out, the lather dry upon my unshorn chin, and the whole operation to begin over again. The short essay is the thing. Francis Bacon, for one with a taste for him, is almost ideal; or if he seem antiquated by modern standards, there are "Little Essays by George Santayana," of a page or so in length; at the end of each a man can glance at his watch to get his bearings. But every one must choose according to his taste, only avoiding fiction or history for such works as more gently beguile you from the irksomeness of the task.

Nor is the advantage only that of so rendering you oblivious: have not the advertisements apprised us what marvels of self-improvement can be achieved with fifteen minutes reading a day?

On the Impulse to Educate

As children, my inseparables and I were allowed to roam the country-side more or less unrestrained; every foot of ground within a radius of two or three miles around the town in which we lived was beloved by us for some endearing charm. By some instinct we knew the creek bank where the first violet would blossom—under the two elm trees half-way between the railroad track and the First Woods; we knew where the marsh marigolds were thickest—in the deeps of the swamp beyond a screen of elder that hid their vivid yellow; we watched for the budding wild iris in among last year's cattails, which rattled crisply in the spring winds. All these things we learned for ourselves. We gathered strange flowers in the woods and took them home to compare with illustrations in our wild-flower books; we crossed the corner of a wheat-field when the wheat was long enough to tangle across our toes, and trip the unwary, and when we stumbled upon the nest of some field-bird in the wheat, we marked the spots on her breast and the color of the eggs, that we might learn her name from the bird book. Of course we made mistakes—who could learn to distinguish the different thrushes and wrens in such wise? But we preferred to go our way untutored and untaught.

The mother of one of us—and he was as seldom "one of us" as possible, on that account—used to go with us sometimes, and then our aimless wanderings were made strenuous and purposeful—we might as well have been, then, a nature-study class. We stopped on a hilltop one time when she was with us to talk of our aspiration of heaven—there is but a short step from a hilltop to heaven when the slope is a long one, snowy with spring beauties that stir a little in the breeze, and when on the horizon is a tall white cloud, like a column of smoke on a still day, drifting. Mary said that in heaven she wanted to know Abraham and Moses and Saint John. I was astonished; child of Presbyterianism as I was, those names were as mythical to me as Diana and

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Athene. My hope of heaven was the hope of knowing Abraham Lincoln, Louisa Alcott, and Joan of Arc. I said so firmly, but John's mother ruined what might have been a valuable philosophical discussion by reproving me for sacrilege, and by calling our attention to the clouds.

John's mother was regarded in our town as a model mother—but how much more the other mothers were loved! Better than having a guide who knew the names of things and their habits, far better was it to come home to a warm kitchen, to be chided for muddy boots, but welcomed for the plunder from the woods—wilting flowers to be put into the sink for revival, and pocketsful of watercress, filling the room with its pungent, swampy fragrance. We supposed then that John's mother was sacrificing her chance to be loved for what she considered her duty—a certain grim expression habitual to her induced one to believe so.

The impulse to teach is an overwhelming urge, an instinct hard to overcome. I went not long ago on a "wiener roast" with my little brother and his cronies—by invitation, as the boys somehow fail to class me as a grown-up—and during the riotous meal beside the fire I felt the educative impulse welling up within me. We were gathered in the grass at the roadside, behind us a rail fence, behind the fence a bit of forest, and beyond the trees a setting sun. As the rose-colored flame in the sky died away to a dim green-gold, I longed to cry to the boys, the while they were quarrelling over the "wienies": "Hush, boys, and *look* at that sky!" I resisted the impulse then, but later transgressed. We walked home along a dusty road, beneath a starlit sky. No one who does not know the flat country can know the tremendousness of the sky at night—horizon to horizon, north and south, east and west—a sky with a myriad stars, low above a silent and brooding earth. It was inevitable that the boys should talk about them, and I—not because they asked me, but because I thought I knew—set them right as to Cassiopeia and Andromeda, and Vega and Arcturus. The youngest of us, a boy of nine, who was walking with my hand on his shoulder, suddenly shuddered:

"Let's not talk about 'em—it makes me feel funny in my stummick—they're so far away."

"But," said I, "don't you think it's nice to know about them?" Then I realized that I was playing the part of John's mother with them. Not for all the education in the world would I lose the affection of those boys, and my discourse on astronomy was brought to an immediate end.

But in taking the time to make new resolutions not to impress my slight knowledge, won with some zest, upon the youngsters who would rather find things out for themselves, I have found time to think of many things. I had not really known the things I was telling the boys that night—what I called Arcturus might well have been Capella—but I pretended that I knew for the sake of teaching them. Was that true, also, of John's mother? Had she some doubt about the wrens and the thrushes? Was it pleasure and not a sense of duty that sent her, grim-visaged though she was, into the woods with us? I believe now that it was, and because I am of the still young generation that is being scolded for many things, I have begun to look upon those who admonish with some suspicion. Do they know, absolutely and without question, those things which they assure us they know? Have they learned what is good and what is bad by trying the good and trying the bad, and would they then keep from us the test of experience? Or have they learned what they think they know by hearsay, and in their turn surrender to that impulse to teach? There are, of course, many older ones among us who are wise and well-beloved, who stand ready with whimsical good cheer when we whimper a little because life is hard—they cherish remarkably the memory of their childhood, or have a God-given power to understand youth. But there are others who would be at us in season and out of season, using the newspapers and the magazine pages for preachments and rebukings; there are those who seize with gloating the opportunity offered by the presence of one of us for a tirade against the degeneracy of the young. Let them beware if they would hold our affection, for there are many things that we desire to find out for ourselves. We can dodge them and learn, in as large a radius as our strength is equal to, the fields and woods about the dwelling-places of the spirit.

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THE FIELD OF ART

This, then, is the leopard rolling about playfully in his cage.

BARYE'S SKETCH-BOOK

By T. H. E. Bements
Of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES BY BARYE

WRAPPED carelessly in wrinkled manila paper, tucked behind a pile of discarded portfolios, far back on a shelf in the archives of the Maryland Institute, a little red sketch-book lay forgotten for many years. It came to light almost by accident, as precious objects are wont to do, in the search for something else. It was a very modest little note-book, frayed as to edges, well worn and faded as to cover, as though it might have been in service over a period of years. It seemed for the moment to be but a disreputable little affair, fit only for the trash heap, and it might easily have been so consigned had not by the merest chance the cover fallen open, disclosing an astonishingly fine drawing of a panther. This gave us pause, and curiosity, turning to quickened interest, drove us to the perusal of page after page.

BARYE!

Not all the wonderful bronzes in the Barye Room up-stairs could give us quite the thrill of this living document of the joy and toil of a genius. The joy and toil of that young Barye when only the Circus and the Zoo offered him his opportunity for study. Reverently we carried the little book to the light, and again and again pored over its precious pages. As we looked, the walls of our Institute faded and we were sitting on a bench in the Jardin des Plantes studying the animals first-hand with that greatest of all animal draftsmen, Antoine Louis Barye. We were waiting with him for each new posture, eagerly speeding with

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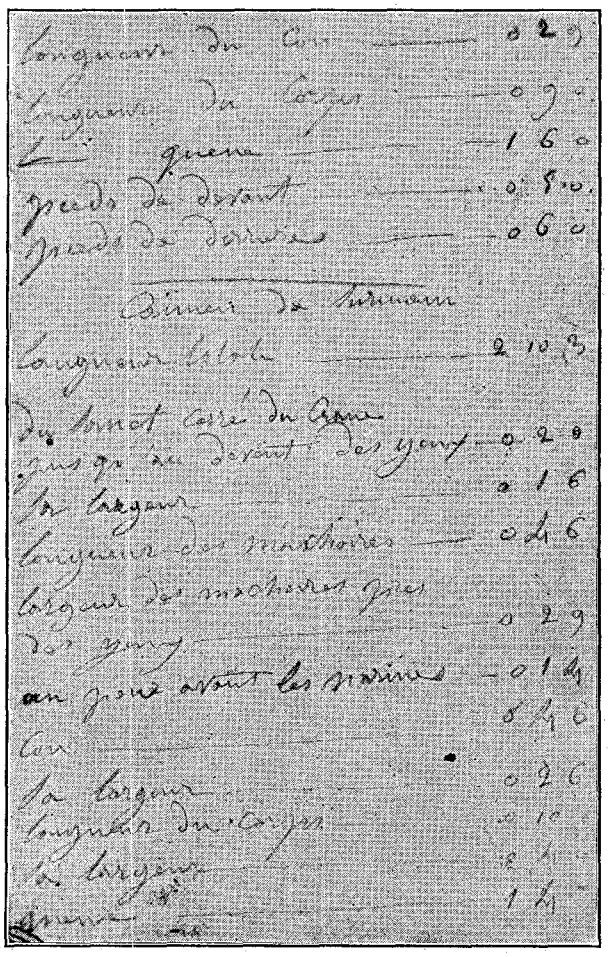
him on the lines before the movement changed, drawing again and again with that fresh spontaneity that suggested rather than finished, until the inspiration faded, or, what is more likely, the time was up and he must make his way back to the jeweller's bench where he toiled through most of his young life.



He devoted pages to the minutest measurements.

In 1819, at the age of twenty-three, Barye, having entered the Beaux Arts, applied for permission to compete for the prize awarded by the Institute for medals. The winning of this prize would have gained him Rome and freedom from the workshop to which he had long been apprenticed. He won only honorable mention, however, and though he tried again in each of the three succeeding years, he again failed, and in 1823 was forced back to the bench for his daily bread. This time to Fauconnier, the jeweller and goldsmith, where he spent eight years. It was during this period that he worked hardest on his studies in natural history, whither his bent was very definitely taking him.

The Jardin des Plantes was his first studio, and it must be remembered that it was not merely a menagerie and herbarium, but contained museums illustrating all the different departments of natural history, with library, laboratories, and lecture-rooms; that beside the Garden, where the living animals could be observed, and the Museum of Zoology, where the stuffed ones could be carefully studied, there was the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, founded by Georges Cuvier, where the skeletons as connected wholes or the bones separately could be noted. It is not to be wondered at that here, within walking distance of his shop, Barye, with his scientific mind, could lay the foundation in observation and research which resulted in his masterpieces of animal portraiture in bronze. And now after all these years this dusty little sketch-book in our very hands bore silent witness to some of the hours of study he then gave.

On two of the worn and thumb-marked pages are five drawings of a panther feeding, evidently drawn at top speed while the great beast pulled and tore at his bone. The shapes are scarcely definable, almost without edges, drawn as if by magic, one line doing for two or three. As intangible little drawings as it is possible to get, yet in them the entire action of the terrible process of feeding. In one the great beast is sitting on his haunches, with his huge front paws extended over his food, while he tears at his meat with an upward motion that brings in play all the powerful neck and

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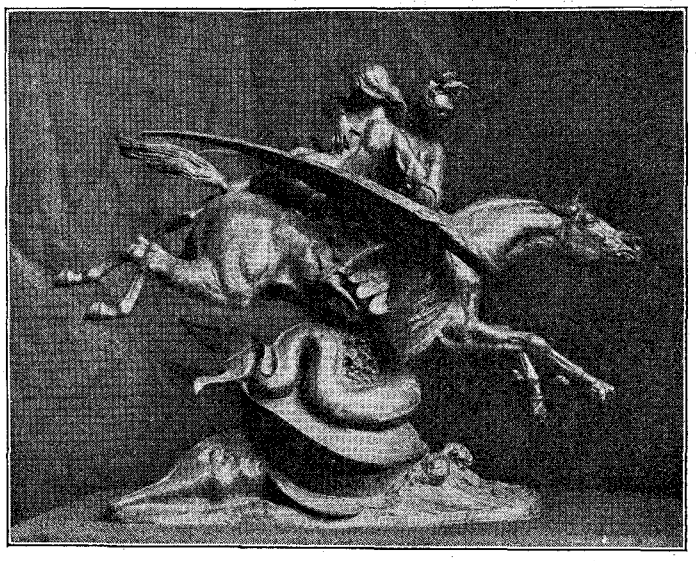
We like to think that one grew into the study for the hippogriff.

shoulder muscles. In another his forepaws are low, his jaws are getting a new purchase, while his hind-quarters carry that suggestion of lust with which it is said that all cats feed, they being almost the only animals that kill for the mere joy of killing and not alone for the purpose of life. In still another the whole great length of him is stretched flat, while his tail, hurriedly sketched in two different positions, was very evidently waving satisfaction at his meal. A cinema of the whole!

Then there is the leopard stalking, and the lioness—or is it a panther?—front view, more carefully drawn than the rest, finished in ink, no doubt at home, as was another sketch of probably the same beast rolling about playfully in his cage, much as any house-cat in an ecstasy of delight might roll about in catnip. Barye is perhaps more often seen and remembered by his animals in their ferocious moods, but he could depict them in their play most delightfully, with a humor and sympathetic understanding very appealing. For instance, there is the chubby, happy little "Bear in His Trough," said to have been done for the Princess Marie. There is again the water-color of "Tiger Rolling on His Back," also the "Stag Playing with a Stone." Then his cats couchant were majestic as well as peaceful, relaxed and purring.

Every page of this tiny book bears mute testimony of his close observation of the moods and postures of the great cats that fascinated him. We were reminded of the delicious story of Delacroix, making a rapid sketch before one of Barye's water-colors and finally exclaiming: "I shall never be able to give the curl to a tiger's tail as that fellow can." How he must have watched them asleep or restlessly stalking, now rampant with hunger, now terribly feeding; how



That animal of the imagination that carries away the ardent Roger and his Angelica.

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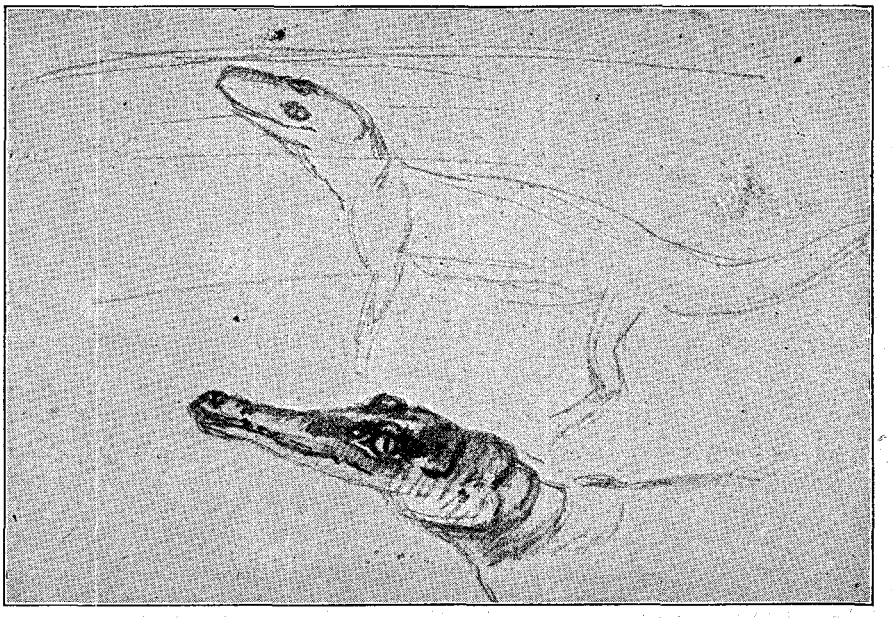
the angry or amorous curl of the tail must have intrigued him, are here and there set down in hasty lines or more careful ink drawings—recorded hours of concentrated observation from which grew the product that belongs to an age beyond his own, and will belong even more to the centuries to come.

Beside the sketches of the cat tribe, of which there are many, including the lioness or panther, the tiger and the leopard, the book contains equally interesting drawings and after dissection. He was often at the Jardin at five in the morning, and Père Rousseau, who opened the gates for him, would often augment his déjeuner of hard crusts with some tender bread saved from the animals' rations; for Barye was poor in those days, poor beyond belief. Yet slowly but surely was reward coming, for do not these sketches of the tiger and again those of the crocodile lead but naturally, if slowly, to the production of "Tiger Devouring Gavial [crocodile] of Ganges," that



The book contains interesting drawings of the alligator and the crocodile.

of the alligator and the crocodile. He devotes two pages to the minutest measurements of the crocodile, made, no doubt, on the dead carcass of one that had died in captivity, and which he had been dissecting. He was known to have thus procured much of his intimate knowledge of the play of muscle upon muscle, and their relation to the bony structure, and here we had before us that accurate knowledge carefully recorded.

Charles Sprague Smith, in "Barbizon Days," tells us that whenever an animal died in captivity Barye was at once notified by a messenger from the Garden, and that, dropping everything in hand, he would at once hasten hither. He measured, drew, and sometimes modelled the animals before marvellous portrayal of brute combat that marked the first important turning-point of his life?

With this patient and laborious application, this intentness and constancy, small wonder that when, somewhat later, Barye gave an important exhibit of bronzes comprising animals singly and in groups, Alfred de Musset was moved to exclaim: "Is his atelier the desert of Africa and the forest of Hindostan?"

The sketches of the elephant were less carefully made, but their trappings of Indian gorgeousness are carefully diagrammed as to measurements and color, which were evidently procured from the books on India whose titles he has written down. Some of the information thus gained was, no doubt,

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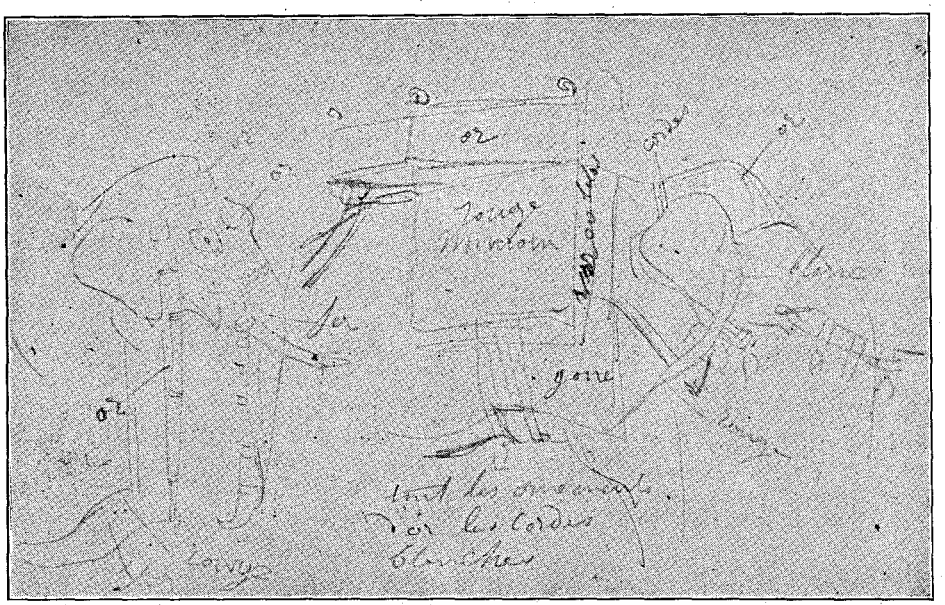
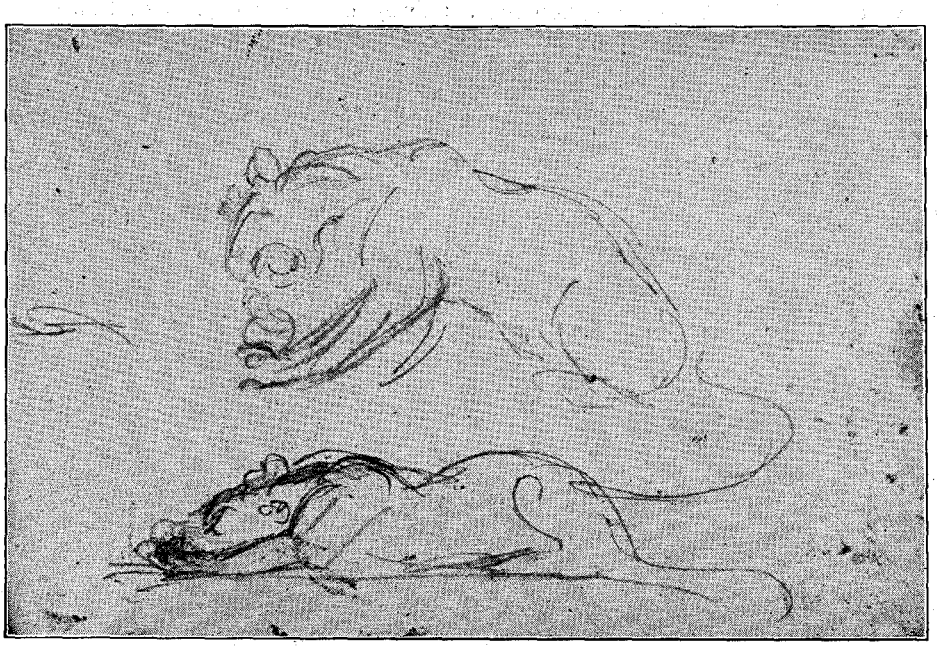


The sketches of the elephant were less carefully made, but their trappings of Indian gorgeousness are carefully diagrammed.

put to use in his various groups of tiger hunts in India, which are notable for their minute attention to the faithful reproduction of trappings and accoutrements.

Another source of information to the earnest Barye was the horse-market, and several pages attest to the swift recording of lines full of suggestion of the character of the different breeds. We like to think that one grew into the study for the hippogriff, that animal of the imagination that carries away the ardent Roger and his Angelica, and a close study of the powerful head in the sketch will show beyond doubt



Every page of this tiny book bears mute testimony of his close observation.

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the beginning for that fine outstretched head in the group bearing eagerly its riders on the crest of the waves. Another small study in the same book was likely as not the beginnings for Angelica on the flying steed.

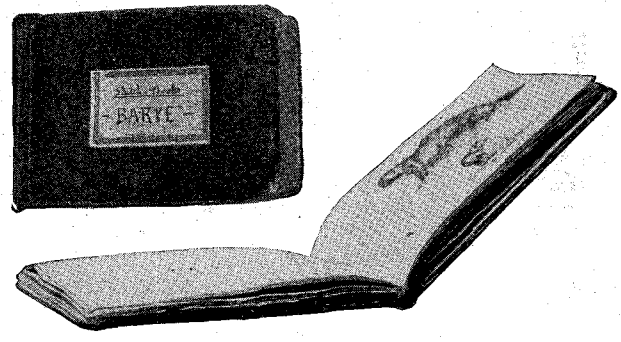
At any rate, therein lies one of the fascinating qualities of this humble little book; one may go on and on in the alluring fields of conjecture. At what date were the drawings made? Were they done deliberately, with a certain objective in sight, or were they made with no special idea of immediate use, and found long after to hold the very idea for a well-conceived group? Did they extend over a period of years, or was the book filled consecutively representing a more or less continuous study?

We are rather inclined to think the work covered a number of years, divided, perhaps, into four periods, each in itself more or less consecutive. For instance, there is the cat group, the crocodile and the elephant groups, the horse group, and the three or four figures. As they are arranged in a more or less disconnected fashion, one running from the front toward the centre, another from the back toward the centre, still another on opposite pages from the first but going in contrary direction, and so on, it seems to show that the book was used at different dates, perhaps many years apart.

Take, for example, the drawings of the great cats feeding. These were, no doubt, done at top speed during the very action of feeding, drawn with a delicate touch, as though not altogether sure of where the line should go but wishing to record the motion before the posture changed; while in the drawings of the horses there is a greater surety of touch, with scarcely a repeat on a single line, very clear, very strong, and very simple, leading us to the conclusion that they were made at a later day, since an obvious change in technic is apparent.

Herein lies one of its chief charms—one that is invariably a mooted question in undated works. Try as we would, we could not fix it with any degree of accuracy within a limited boundary. If the drawings of the tigers and the crocodile were preparing for the "Tiger Devouring Gavial [crocodile] of Ganges," they would be prior to 1831, at which time we know he frequented the Jardin des Plantes in pursuit of his models. If the horse's head slowly developed into the hippogriff of Roger and Angelica, it must have been done before 1840, the date of the completed work. And so we go, ever arguing, never deciding. Place the date as somewhere between 1823, when he was compelled to return to the work-bench, and 1840, and one may find interesting basis for the suggestions of some of his bronzes finished between those dates.

And does it very much matter, after all? The chief charm is the book itself, than which no more intimately revealing treasure has ever come to our hand. The walls and the shelves of the Maryland Institute are rare in gifts from Mr. George Lucas, who spent so many years in Paris, not only sensitively collecting objects of beauty and worth but in forming exceptionally intimate friendships with the great artists of his day. Yet I doubt if there be anything more replete with inspiration in the collection than this humble little note-book of the great animal sculptor, Antoine Barye.



The humble little note-book.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 5.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

THE COURSE OF READJUSTMENT

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

WHETHER the arrival of midsummer brought to the individual watcher of the financial situation a feeling of despondency or a feeling of reassurance, depended on what aspect of that situation he selected as the basis for his judgment. If the money market, the condition of the machinery of credit, was to be the criterion, then it was plain to every one that the governor of the Federal Reserve had reason for his public statement that "we have passed the most trying period of the world-wide readjustment of trade and prices and are on the road to recovery." The two successive reductions in their official discount rates by the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve, with the simultaneous fall in home and foreign open-market money rates, were visible evidence in this regard.

In the Middle of the Year

But if the actual state of business were to be considered by itself, then the feeling was bound to be one of disappointment. The recovery of spring trade, on which the hopes of merchants had been based, had materialized only to the extent of a slight and temporary increase of buying; it was followed by relapse into greater inactivity than before. During May the downward movement of prices almost stopped; in June it was gradually resumed, and with it the hesitation of the consuming public returned. No one could see clearly ahead. The stock market at times reflected by its movement a sentiment of profound depression; although, curiously enough, there was evidence of the contrary feeling in the exceedingly sharp recovery of prices after each decline. There had been few such upward reactions during 1920.

LOOKING beyond the immediate future, the belief continued to prevail that business activity would return only when the continued curtailment of production should have rectified last year's disproportion of actual supply of goods to legitimate demand. The difficulty of seeing when that readjustment would be complete lay in the fact that the very process of restricting production served of itself to reduce consumption, through the great number of workingmen thrown out of employment and the curtailed purchasing power of the community as a whole. The problem was by no means peculiar to this country. From Paris a correspondent in touch with the best financial opinion of the day described the situation as one in which production of goods still far exceeded consumption; this for the reason that the market for the producer's merchandise was greatly restricted, not only by the rise of prices since 1914, but by the decrease in population because of war losses, by the loss of the former trade with Russia and Central Europe, and by the heavy increase in taxation.

Question of Trade Recovery

Yet these considerations equally existed when prices were rising and trade was furiously active during the first year after the armistice. The reversal in the business situation since that time by no means marked a change in the legitimate requirements of consuming Europe or in its willingness to buy, but a change in conditions of international credit. Whereas Europe bought from the United States in 1919 on the basis virtually of loans extended by the selling market, in 1921 such advances were withheld because of last year's overstraining of the machinery of credit. Trade had to be continued now on the basis of the tangible resources of impoverished foreign communities. That meant extensive reduction in their power to buy, but it also meant that restoration of Europe's pur-

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chasing power will come with the rehabilitation of Europe's own productive energies. It is as true to-day as it was in November of 1918, that intensive production the world over is the key to the ultimate solution of the troubles left by the war. History tells us of the immense expansion of international trade, which has occurred in the longer sequel to every exhausting war. But it also records exactly such a period—often wearily prolonged—of reaction, readjustment, and slow recuperation before the new era had begun.

Aspects of the Gold Movement

THE irregularly continuing fall of staple prices, the decrease of trade activity—partly an incident of the normally dull summer season, and partly a result of uncertainty as to the future course of prices—have been accompanied this past month, as in the four or five preceding months, by steady and uninterrupted flow of gold in huge quantity from foreign markets to the United States. Those receipts have averaged fifteen to twenty millions per week, and there has been no pause in the movement.

Nothing quite like this, in magnitude at any rate, has ever been witnessed in the world's financial history; for, although the foreign gold sent to this country during the six months before the United States entered the European War exceeded in amount the $350,000,000 which has arrived since the beginning of 1921, the imports of 1916 and 1917 came almost exclusively from England and from Canada for the account of England, whereas the gold arrivals of 1921 have come from fifty separate foreign countries. More than $1,000,000 was received, in the five months ending with May, from each of such different markets as England, France, Sweden, Canada, Mexico, Colombia, British India, Holland, Uruguay, China, Australia, Dutch East Indies and Dutch West Indies, Panama, Norway, and Japan. From France in that period we received $65,000,000, from Sweden (probably representing Russian gold) $37,000,000, from Hongkong $6,000,000, from Australia and New Zealand $7,300,000, from England $83,000,000.

To-day and Past History

IF we ransack past history we might find the nearest parallel instance to be the flow of the precious metals to the Florentine market of the fifteenth century, when Florence was the banker of the mediæval world; and possibly Assyria, when it was collecting tribute from the rest of the ancient world, would have presented a fairly parallel case. England was the objective point of the gold-shippers after the discoveries of the fifties in California and Australia, and France after the great increase of South African and American gold production between 1896 and 1906. But in the two last-named movements of the nineteenth century, although the gold went then, as it is going now, to a "creditor market," it was sent in its unusual quantity wholly because of the greatly increased new production. It was also speedily redistributed in the course of foreign trade to other markets. But the huge gold importations of the United States this year are not being redistributed at all, and they do not represent an increasing world production. Our $310,000,000 gold imports between January 1 and May 31 were offset by only $6,000,000 gold exports, and it was estimated a few weeks ago that the stock of gold in the United States now amounts to nearly 40 per cent of the whole world's monetary stock of gold, as against less than 25 per cent in 1914.

Furthermore, production has been decreasing rapidly during recent years in every gold field of the world. The world's gold output, which in 1915 reached its highest recorded total of $468,000,000, fell to $380,000,000 even in the last year of the war, the smallest since 1905, and the decrease has continued. In 1920 the United States produced only $49,509,000 gold, as against its high level of $99,673,000 in 1909, last year's production being the smallest since 1895. The output of the Transvaal mines in 1920 was less by one million ounces, or about $22,000,000, than in 1916; the reduction had been continuous. Australia, which in 1903 produced £18,340,000 value worth of gold, the high record of its history, yielded only £4,808,000 in 1920, which was actually the smallest output of

(Continued on page 37, *following*)

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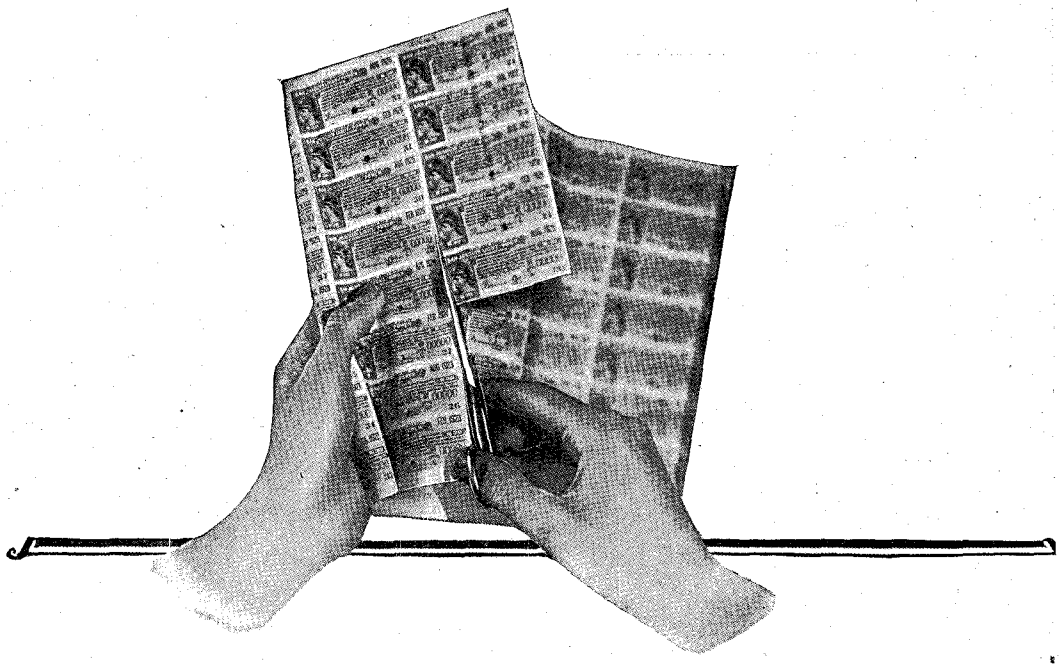

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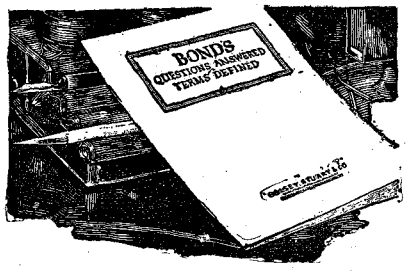

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 258)

its mines since the first year or two after the old discoveries of the fifties.

For all this the well-known cause was the increasing cost of production (which affected gold mining like other industries) and the fact that the price of gold in national currencies is fixed at the pre-war level, excepting only for the opportunity given by England to the Transvaal miners to sell to the highest foreign bidder on the London market. In short, the heaping-up of gold in American bank reserves, which had made the total increase since August of 1914 $1,400,000,000, or more than 60 per cent, occurred in the face of the smallest annual additions from new production of any period since the Transvaal mines were blocked by the Boer War nearly twenty years ago.

Theory of "Gold Inflation"

THIS extraordinary phenomenon in our own gold market has occasioned much discussion as to its probable economic effects. The United States comptroller of the currency, in a recent speech to a bankers' convention, summed up a very general view by saying that these huge gold imports "threaten us with gold inflation"; that "we have reversed the crime of '73 by making ourselves well-nigh the monopolists of the world's gold." But that assertion called forth puzzled comment. "Gold inflation" could come into evidence in only one way—through a general rapid and continuous rise in prices of commodities, and that is precisely what has not been happening while our own huge accumulations of gold have been piling up, and it is precisely what Wall Street deemed impossible in its midsummer discussion of the markets.

If the natural course of "gold inflation" is to be traced a little farther, it will be found that the rise in prices which measures inflation is occasioned through the placing of the new gold in bank reserves, followed by the great increase in bank loans and paper currency which will thereby be made possible. But in the middle of 1921, although all the imported gold had been lodged in the Federal Reserve Banks, the weekly bank statements showed that Federal Reserve note circulation, the paper currency of the United States, had actually decreased from the maximum of last December $765,000,000, or 22½ per cent, a wholly unprecedented contraction for a national currency in a six months' period. The statements also showed that the loan-and-investment account of the New York Associated Banks had actually been reduced since last October by the

(Financial Situation, continued on page 39)

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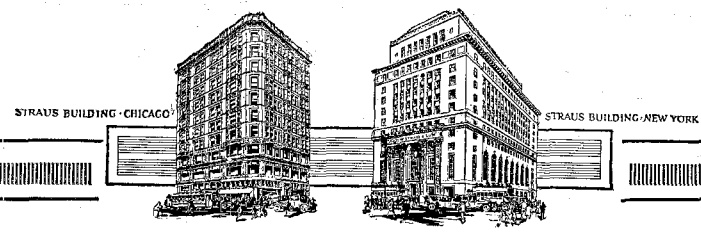

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 37)

rodigious sum of $1,000,000,000, and at the ame time the commercial "index numbers" egistered a continuous decline in average commodity prices, amounting to 20 per cent since he beginning of this year, and to more than 50 er cent from the high point of 1921. What, hen, was to be argued from so anomalous a esult?

Where the Gold Comes from

PROBABLY that the fall of prices and reaction of trade is a world-wide phenomenon, not at all peculiar to the United States, nd that the very process which is heaping up old reserves in this country is drawing on the national reserves or the credit facilities of other countries. Gold holdings of the European nations which fought the war are, it is rue, no longer an active basis for their banking nachinery; in countries which have lapsed to depreciated paper standard, gold has in large neasure reverted to the status of a commodty. The gold which has been coming to us this ear, where it has not been obtained from new roduction (as in the case of the Transvaal old shipped to London and bought for New ork at a premium measured by the premium f American currency in terms of British paper) was mostly drawn from hoards of gold held by the various governments outside of bank reserves.

Notwithstanding the fact that France has shipped nearly $70,000,000 gold to the United States since December, and has not been a large importer, the Bank of France actually reported a larger gold reserve on July 1 than it held on January 1, and as for the Russian Soviet's shipments through Continental Europe, gold is to those political philosophers a joke. So long as their printing-press holds out, they can provide their trustful citizens with currency suited to their own peculiar theories and are undoubtedly laughing now at the simplicity of the Dutch and Scandinavian merchants who exchanged clothing or hardware for the treasure which Count Witte bought with Russian bonds when re-establishing the imperial government's gold standard. Nevertheless, the gold which the rest of the world has surrendered to America was at least a potential basis of currency and credit for the nations which gave it up.

What is of more importance is that the mere fact of an accumulation of gold can never of itself start up activity in a country's industry, unless other influences are at work. If it could,

(Financial Situation, continued on page 41)

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THE aggressive spirit of this country aspires to something better than the world has known. Merely to revert to pre-war times will not satisfy the United States. It seeks a deeper philosophy of human relations, a sounder basis of business, an efficiency in government expressed by results, an ever advancing standard of living.

The great problem in the achievement of these ends is a higher sense of responsibility on the part of those engaged in business and production. The world's progress must always depend upon the individual.

The problems of labor are reducible to the relation of one man to one job. If every man were true to his job and every job a square deal, labor problems would be reduced to a minimum.

The function of employers is to direct labor, achieving success in proportion to the return which labor enjoys. Labor which willingly follows and trusts an able general is always loyal and productive.

Capital exists because it is an essential tool of commerce and industry. A dollar must perform an honest day's work for an honest day's pay.

These are simple truths. There is nothing Utopian in business standards that call for hard work and square dealing. The National Bank of Commerce in New York is confident that through the individual acceptance and observance of these standards will come the realization of better times.

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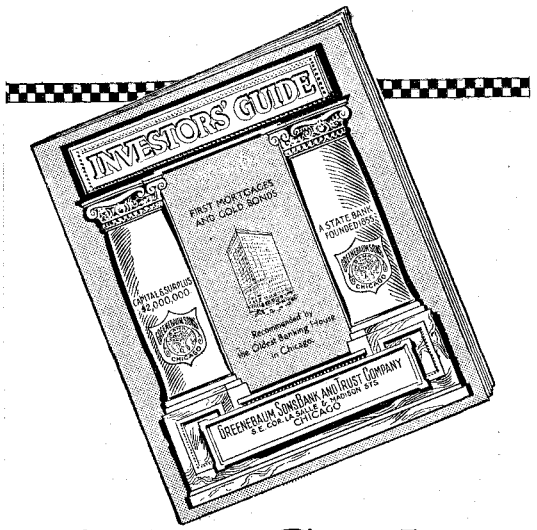
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then the very familiar phenomenon of the heaping up of idle cash reserves in city banks at a time of trade reaction would itself put an end to the reaction. But the actual meaning of that phenomenon is that the idle reserve accumulations are effect, not cause, representing both the release of currency from the whole world's trade and payment in cash, by the borrowing to the lending markets, of indebtedness which the creditor markets are now calling in. Whether it also means that, with the instinct of preparation for an uncertain future which often shapes economic history, the United States is accumulating the gold of the world as a basis for its future extension of credit in the world's financial reconstruction, we shall know before very many years.

Progress of the German Payments

WHILE the American financial markets were thus perplexed by occurrences peculiar to their own affairs, the payment by Germany of the instalments on the reparations indemnity continued. It cannot be said that either the making of the preliminary payments, or the prospect of those which were to follow, exercised a dominant influence on the financial situation. Whether this immunity will continue in the present case until all the instalments have been paid, it would perhaps be rash to predict. During the next thirty-seven years Germany must pay in all to the Reparations Commission 132,000,000,000 gold marks, equivalent in American values to $31,416,000,000. This principal sum is to be delivered in Treasury bonds "secured on the whole assets of the German Empire and the German States," and the first of such deliveries, embodied in bonds for 12,000,000,000 gold marks, bearing 5 per cent annual interest plus 1 per cent sinking fund, was placed in the Commission's hands on July 1. On November 1 another series of similar bonds for 38,000,000,000 marks must be handed over, along with bonds for the 82,000,000,000 balance; that instalment, however, to be actually issued when and as the Reparations Commission considers Germany able to meet the charges regularly.

What will be done with these negotiable bonds—whether they will remain in the hands of the Allied Treasuries, or will be offered by the Allied governments as investment issues on foreign markets, or will be used as collateral security for loans of their own, floated by the Allied governments—is an undetermined question, whose decision will depend on the circumstances of the period. But that Germany

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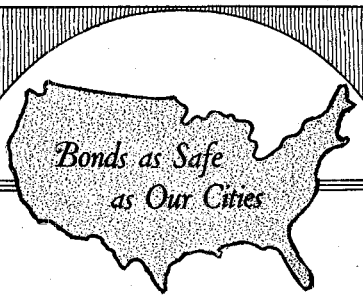

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 41)

must pay each year hereafter until the bonds are redeemed, at least 2,000,000,000 gold marks, or $476,000,000, plus 26 per cent of the value of her annual exports, is distinctly provided in the terms of reparation. Precisely how these immense continuing payments will affect the future money markets, investment markets, and foreign-exchange markets, it is as yet impossible to say. But the smoothness with which the preliminary payment of 1,000,000,000 marks or $238,000,000 has been made in gold, approved foreign bills, or drafts at three months on the German Treasury, indorsed by approved German banks in London, Paris, New York, or other places designated, is beginning to convince the markets that in modern finance, impossibilities become entirely practicable when they have to be achieved.

Germany's Mysterious Foreign Balances

GERMANY on the present occasion had pretty much parted with her foreign investments before and during the four years' European War. Her government did not control the coupons or principal of any such mass of foreign bonds. Yet each successive cash instalment on the preliminary $238,000,000 payment, which began on May 31, has been duly delivered in the form of exchange drafts on England, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain, Holland, Italy, Scandinavia, and other outside markets. Not a hundred marks in gold coin have been exported. How did Germany—with her international trade cut off during four years by the war, with her outside trade since the armistice producing a heavy surplus of imports over exports, and with no fresh German government loans floated on foreign markets—obtain such outside credits? The answer is a striking commentary on the manner in which expedients for establishing foreign balances may be found through the machinery of international finance.

To begin with, Germany, while selling no new government securities abroad, had plenty of old securities of her own to sell. If it were to be supposed that foreign markets would hesitate to buy those securities with Germany's finances and currency in their present shape, the somewhat paradoxical answer must be made that Germany's disordered finances have themselves indirectly contributed to make a market for such securities. The German mark is normally worth 23⅞ cents in American money, and a German municipal

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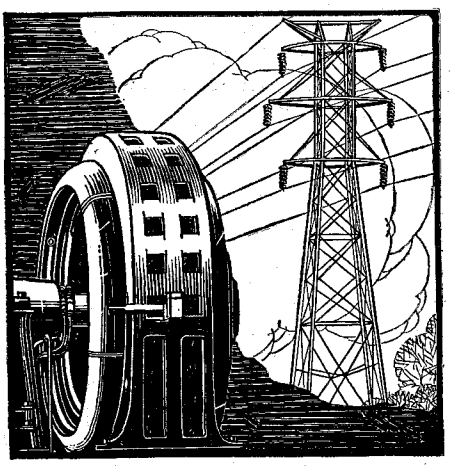

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 43)

bond for 1,000 marks would therefore normally be worth $238. But the state of the German currency has reduced the exchange value of the mark to 1½ cents; so that to-day an American investor or speculator can buy this thousand-mark bond for $15 at New York. It is true, interest paid on the thousand marks would be subject to similar depreciation if converted into American currency; but the very low selling price for the bond itself unquestionably touched the financial imagination, and bankers in London and New York have for many months been reporting a steady inquiry for all such German securities from their English and American clients. Every such purchase naturally added to the credit balance on Germany's account in the market where the bonds were sold.

Selling German Marks Abroad

BUT if the depreciation of the mark in foreign exchange has thus indirectly stimulated foreign purchases of these German securities, the same depreciation has had an even more extraordinary effect on transactions in the paper marks themselves. That his German paper money was bought and sold on Wall Street, passing physically from hand to hand, has long been observed. Such dealings were certainly not surprising when a market also exists in Wall Street for "pre-revolution" Russian paper rubles and when quotations of something like one-fifth of a cent per ruble, the nominal value of which is 51⅜ cents, are published daily in the newspapers. The purchaser of the Russian or German paper money is manifestly speculating on its future recovery from the existing extreme depreciation.

But until this question of the German balances was investigated, few people had imagined to what extent the foreign purchases had gone. A recent official inquiry into the matter at Berlin resulted in the almost incredible estimate that, of the 72,000,000,000 marks of German paper currency now outstanding, possibly 20,000,000,000 were actually held in foreign countries. Among the countries to which such holdings of German paper money were traced there were enumerated not only the United States, England, France, and other countries of Continental Europe, but Japan, India, Australia. Now, if the mark were worth its par value in exchange, 20,000,000,000 marks would equal $4,760,000,000. Since, however, the mark now commands only 1½ cents in New York exchange, the present apparent

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American value of 20,000,000,000 would be only $300,000,000. Yet that is a substantial sum, and, furthermore, it must be remarked that during 1919, the mark sold on the New York exchange market between 5 and 8 cents and that even in 1920, it was quoted as high as 2 and 3, and that very large purchases of the actual German currency were being made at those relatively higher prices.

ALL this shows how Germany has created foreign balances since the war. Strange as was the machinery invoked, the credits were duly built up by it in foreign countries. The facts which I have stated do not yet make plain how the German Government obtained for itself the control of these foreign credits—a control which it was obviously exercising when it handed over to the Reparations Commission its own drafts on New York, London, and Continental Europe. For this the explanation is, if possible, even more remarkable.

Germany's Preparations to Pay

Long before the reparation payments fell due—in fact, during the very time when Ger-

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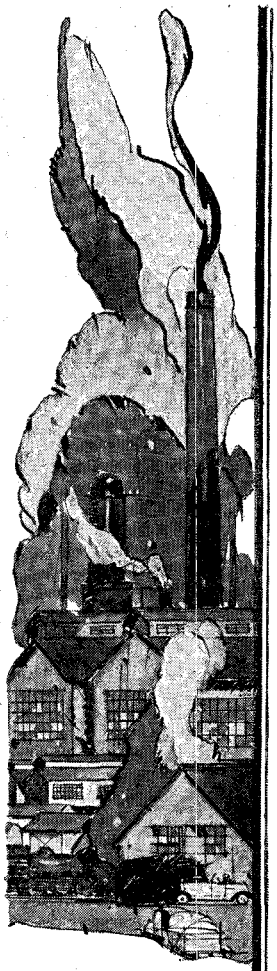

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many was protesting her inability to meet the Allies' terms—her government was calmly and methodically preparing for the foreign payments which it knew would be inevitable. Almost immediately after the signing of the Peace Treaty, and especially after the closing of the "hole in the wall" through which, on the Western German front, exports and imports of merchandise slipped past without government supervision, the present contingency was being scientifically prepared for. No export either of goods or securities or currency was permitted except under official license, and that license stipulated, first, that the sales must be paid for by the purchaser in drafts on foreign banks; and, second, that such foreign-exchange bills should be delivered to the German Government, which in its turn would deliver to the German exporter either actual German marks or a mark credit at a German bank, in a sum fixed by the ruling rate of exchange with the country in which the sale had been made. Through this simple expedient the German Treasury became possessor of all the foreign credit balances arising from sale by its citizens since 1918 on outside markets, of merchandise, securities, or German paper marks.

I have said that the large payments already made have had little disturbing effect on the financial situation. Of one financial market, however, this has not been true. The mere process of transfer was bound to affect the rates of exchange, as international shifting of capital always does. It did so even in the Franco-German payment of the seventies. What had then been expected was that money rates throughout the world would rise when the large remittances were made. That did not happen, partly because the preliminary outflow of gold from France, which reduced the French bank's gold reserve from $250,000,000 in 1870 to $100,000,000 in 1871, swelled the reserve not only of the German Reichsbank but of the Bank of England. But rates of exchange on Germany had fallen, as described by a German financial reviewer of the day, "to as low a point as they have ever reached in panic times." French gold Napoleons sold in Frankfort at 3 per cent under their normal exchange value. This was not all. France had large credits in London, on which her government drew in behalf of Germany; but the sterling rate was thereby moved so sharply in favor of Berlin that in the middle of 1871, £2,500,000 gold was withdrawn from the Bank of England for shipment to the German market, with resultant commotion on Lombard Street.

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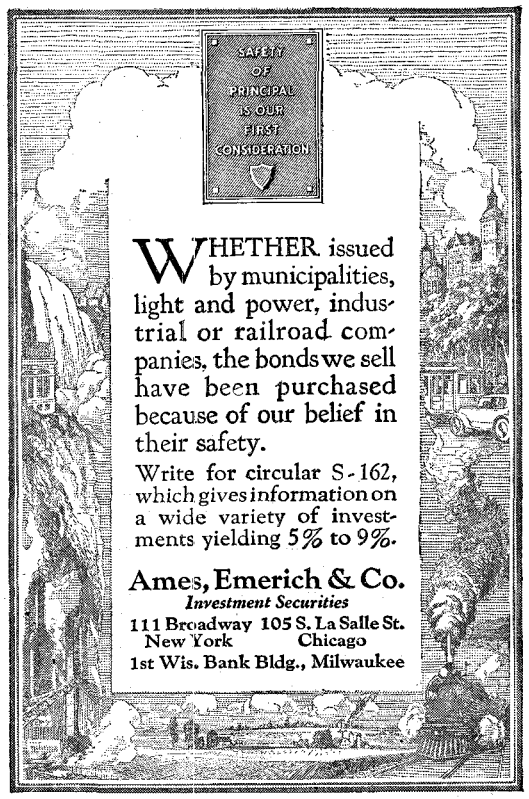
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(Financial Situation, continued from page 47)

ASIDE from the fact that the United States was the one country of the world in which the gold standard of payments had been unequivocally maintained, the decision to place the reparations payments on deposit at New York was largely dictated by the fact of the large indebtedness of the Allied governments to our markets. In so far as provision had not already been made for these maturing payments, it would be necessary to remit the amount to New York through bills of exchange on Europe. But if the reparation money were deposited in New York, then such payments might eventually be made through drawing on the New York Federal Reserve Bank, which held the reparations money.

The Deposits in New York

It remained, however, to transfer the reparations credit. Only at London was the foreign-exchange market broad enough to finance so large an operation, and the German bills drawn on a dozen European countries were used to buy London credits, which were promptly turned into dollar credits through sale of equivalent amounts of sterling drafts in Wall Street. Under this heavy pressure the New York rate for sterling broke from $4 per pound in May to $3.69 in June. This sudden depreciation threw into confusion all ordinary trade arrangements. Apparently the good effects which the careful husbanding of European resources had brought about in the market for American exchange, were cancelled. Before the close of June, the inconveniences of this movement in exchange, which bade fair to continue at an even more rapid rate, were so far recognized that the Reparations Commission notified Germany that transfer to New York of the reparations money need no longer be imperative and that the Germans might thereafter use their discretion in depositing the reparations funds at Paris or London or Brussels, as well as at New York.

WHAT will be the next turn of events in international exchange, we shall therefore have to wait to see. Other exchange markets may be as violently disturbed as ours. On the other hand, if the forty or fifty million dollars already placed in New York for account of the Banks of France and England were to be used for anticipating the payments due by Europe in America, then it is possible that exchange on Europe at New York might recover, later on, as rapidly as it fell in June; a movement which would not be an illogical result of discovery

The Longer Results

(Financial Situation, continued on page 49)

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(Financial Situation, continued from page 48)

that the usual foreign drafts for remittance were not coming on the market when the date for Europe's payments at New York arrived.

I have gone thus carefully into the details of this preliminary reparations payment because it will long remain a historic landmark in political economy, and because the study of the successive phases of the operation may teach us much regarding the working of financial forces in these days. What its ultimate effect on world finance will be, it is impossible to predict. In a general way, it has been believed by economists that the $1,000,000,000 transfer of international capital from the hands of France to the hands of Germany in the three years after 1870 was a potent influence in the inflation of German markets which was one cause of the world-wide panic of 1873. Such a sequel—inflation of currency and credit in the nations to which the reparations funds are paid—does not seem equally probable as a result of the present operation: first, because the money is to be used in repairing ruined towns and shattered industries; second, because its ownership passes to countries which are under the pressure of a crushing foreign debt.

It is not without significance that, at the very moment of the preliminary reparations payments from Germany to France, the French government should have paid off a good part of its debt to the Bank of France and that the bank should thereupon have reduced its note circulation, the inflated paper currency of France, until the outstanding total at the end of June was less than at the end of last December or in June of 1920. Conceivably one result might be that the forces working toward inflation would this time operate chiefly in the United States, to which country the whole world's gold was already flowing, in which country the reparations money would make possible repayment of debt by the Allies, and with which country even the principal of the reparations fund was being lodged.

Yet the remarkable fact remains that, at the moment when all these movements were actively in progress, deflation rather than inflation was not only the order of the day in the United States, but was proceeding far more rapidly than in any other country. Whether and how long this movement can continue, if our market's rapid accumulation of gold reserves is to be followed by extensive repayment of European debt with the proceeds of the German indemnity, is one of the many puzzles of the economic future.

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